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THE SOUL OF THE NEW KOREANS

By Jeffrey Goldberg

ar-old novelist
g-rae Lee

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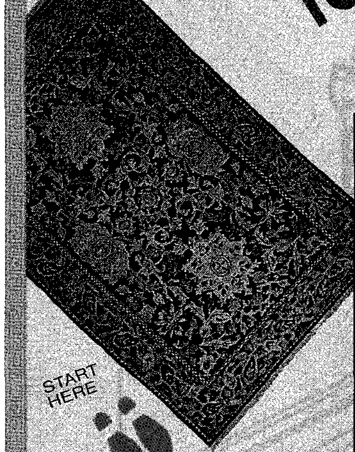

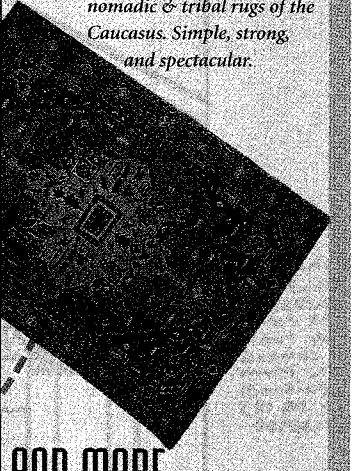

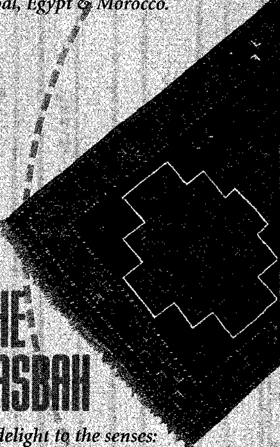

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Contents April 10, 1995

> *"Every time someone says you've got a 'syndrome,' watch out, because it means the medical profession doesn't know exactly what they're dealing with."*
>
> DR. LINDA NORTON, FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST, ON SUDDEN INFANT DEATH SYNDROME, PAGE 61

42 The Overachievers

By Jeffrey Goldberg

In a mere three decades, Korean immigrants have transfigured New York City, reinventing its retail economy, rescuing its neighborhoods, and pushing their children to reap its rewards. "They are New York's most productive community," says a New York University professor. So why do they feel so vulnerable?

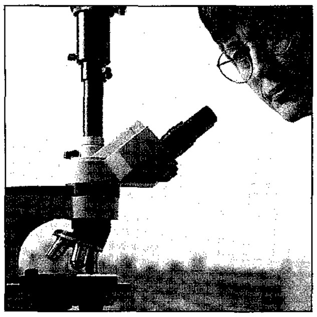
52 The CNN School of Music

By Peter G. Davis

The new reality-based American opera is distinguished less by its exploitation of American icons (Harvey Milk is only the latest) than by its lack of musical sophistication. "American operas are not music-driven," says one noted conductor. "As a musician, I regret that."

56 Suspicious Infant-Death Syndrome

By Joyce Johnson



Thirty years ago, Waneta Hoyt's five infants began to die one after the other, and researchers used her case to explain a widespread disorder: sudden infant death syndrome. Then a forensic pathologist showed that the research was flawed, and Hoyt went on trial for five murders. A medical detective story.

64 The Rocker in Repose

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A new generation of hipsters is making Jon Bon Jovi cool again, but the 33-year-old New Jerseyite has developed an almost Cheeveresque outlook—he's unsure of his talents, nostalgic for youth, consoled by the suburbs. How a middlebrow rocker faces down middle age.

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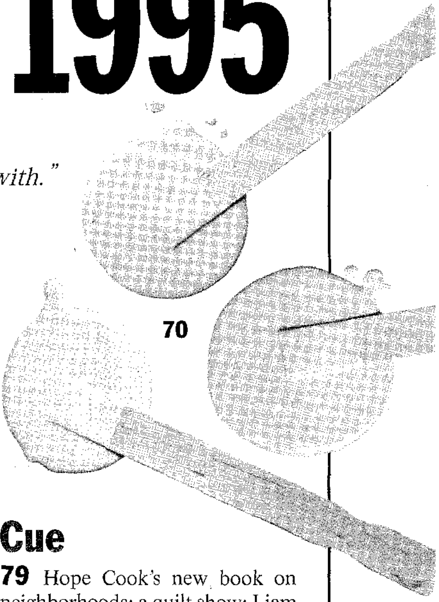
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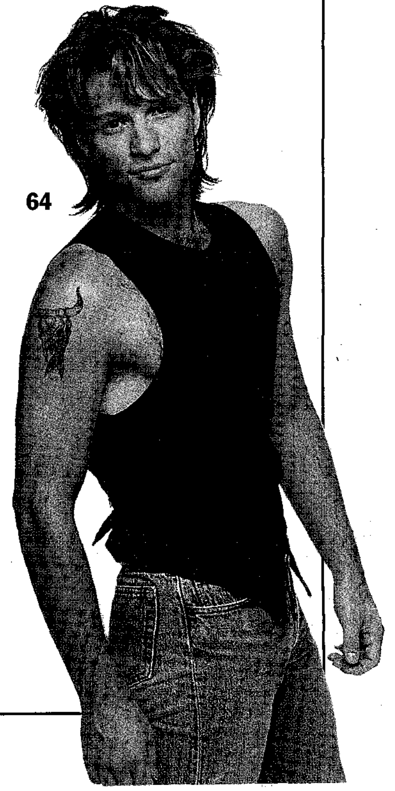
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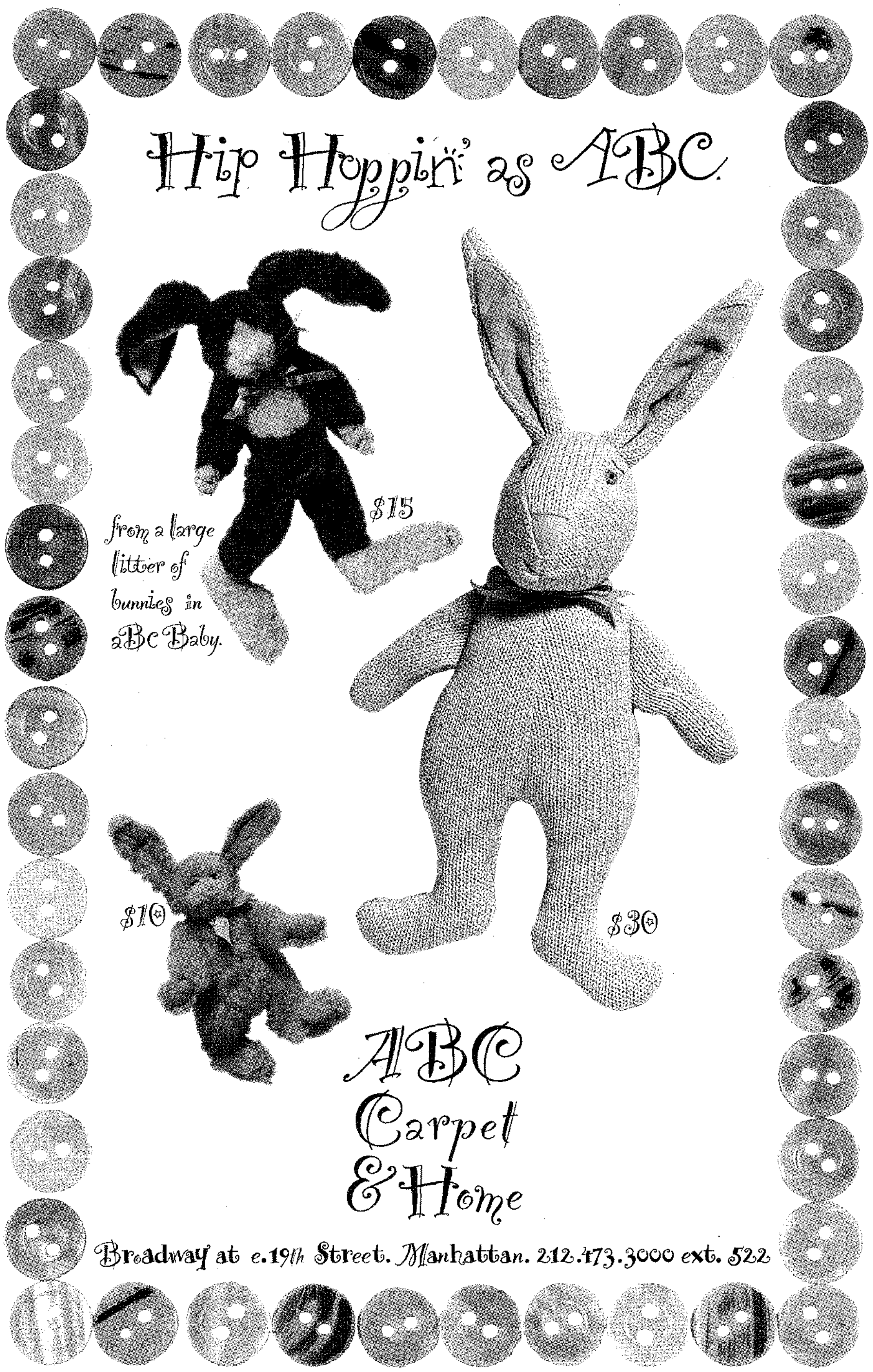
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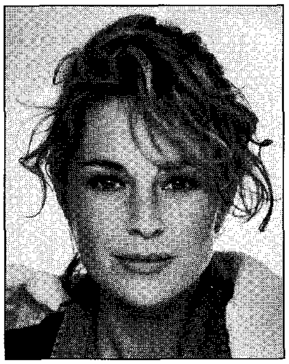

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You Gotta Have Friends

Raoul (and Lorne) defended; Salman Rushdie offended.

I HAVE JUST SEEN YOUR FEATURE "THE Best Lawyers in New York" [by Robin Pogrebin, March 20], in which Martin Garbus is described as having represented me. The truth is that my only meeting with Garbus was when, as Viking Penguin's attorney, he came to London with Viking's Peter Mayer to inform me that they would not publish a paperback edition of my novel *The Satanic Verses.* Garbus has never acted for me at any time, and in the light of the above encounter, I would not wish your readers to feel that his "thriving First Amendment practice" was responsible for protecting this particular writer's freedom to publish.

Salman Rushdie
LONDON

Editor's note: Background material provided to *New York* Magazine by Martin Garbus—and confirmed by him during the fact-checking process—described Salman Rushdie as a former client.

WHY ARE LAWYERS SO UNATTRACTIVE? IS physical beauty impossible for people who work too many hours for way too much money, or is a weasel just a weasel?

Stephen Saunders
MANHATTAN

I AM CERTAINLY NOT SUGGESTING THAT I should have made "The List," but on behalf of the approximately 1.2 zillion in-house attorneys who practice law—sometimes even very capably—in New York, couldn't you at least have acknowledged our professional existence?

John A. Shutkin
Associate General Counsel
KPMG Peat Marwick
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR INCLUDING ME IN YOUR list of the best lawyers in New York. However, I want to make one correction. I was asked if I represented Joy Silver-

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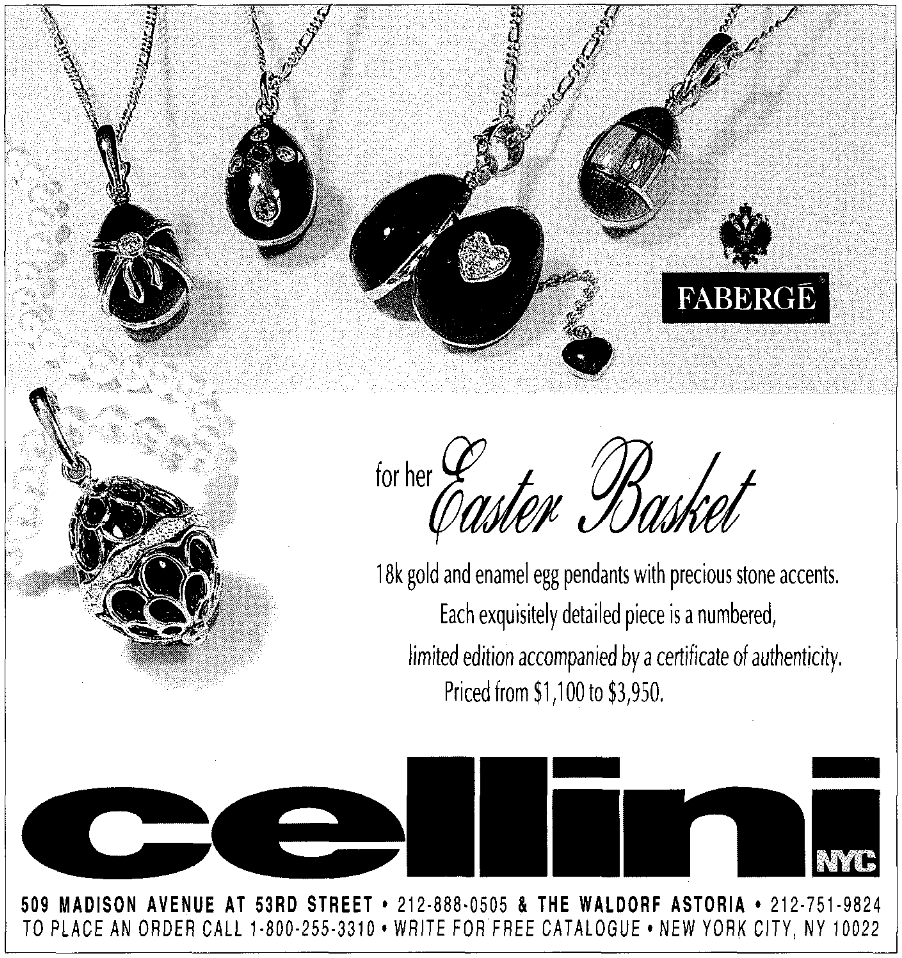
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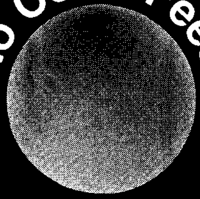

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man. I said yes, that I did. However, I do not represent her against Sol Wachtler, nor was I ever asked. There is no matter pending between former judge Wachtler and Mrs. Silverman. I do represent her in her divorce action against her husband, Jeffrey Silverman.

Eleanor B. Alter
MANHATTAN

I WAS HARDLY SURPRISED TO SEE THE white-boys' club that *New York* deemed "The Best Lawyers in New York." After all, the legal profession in New York is, by and large, a white-boys' club. However, is it really possible that there are no lawyers of color, and so few women, who merit recognition as among the best members of the bar, especially in the area of civil-rights law? I have no quarrel with the choices you did make; Steve Shapiro, Helen Hershkoff, Art Eisenberg, et al. are clearly among the best civil-rights/civil-liberties lawyers not just in the city but in the country. But with organizations like the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, the Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund, and the Asian American Legal Defense and Education Fund based in New York, it is clear that there are many top-notch, accomplished, and influential lawyers of diverse backgrounds who should have been recognized. By neglecting lawyers of all races and ethnicities, *New York* has only perpetuated the WHITES ONLY sign at the entrance to the inner sanctum of the bar. You can, and should, do better.

Thomas Hilbink
BROOKLYN

Defending Raoul

I AM SORRY I AM NOT A FAILURE, AS MY anonymous competitors apparently wish, but I will try harder. But it may cost me business, since, judging from the many calls I received the day Robin Pogrebin's article came out ["Eating Raoul Felder," March 20], clients seem to prefer a lawyer who is not a member of "the club." I guess jealousy is a good recommendation.

Raoul Lionel Felder
MANHATTAN

IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT IF A LAWYER is effective, ask his clients, not jealous colleagues. I have been a client of Raoul Felder's for fifteen years. I have hired dozens of lawyers over the years (celebrities are sued all the time by people they never met for things they never did), and Felder has been the most effective. O. J. Simpson's lawyers aside, Felder is perhaps the most identifiable lawyer in the country representing celebrated people and causes. He has written three law books, lectured at law schools, and was named by the *National Law Journal* as one of America's 100 most powerful lawyers.

When I asked Felder, "Why don't you strike back?" he said that to answer a coward who would not put his name to what was said would be to give a cowardly cockroach more credibility than he warrants. At least in the comedy business, my rivals have the guts to stand up and be identified.

Jackie Mason
MANHATTAN

Live Wires

AT THIS POINT, ATTACKING *Saturday Night Live* seems akin to beating a sick dog. But I can't refrain from pointing out that if Jim Downey found "Fred Garvin, Male Prostitute" so "easy and fun" to write, it might be because he had help. "Fred Garvin" was actually written by Rosie Shuster and me—with Jim Downey—and was inspired by a character created (and fully embodied, trusses and all) by Dan Aykroyd.

Incidentally, perhaps my ten-year-old line about *SNL* being a cross between summer camp and concentration camp can be permanently retired to the humor Hall of Fame, now that Mike Myers has topped it with his very funny and equally apt *Love Boat/Das Boot* analogy. You might also say it was a cross between *Heavenly Creatures* and *Heaven's Gate.*

Anne Beatts
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

WHILE TALKING TO ME ONE DAY, CHRIS Smith said nice things about a sketch from 1979 called "Fred Garvin, Male Prostitute." I mentioned that I had been one of the writers of the piece, and a few days later I cited it as an example of how a good idea is easy to write (particularly when it starts with an Aykroyd character). When your fact-checker asked me if I had written the sketch, I said, "Yes, with Rosie Shuster." Unfortunately, the way my quote was used inadvertently gives the impression that I may have been trying to cut Rosie (or anyone else who might have kicked in to the sketch sixteen years ago) out of credit.

James Downey
MANHATTAN

CHRIS SMITH'S PORTRAYAL OF THE FEMALE staffers at *Saturday Night Live* as "Lornettes" is blatantly lopsided. We, the undersigned, have all worked for Lorne Michaels for years. Among us we have 21 children; we are all working mothers. Through many small and some very large kindnesses, Lorne encourages us to pursue our careers and to take good care of our families. He pays us well, gives us creative freedom, and welcomes our children into his offices. This professional and personal support is extremely rare and utterly characteristic of Lorne's renowned generosity. As Jonathan Swift said, "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in the confederacy against him."

Edie Baskin
Franni Franken
Mary Salter
Cristina McGinniss
Kauthar Sharif
Evie Murray
Sharon Haskell
Kathy Miller
Dinah Minot
Candace Bothwell
Leigh Anne Brodsky
MANHATTAN

JANEANE GAROFALO IS THE ONLY REASON I even gave *SNL* a chance this season. I have followed her career since spotting her brilliant stand-up routine involving *Welcome Back, Kotter* on Comedy Central a few years ago; I felt I had found a soulmate. She is too good to waste her time trying to rise above the juvenile antics of her less talented co-stars. Janeane, take Jim Downey, grab your friend Ben Stiller, and create what could be the hippest, funniest show on TV.

Tara Dublin
MANHATTAN

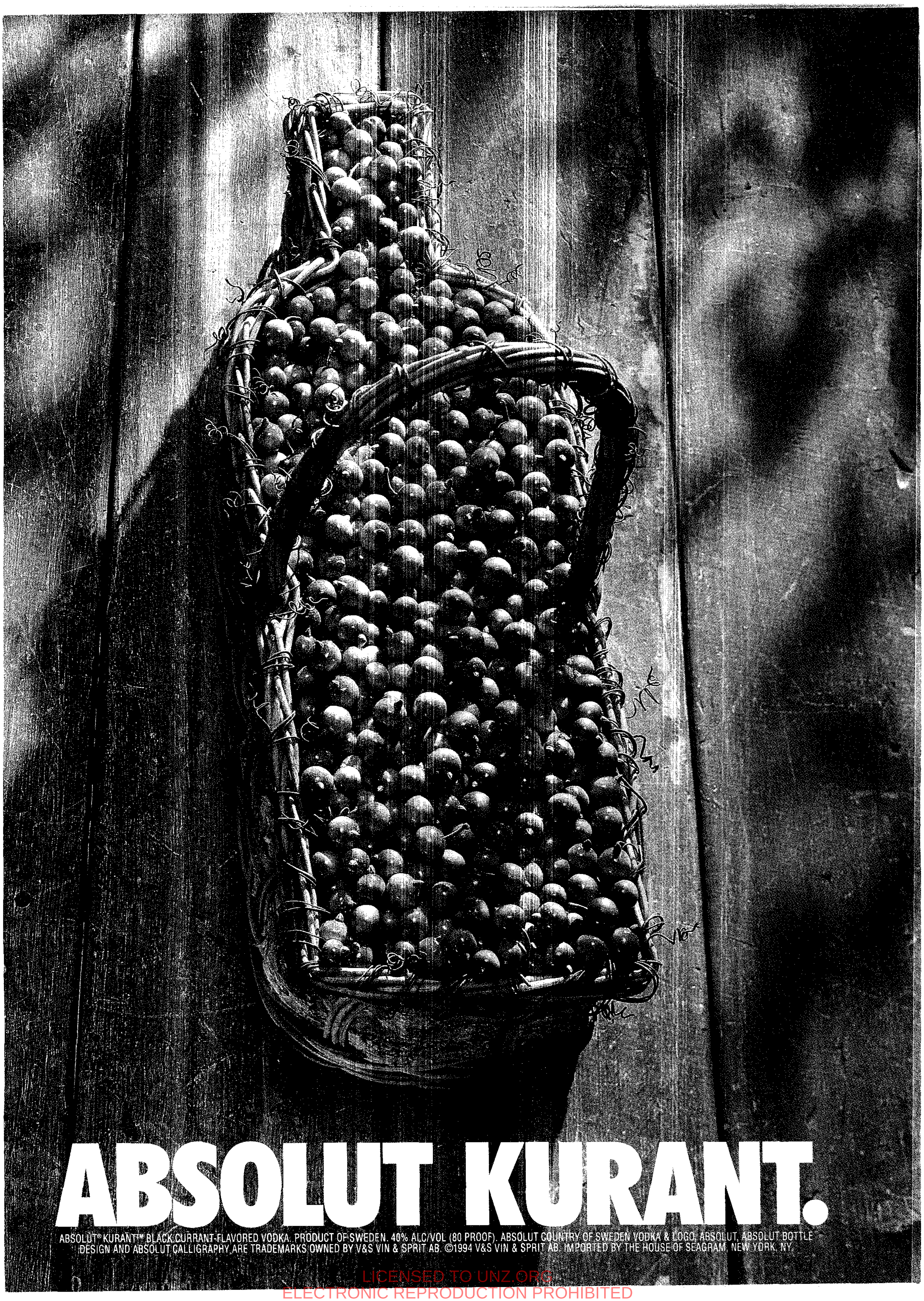
Group Dynamics

CRAIG HOROWITZ'S GROUPING OF MY client the L.U.R.E. with sex clubs ["Has AIDS Won?," February 20] is incorrect. The L.U.R.E. has no back rooms or cubicles of any kind for sex. Management policy has always been to prohibit any kind of sexual activity.

James Levin
Attorney at Law
MANHATTAN

Corrections In last week's "Gotham" article about midtown real estate ("Those Incredible Growing Midtown Office Buildings," by Ruth G. Davis), the plot size of 805 Third Avenue, a property managed by Cohen Brothers Realty, was erroneously stated. The correct plot size is 30,780 square feet, but the gross floor area of office floors above the third is 19,559.

In "The Best Lawyers in New York," Gerry Lefcourt was incorrectly listed as being in private practice. He is, in fact, a partner at Lefcourt & Drate, P.C.



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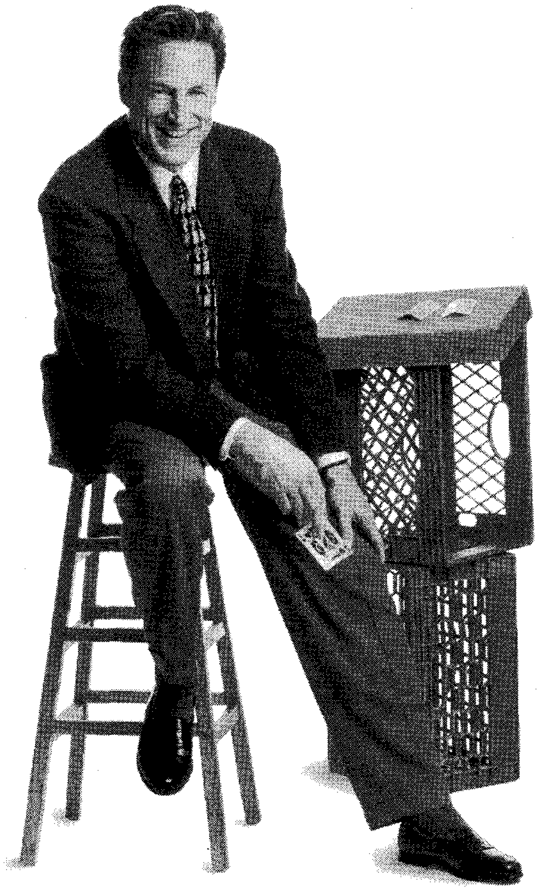
TALES OF NEW YORK



“I moved to New York from Minnesota about six years ago. I didn't know which end was up. But I'm learning. I haven't played three card monte in at least a year. I've got a good job. I'm not quite ready for off-shore tax shelters just yet. On the other hand, my father thinks I'm grossly overpaid.

Whatever. The point is this: I can afford to shop for my clothes pretty much anywhere—but I shop at Rothman's. On Union Square. I don't need to be overpaying for clothes. I'm already overpaying for my apartment.

Rothman's carries the same clothes that those fancy, trendy, too-too-cool stores carry. Only at Rothman's I'm paying what I should be paying. And I get more service...not more “attitude.” There is no compromise. Rothman's is the least expensive way to buy expensive clothes. Now that's something worth knowing.”

ROTHMAN'S
UNION SQUARE

IF YOU KNOW THE CITY...YOU KNOW ROTHMAN'S.

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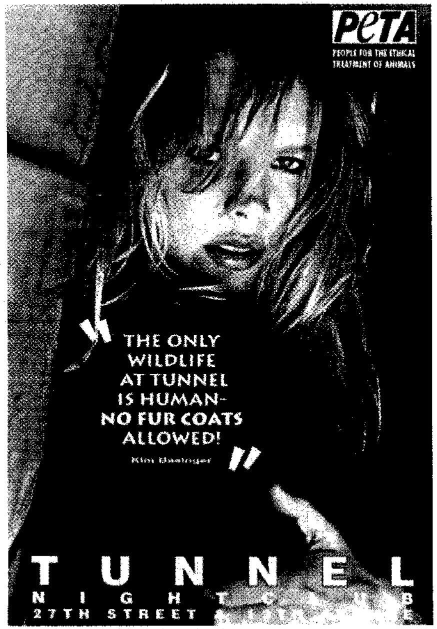
BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWNE

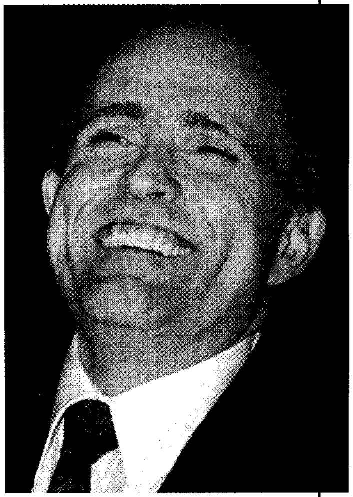
Daily News managing editor **Arthur Browne** must have been a busy man on the night of March 20—it's just too bad he seemed to be busy suppressing news instead of reporting it. Browne's first victim was the *News*'s first-edition local take on the Tokyo poison-gas story: WE HAVE NO PLAN. **Rudy Giuliani** apparently didn't like that one at all, so Browne obligingly softened the second-edition headline to read, COULD IT HAPPEN HERE? The next day, sources say, Giuliani proudly displayed the two covers side by side. *"I did this,"* sources report he proclaimed. But the headline repair wasn't the only intervention Browne made on Giuliani's behalf. He also killed a scheduled story on why **Carlos Rivera**—who quit his job as **David Dinkins's** fire commissioner to support Giuliani and lost his job as Giuliani's special adviser in February—no longer believes that the current mayor cares about Hispanics. Browne defends his decisions and insists there is "absolutely no interference" from publisher **Mort Zuckerman** on Giuliani coverage. "In the case of the headline, we just didn't have the information to back up our story," he says, although he concedes he still doesn't know what the city's plan is for a terrorist attack. In the case of Rivera, Browne says he canned the story because he doesn't feel Rivera is a real leader in the Hispanic community and, hence, is not worth hearing out on the mayor's hiring policy. "I am not sure what credibility he has," Browne says and asks, "What is his standing in the Hispanic community?" Enough standing, it seemed, to warrant uncritical coverage in the *News* when Rivera made similar accusations against Dinkins.


PeTA
PEOPLE FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS
"THE ONLY WILDLIFE AT TUNNEL IS HUMAN—NO FUR COATS ALLOWED!"
Kim Basinger
TUNNEL
NIGHT
27TH STREET

PETA is campaigning to get trendy clubs worldwide to ban furs. In London, Heaven is going furless, and in Paris Les Bains may do the same.

MARCIA CLARK'S BLOOD MAN SPUTTERS

Prosecutors in the **O. J. Simpson** case should be nervous that one of their main experts, **Rod Englert,** may turn out to be a bigger liability than an asset. Englert—a "blood splatter" specialist from Portland, Oregon—was repudiated last month in another murder case for which he approved the scientific analysis. The case involved two men convicted of murder eight years ago, who were recently found innocent and released from an Oregon prison. Judith Bunker, a forensic expert who testified for the defense in that case, insists, "The science used by the state [and confirmed by Englert] was wrong." **Marcia Clark's** reliance on Englert is curious: His most famous celebrity case, the murder of actor Bob Crane, ended last fall in acquittal; in the past three years, two murder defendants were found not guilty of killing their spouses in spite of Englert's testimony for the prosecution. In 1985, Englert testified that an Indiana man who suffered 32 blows to the head with a hammer—Englert calls them "hesitation marks"—had committed suicide; the local coroner didn't agree and has since testified against Englert in another trial. Englert, for his part, admits that he's been a consultant for Clark but doesn't know yet whether he'll testify. "I don't have a problem with the defense trying to destroy my credibility," he says. "I stand by all my cases."



Rudy Giuliani, *News* hound

Marcia Clark, blood hound

AT PRIVÉ, MEMBERS ONLY WERE STIFFED

Privé, once touted as a mega-exclusive refuge for nouveau gentry, is lingering in bankruptcy limbo while Arcadia owner and White House food consultant **Anne Rosenzweig** negotiates its purchase. And even though the restaurant is no longer in their hands, former owners **Michael Ault** and **Gary Pryor** are still incurring the wrath of erstwhile associates and customers. Tatou and Gauguin owners **Mark** and **Alan Fleischman,** who bailed Privé out, say they are owed $35,000. "Gary and Michael were good bar people, but they did not understand the restaurant business," says Mark Fleischman. Sources say creditors also include Privé's public-relations firm. And at least one former customer says he received charges on his credit card—even after the restaurant closed in January. Allan Block, an Ohio media mogul, saw on his American Express bill a mysterious $4,200 charge—and then a

Photographs: top right, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos; center right, Sygma.

Liz Phair,
guyless

PHAIR'S PHAIR, BUT HER BAND MUTINIES

It's just as well that what people like best about **Liz Phair** is her lyrics, because it looks as if the winsomely down-and-dirty alternative rocker is bandless. The unofficial split began last fall, when Liz, who is said to loathe performing live, took it upon herself to cancel her first tour—a leisurely monthlong jaunt with stops in just a few cities—only a week or so before it was to begin. Sources say the band and her producer, **Brad Wood**—who, hip rock cognoscenti say, is responsible for her quirky, hard-edged sound—were none too pleased at the precipitous notice of their unemployment. Phair's label, Matador, wasn't about to let her welsh on her commitment to tour in support of her latest album, *Whip-Smart,* and scheduled a new tour for this year, including New York this month. But when Phair called Wood and her old band mates about joining her, they declined; they were busy. Sources say that the band hasn't told Phair it's all over but that the three guys aren't crazy about working with her again. She'll now appear with just her guitar.

Yoko Ono,
coffee talker

subsequent credit to his account—from Privé. Former Privé chef David Pasternack, now of La Folie, says of his ex-bosses: "They were typical hot shots. Too much ego. They stiffed a lot of people."

WHEN REAL-ESTATE MOGULS RUN WILD...

Is the chairman of the New York City Planning Commission about to cave in to a powerful developer? Not if **Amanda Burden,** a member of the commission, can help it. Sources say she is launching a crusade to save the public space at the base of the IBM building, the Madison Avenue office tower that was recently bought by developer **Edward Minskoff** and a consortium of investors. The bamboo-populated open area was created in 1977 when the planning commission required it as a quid pro quo for a lucrative zoning variance. Now Minskoff is trying to get the commission to ram through a ruling that would allow him to convert the tranquil public space into what sounds more like a private corporate lobby. Commission sources claim that chairman **Joe Rose** has rejected calls for a public hearing on the matter and is expected to bring Minskoff's proposal up for a vote in the next two weeks. "It would be a travesty to destroy one of the most well-used public spaces in the city," Burden says. Rose denies that the privatizing proposal is moving any more rapidly than normal. "I have always taken a personal interest in this space," he says. "I do not want to see it harmed."

AT LONG LAST, HERE'S O.J.'S "BURT"

O. J. Simpson knows when he has a good friend. After his 1989 wife-beating episode, he went to see a court-appointed psychologist, **Dr. Burt Kittay,** for help—and later both O.J. and **Nicole Simpson** used him as a marriage counselor. Now it turns out that Kittay is the otherwise-unidentified "Burt" to whom Simpson's book, *I Want to Tell You,* is dedicated; Kittay now says the book was his idea. The doctor, who regularly visits Simpson in prison, claims his practice in Santa Monica happens to include a large number of Los Angeles police. In fact, sources say that one of his patients is ex-cop and prosecution witness **Ron Shipp.**

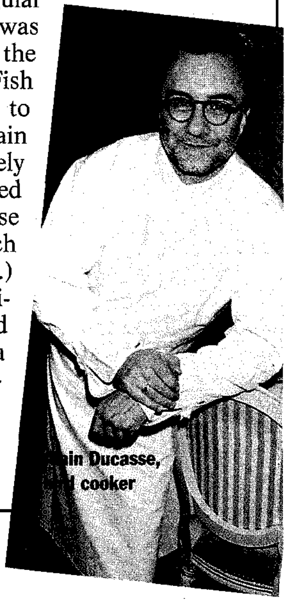
YOKO AND MATHILDE; JOE'S GOOD FORTUNE

IMAGINE ALL THE MONEY: It was just two women in their sixties who had lost their husbands, meeting over some coffee and pastries at the Dakota last week. Well, not quite just two women: **Yoko Ono** and **Dr. Mathilde Krim.** Yoko had been asking for quite some time to have a sit-down with the AIDS fund-raiser, and she invited Krim for a chat in the white room of her penthouse. Yoko—who just donated to Krim's AmFAR $100,000 against royalties from her upcoming *New York Rock* album—wanted to talk to her about the progress made in AIDS research. Krim is an admirer of Yoko and of her late husband, John Lennon. "I saw the Beatles on their first visit to New York," Krim says.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE: Last summer, former *Fortune* editor **Marshall Loeb** was making noises about suing author and *GQ* columnist **Joe Nocera** for the ungenerous things he wrote about Loeb's stewardship of *Money* magazine in his book *A Piece of the Action.* Today, the new *Fortune* editor, **John Huey,** is hiring the very same guy for what sources describe as an irresistible amount of money.

FEDS RUFFLE LE CIRQUE'S FEATHERS

You can be sure you won't be ordering ortolan at Le Cirque anytime soon—even if you *could* afford it. Animal-rights groups were aghast in February after 21 of the bite-size birds were served up at a press luncheon to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of one of New York's swankiest restaurants. Now the incident apparently has caught the attention of the federal government. Recently Le Cirque's regular crowd of social hens and fat cats was joined by a stern-faced squad from the U.S. Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service, who wanted to know exactly how visiting chef Alain Ducasse got his hands on the extremely rare ortolans—which are strictly banned from restaurants in France. (Ducasse claims he was given them by French hunters last fall and had them frozen.) But though the agents are still investigating whether the restaurant violated any U.S. laws, they reportedly told a guest that the worst owner Sirio Maccioni could expect is a "ticket." They ethically turned down Maccioni's invitation for a free lunch and flew off.



in Ducasse,
l cooker

Photographs: top left, Greg Allen/Retna; center left, Francis Apesteguy/Gamma Liaison; bottom right, Arnaldo Magnani/Gamma Liaison.

GOTHAM

The City is the size of a country, but it has been operated like a candy store—*Joel Harnet*

THE FRONT PAGE

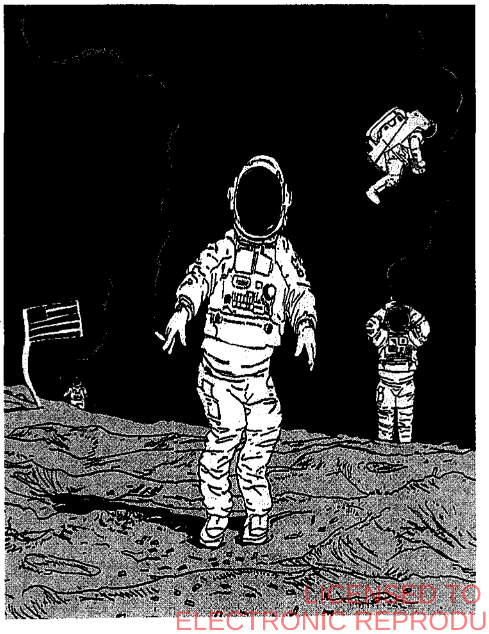
Fin de Smoking

A rebel to the core, Jack Nicholson plans to pay no attention to the stern new smoking regulations that will take effect next Monday at midnight. "Law, schmaw," he scoffed jauntily, as if facing down Nurse Ratched in a town full of Billy Bibbits quaking in awe and terror at this small-minded new rule. When next in New York, said Nicholson, he'd go to Marylou's in the Village. "When I finish my pasta, I'm gonna kick back and smoke a big fat Cohina for dessert. Marylou'll make sure I don't get locked up."

Brave words. But in a way, he *will* be locked up. Marylou is keeping Jack safe from the police by spending $40,000 to construct an air-conditioned, insulated smoking room so that the well-fed actor can have his fun without disturbing other diners.

Marylou may be somewhat ahead of the game in planning for the inevitable. Elsewhere, a *fin de siècle, fin de* smoking mood has begun to set in in a city where self-medication has a long and illustrious history. At an Oscar-night party at '21' featuring carts of cigars along with the brandy and the chocolate statuettes, a well-dressed man wistfully remarked on the impending illegality of social smoking and then—what the hell—produced from his pocket what looked and smelled much like the sort of stogie Bob Marley might have enjoyed. Waiters and busboys, drilled to serve, sniffed and scurried worriedly, until the maître d' arrived with a long face and apologetically asked that the offending object be extinguished; the police commissioner, he explained, often dined downstairs. The sweet, not-unpleasant smell that lingered in the air was soon displaced by an acrid cloud of real cigar smoke that had a Sarin-like effect on what remained of people's appetites. Cigars are antisocial. That they quickly clear a room is an essential part of their appeal. These days, they're a bachelor-party affectation, and the people most closely associated with them—the golf-club-wielding Nicholson and his Oscar-night tormentor David Letterman, to name two—are permanently living the bachelor-party life. The new law may bring a chirpy, bossy, Marin County brand of unnecessary just-say-no fascism to New York's public places, but it's incontestable that smoke and food were meant to go together only in lox and barbecues.

If one believes one's eyes and ears, the Mafia had a barbecue of historic proportions at Fulton Fish Market last Wednesday—SMOKED FISH was the obvious, unused tabloid headline. Add it up: Two days after hearings began on Giuliani's plan to put the market under city control (Giuliani, after kicking around students and teachers and homeless people and assorted press aides, has finally found an appropriate bad guy), a four-alarm fire started on the floor where records are kept that might provide evidence of Mob control. It's the old American story: They had to destroy it in order to save it. But Dennis Fraicco, secretary-treasurer of United Food and Commercial Workers Local 359, was confident that the fire started of natural causes. "There is no indication that something suspicious happened," he said. His members are not "going to do anything to condemn their income."

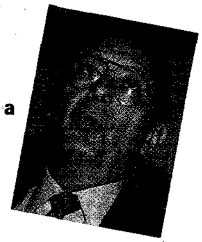


THOSE WHO COULD NOT RESIST Newspapers that used "Life Is Like a Box of Oscars" (or a close variation) in their Academy Award coverage: the Boston *Globe,* the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Los Angeles *Times,* the Salt Lake *Tribune,* the Dayton *Daily News,* and the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.*

REAL RETRO Number of Evian bottles to be distributed free during Fashion Week this week: 40,000. Estimated number of little black dresses that could be made from the synthetic fabric, EcoSpun, made from those empty Evian bottles: 2,000. (This year, Fashion Week trash will be recycled for the first time, by the Brooklyn company ReSource NE.)

UP ON THE ROOF "They've been kicked off subways and phone booths, and starting June 1, tobacco ads will be banned from bus shelters too. Taxi rooftops are the last public space for cigarette advertising."—Andy Murstein of Medallion Taxi Media, on why the number of cabs with cigarette ads will have doubled to 3,000 between last fall and this summer.

BIGGEST BURIED STORY Senate Banking Committee chairman Alfonse D'Amato was accused of handing out a $500 bribe to fix a pavement contract in Long Island during the sixties (he denied the charge). The charge, contained in a deposition recently released under the Freedom of Information Act, appeared buried in a page-four story in Long Island *Newsday* from February 26.



C r i m e

RABBIT RAN

JOHNNY SALGADO SAYS IT WAS LIKE hunting. Michele Mapes calls it cold-blooded murder. They're talking about the death of a nine-pound, apricot-colored, lop-eared bunny named Lancelop.

Salgado is to go on trial this week in the Orange County town of Chester for killing one of Mapes's rabbits. She raises them at her home down the road from the shelter for homeless from New York City called Camp La Guardia, where Salgado was living at the time of the November incident.

The 41-year-old New York City man figures he will have been in the county jail for 141 days when his case gets to court. He is likely to spend about six months more locked up if convicted of the rabbit killing.

"It's madness," Salgado says. Mapes agrees, but for different reasons.

Salgado does not deny killing the bunny. He has a long rap sheet, but no prior convictions for "overdriving, torturing or injuring animals," which is the formal charge he now faces.

"I smacked him on the pavement three times; that's what went down," the homeless man says. But Salgado maintains that he thought his victim was a wild rabbit and that he never meant to kill someone's pet. He says he plucked the animal from an open field near the shelter and planned to clean, cook, and eat it. He took it back to his bunk after killing it.

Mapes winces at Salgado's description of the slaying. She scoffs at his claim of snatching a wild rabbit. She acknowledges that Lancelop had hopped from her hutch-littered lawn to a clover patch across the road for a snack just before running into Salgado, but argues that anybody could see the bunny was tame.

"He knew where it came from," Mapes says. Her explanation of Salgado's motive? "This guy was a violent man who was allowed to just come and walk the streets of this town."

The incident has roiled tensions between "campies" like Salgado and locals like Mapes, which have been simmering for the past few years. Orange County sued New York City days after Salgado's arrest. The essential accusation: The city is shipping dangerous and deranged people to its shelters upstate and letting somebody else worry about them for at least a little while. Among other things sought in the still-pending lawsuit, county officials want the city to cough up $500,000 to cover some of what they say is the growing cost of arresting and jailing wandering Camp La Guardia residents.

Mapes applauds the county for bringing the suit, though no one is sure what it will accomplish. Like other Chester natives, she has fond memories of when the camp was home to mostly "elderly gentlemen who kept to themselves." She says it's now full of "young criminals" who consider it "Club Med in Chester, New York."

"Let's just be thankful it was the rabbit this time and not somebody's child," says Mapes, a mother of two. Besides having Salgado jailed and barred from ever returning to the camp, Mapes would like to see a different kind of homeless person living at the shelter. "We don't want what New York City is throwing away."

ED SHANAHAN

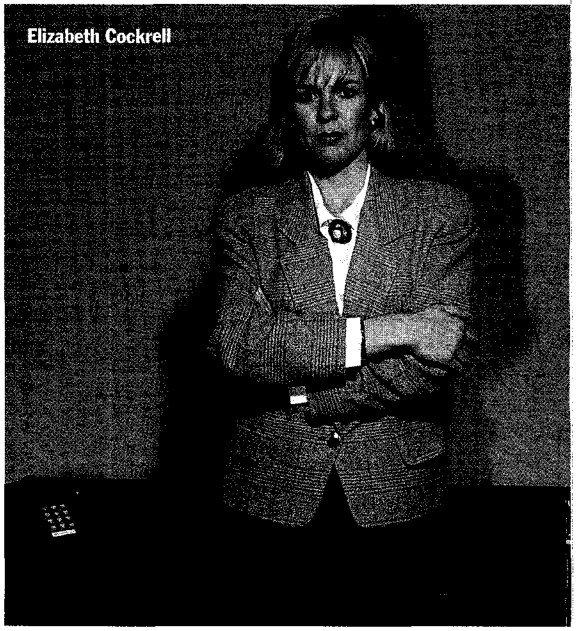
T a x e s

YOU THINK *YOU'VE* GOT PROBLEMS

ON A WEEKDAY MORNING IN JANUARY 1992, Elizabeth Cockrell, a stockbroker at a major investment house, was in her East Side home with her newborn son when she received a telephone call that changed her life. The caller was her attorney, who told Cockrell that the IRS wanted her to pay back taxes and interest totaling some $500,000 dating from the years 1979 to 1981. At the time, barely out of college, she'd been married to a high-rolling stockbroker, but that had been over for years. "I was stunned," Cockrell remembers. "Here I was, newly remarried with my first child at the age of 37, and the government wanted me to pay the taxes of a man I divorced a decade ago."

Like many a trusting spouse, Cockrell had made a disastrous mistake—she had signed a joint tax return, which made her liable for her mate's wrongdoings. Unable to collect from her ex-husband, the IRS had come after her. Cockrell earned less than $9,000 a year during the two years she was married to her first husband. And today, $100,000 in legal fees later, her ordeal remains unresolved.

Beth Cockrell, a 23-year-old Canadian citizen, met John Crowley, a commodities and stock trader, while he was on business in Toronto in 1978. Smitten, Cockrell moved to Manhattan and married him a year later. After a rocky marriage, they were separated in 1982 and divorced in 1983. Cockrell, who had started working as a stockbroker two years before her divorce, left the marriage with $2,000 Crowley gave her to put a security



Elizabeth Cockrell

Photographs: top, Larry Grant/FPG; bottom, Georg Grieshaber.

deposit down on a studio apartment.

In 1987, after she had finally started to make "a decent living" on Wall Street, Cockrell received a letter from the IRS advising her that certain deductions on her joint returns for 1979 to 1981 were being disallowed. Unbeknownst to Cockrell, in the years since her marriage the IRS had ruled that the Treasury-bill option straddles her husband had claimed as losses were, in fact, improper tax-avoidance schemes of a sort that Crowley had engaged in even before his marriage. Crowley's particular method had also been practiced by two of his business associates at TSM Holdings Company, who were convicted on related charges in 1991. Crowley had since fallen on hard times, and Cockrell was left holding the bag.

Alarmed, she immediately called her ex-husband, who assured her he would take care of the problem. He later sent Cockrell a statement exculpating her from any liability.

But the IRS, being the IRS, didn't care about these niceties. And in February 1993, the Crowley mess landed in the U.S. Tax Court of Judge Thomas Wells. Because Cockrell didn't receive a U.S. green card until 1980, the IRS reluctantly freed her from the 1979 tax liability. Cockrell's attorney argued that she was also entitled to Innocent Spouse protection for the taxes she allegedly owed for 1980 and 1981. To be protected under Innocent Spouse provisions, Cockrell needed to prove that (1) taxes had been substantially underpaid because of her husband's "grossly erroneous" deductions; (2) she did not know that the taxes were underpaid; and (3) she did not personally benefit from the deductions.

Her defense, basically, was youthful cluelessness. "John told me that his accountant had taken care of the taxes, and I believed him," Cockrell said. "I signed what John told me to sign."

The IRS, represented by two crack attorneys, Roland Barral and William L. Blagg, sought to prove that Cockrell was not as naïve as she claimed. It based its case on the testimony of two key witnesses, neither of whom could be characterized as impartial. John Crowley turned out to be the government's lead witness, and he described their lavish habits and testified that Cockrell was well aware of the complex loopholes he employed to avoid paying taxes. Questioned about the statement he had signed exempting his ex-wife from liability, Crowley testified he sent the letter because he was considering moving to Canada and had wanted Cockrell's father to help him become a Canadian citizen.

The agency's only other witness was

In and Out With Rachel and Eric

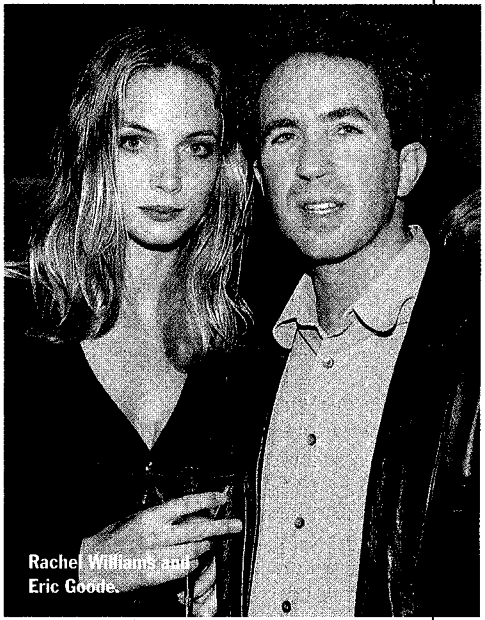
Call it Stupid Journalist Tricks, enter it in the 1998 Olympics, record it as a new chapter in the annals of queer theory: The New York *Post*, having recently been the first in America to out *Rolling Stone* publisher and editor Jann Wenner, has performed the first recorded act of "in-ing." In a story on March 25, the paper's "Page Six" broke the shocking news that international cover girl Rachel Williams is in fact—is there a polite way to say this?—heterosexual. Williams had recently raised a buzz by announcing that she was a lesbian, happily in love with British pop singer Alice Temple. But unnamed sources told the *Post* a very different tale: Not only had she secretly gotten back together with her ex-boyfriend Eric Goode, the high-profile Manhattan restaurateur, but she was pregnant with his child. "She and Eric have been going over names for the child," said one source.

Diligent culture observers who had only just learned how to use the phrase *lesbian supermodel* were now confronted with another oxymoron to reclassify—*closet straight*—and with it the concept of reverse outing. It was clearly momentous, one of those historic watersheds when long-standing battle lines become blurry and deeply entrenched sides switch places. Was in-ing like outing, or did it follow its own rules?

For pioneering outer Michelangelo Signorile, all this was infuriatingly familiar. "It shows the hypocrisy of so many of the right-wing editors, who will glamorize heterosexuality and splash a headline at the inkling that someone may be straight, but will tiptoe around it when someone is gay—and when they finally do report that, will tell us they waited so long out of concern for the person's children, wife, etc. It shows that they still believe that saying someone is gay is the most horrible thing imaginable."

Michael Musto, gossip columnist and professional wag, was mortified. "This could destroy Rachel. It's horrendous to be called straight in the fashion world. I'm very concerned, both for her and for her family. I mean, models come in and out of a lot of closets, but they're supposed to come out with hangers, not hangers-on. Who knows where this could lead—what if next they say I'm straight?"

Richard Goldstein, executive editor of *The Village Voice*, was, typically, more earnest. "This kind of outing and in-ing thing creates a real dichotomy in human sexuality that is quite unnatural. This kind of thing actually inhibits people from living their lives." But that wasn't the only thing about it that rankled. "I don't see that they've even tried to reach her," Goldstein said. "It's not a blind item, but it's got one eye closed."


Rachel Williams and Eric Goode.

"We had our own very good sources," says "Page Six" editor Richard Johnson.

They were indeed very good, if Eric Goode is to be believed. Reached by Pat Wechsler of *New York*'s "Intelligencer," Goode said, "It was all true when Rachel talked to the *Post,* but now I don't think it's going to happen."

Williams herself is in London, but Michael Flutie, her personal manager, spoke for her: "I just had a conversation with her. I'm telling you that my client doesn't want to talk about it, and she's not pregnant, and she has no intention of moving in with Eric, and she's very happy with her relationship with Alice."

With the rules of the game so rapidly changing, a little confusion is to be expected. As are the spin-offs. "Perhaps we'll have a show down the line called *Bi-watch* that ins and outs people at will," says Goldstein. Stay tuned.

ARIEL KAMINER

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

Robert Kraft, a former colleague of Cockrell's who had fallen out with her years before. Kraft testified that Cockrell had been taught the basics of straddles and tax shelters when she underwent training for her broker's license in 1980 and therefore must have understood the complexities of the tax deductions. In a lengthy aside, he testified that as a lawyer who graduated from Georgetown, he was familiar with the subtleties of the case. In fact, Cockrell and the court later learned that Kraft was neither a lawyer nor a Georgetown graduate. In a bizarre letter he sent to the judge after his apparent perjury was revealed, Kraft explained his legal qualifications: During a domestic problem, he wrote, "I had to go to [my ex-wife's] residence with the police to resolve an incident. In the course of the resolution of the incident the police suggested to my ex-wife that because of my knowledge of the custody laws I might be an attorney."

Despite these circumstances, Judge Wells ruled in his November 1993 opinion that although Cockrell did not know about the deductions and certainly did not benefit from them, she had not proved to the court that the deductions were "grossly erroneous." She was still liable.

Within days of Wells's decision, Cockrell replaced her attorney. A month later, her new lawyers filed a motion for reconsideration. They pointed out that in addition to fighting off a multi-million-dollar fraud suit brought by former investors, two of the principals of her ex-husband's TSM Holding Company had also been convicted on tax-fraud and conspiracy charges. The evidence of those convictions was not introduced into Cockrell's trial, and that evidence could have demonstrated to the court that the deductions were indeed grossly erroneous.

Her attorneys also charge that Barral and Blagg, the IRS lawyers who had opposed Cockrell's petition, not only believed that the trades at TSM Holding were fraudulent but also had been the very ones responsible for representing the IRS in the tax-court case against the two convicted TSM partners.

Reached by phone, Roland Barral said he could not discuss a pending case. And when asked whether the IRS is obliged to come forward with relevant information even if it may be beneficial to a taxpayer, Barral replied, "I don't think I should answer that question."

Meanwhile, eight years after she received her first missive from the IRS, Beth Cockrell still owes half a million dollars to the government. Her legal fees exceed $100,000, and her marriage to her second husband, Robert Cockrell, has fizzled, partly, she says, because of the pressure of the case. Recently, in an attempt to settle with the IRS and get on with her life, Cockrell offered to pay a portion of the liability. The IRS rejected her offer, and there is still no ruling on her motion for reconsideration. Cockrell has been advised by her lawyers that her only alternative to continuing this long, costly legal battle is to declare personal bankruptcy. "You can't get blood out of a turnip," she says. But the IRS begs to differ.

JOHN CONNOLLY

Fashion

THEME GIRLS

IT IS ONLY THREE WEEKS UNTIL THE grand opening of the Fashion Cafe at Rockefeller Plaza, and the place is a shambles. Only one talking-supermodel robot (Naomi) is actually finished; work hasn't even begun on the other two. "I'm sitting for my mold on Monday," says the shockingly long-necked, shockingly slender Elle Macpherson reassuringly. Inside, workmen lug rolls of fiberglass and bags of concrete into the construction site that must become a temple of fabulousness by April 8.

"We'll finish it," says Tommaso Buti, the 28-year-old founder and president of Fashion World Company, a real-estate, travel, and restaurant firm. He is standing amid the rubble in an immaculate blue suit, trying to explain what the "matrices of fashion"—scenic depictions of New York, Paris, and Milan—will look like, and also why New York needs yet another theme restaurant. "With something like this, you can't go too deeply into fashion, fashion, fashion," he insists, a little vaguely. "The public is not very educated about that and not that interested. They want to see more the glamour and the entertainment of fashion."

Buti pictures the Fashion Cafe as a theme park of Disneyesque ambitions. At the door, the supermodels' lifelike "video mannequins" will personally greet each patron ("It's a new kind of technology," Buti says. "They don't even have it in Las Vegas") while huge video screens project fashion shows or MTV-style behind-the-scenes clips. There will also be celebrity-worn dresses: Madonna's showgirl ensemble by Dolce & Gabbana, Claudia's Guess? *bustier,* a Donna Karan design worn in concert by Barbra.

For their part, supermodel co-partners Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer, and Elle Macpherson say, as Arnold and Sly ritually said when they opened the first Planet Hollywood a few years ago, they just need somewhere to go. "We don't really have a place of our own in the fashion industry," says Naomi. "The movie people have their place. The rock people have theirs. Now we have ours."

The three have diligently been promoting their restaurant by attending parties, promising completely spontaneous personal appearances, and even putting their own, uh, personal stamps on the menu (Elle: shrimp on the barbie; Naomi: fish and chips; Claudia: apple pancakes).

One fashion person who skipped the opportunity to invest in the restaurant says, "Let's face it, the designers and the supermodels won't be caught dead in the place," adding, "This isn't Café Tabac."

Naomi and Elle and Claudia, however, take exception. "I don't have to make promises to anyone," says Naomi with her characteristic *hauteur.* "But I *will* show up."

GISELLE BENATAR

FASHION CAFE

Outside the Fashio Cafe.

Far left: At Joni Evans's townhouse, Howard Stringer genuflects in the presence of Stanley Pottinger as Stringer's wife, Dr. Jennifer Patterson, and Evans look on. Left: Nancy Collins with Gloria Steinem, Carl Bernstein, and Susan Kamil. Above center and right: At Elaine's, for *Entertainment Weekly*'s Academy Awards party, Dabney Coleman dines with friend Joey Heatherton; Donald Trump with a Trump-size Oscar.

The Man Who Loves Women

By Alex Williams

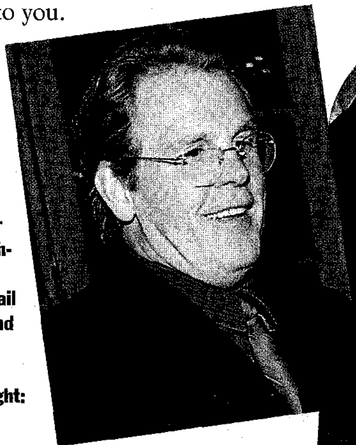
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

"HE WAS THE LANI GUINIER WHO WAS *IN* OFFICE," SAYS POWER lawyer Bert Pogrebin of Stanley Pottinger, the diamond-polished 55-year-old first-time novelist with the $500,000 advance.

Pottinger, standing at his book party in the living room of close personal friend Joni Evans, discusses his transmogrification from civil-rights star of the Nixon, Ford, and Carter Justice Departments to author of *The Fourth Procedure*, a pro-choice potboiler: "Instead of tracking down lost Social Security checks and rubber-chicken dinners," Pottinger said, "you put on a sweater and get right to the point."

On the one hand, Pottinger, former close personal friend of Lynn Nesbit, is a tower of white male omnipotence—a Wall Street player, a high-school quarterback, the boyfriend who wouldn't commit to Kathie Lee Gifford. But he's also a friend of the women's movement, a consultant on then-girlfriend Gloria Steinem's essay "If Men Could Menstruate." Indeed, he's a nurturing kind of guy, Alan Alda sincere, the type who rubs circles into your back as he talks to you.

"Stan is a real charmer," says old friend Nancy Collins. A hero? She considers, smiles. "I think he's been doing a lot of good for a lot of women for a long time."



Right: At the Plaza, at the premiere for *Jefferson in Paris* benefiting the French-American Foundation, Nick Nolte, who plays Thomas Jefferson. Far right: Ismail Merchant and James Ivory with the head of Disney Studios, Joe Roth. Above center: Gwyneth Paltrow with Vincent D'Onofrio and Greta Scacchi. Above right: Mercedes and Sid Bass.

Funny,
an evening of grain alcohol,
losing your coat and the cops
showing up at the party,
has somehow lost its glamour

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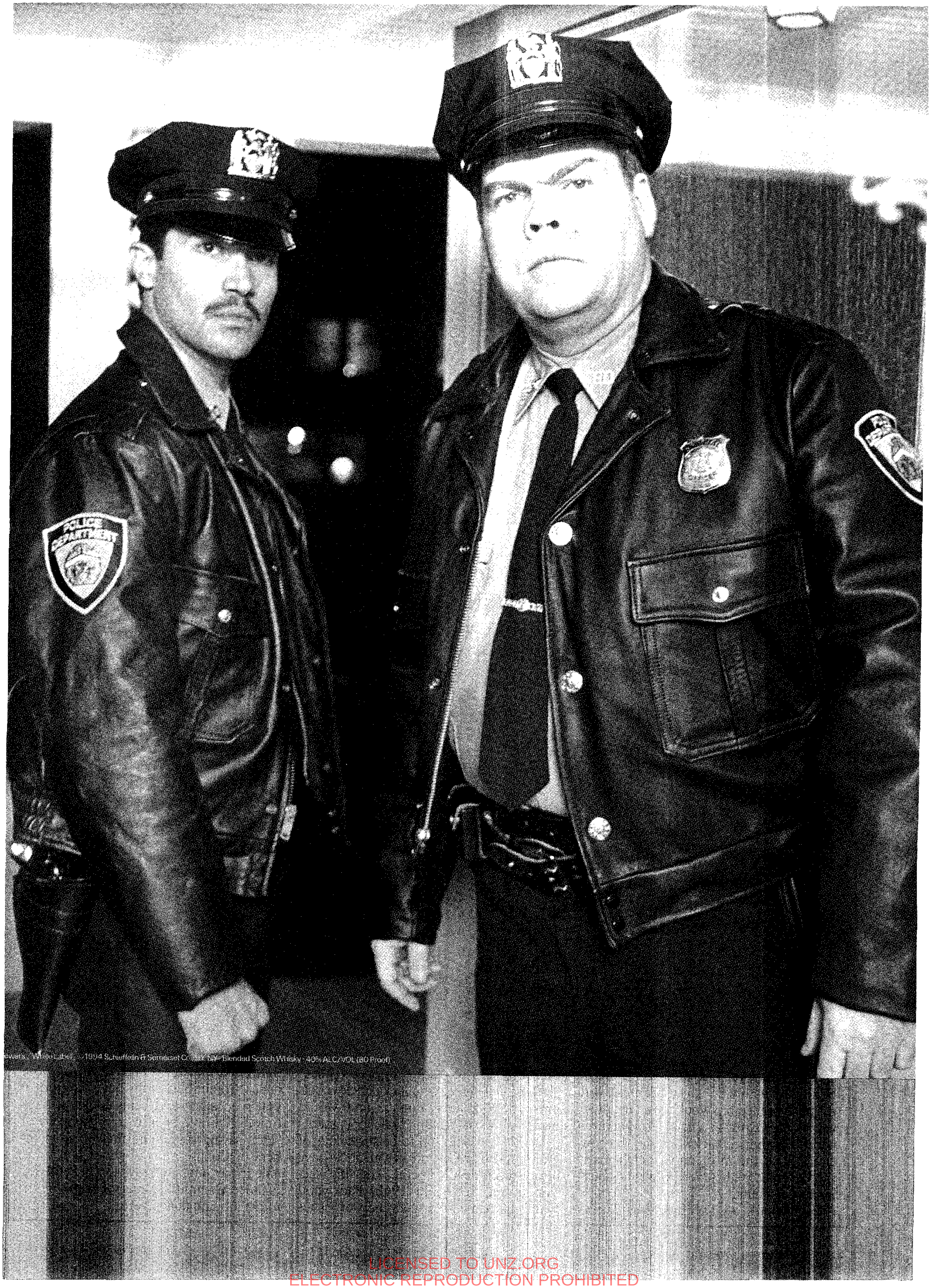

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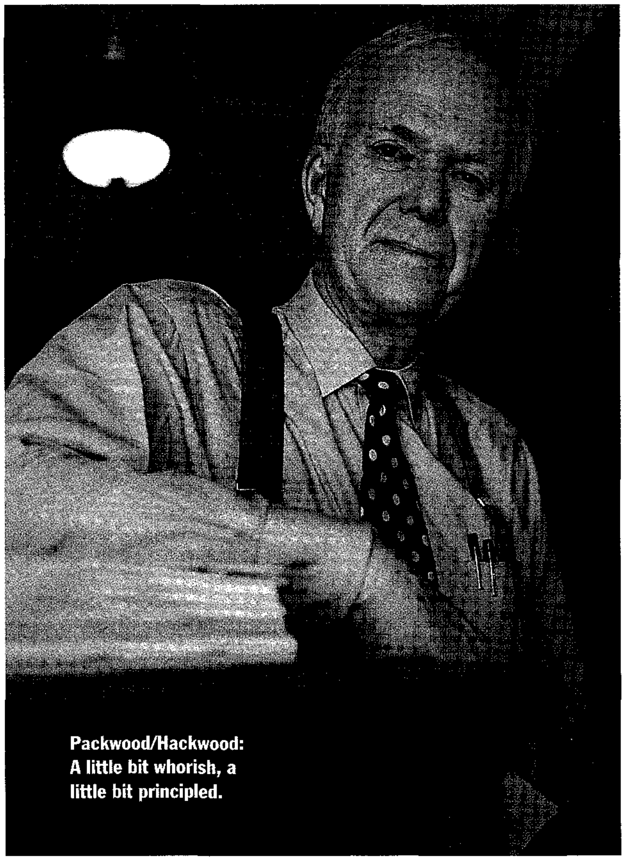
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Skirt Chaser/Statesman

There's a battle on for Bob Packwood's soul. He'd love to amend the Contract With America—but the Contractors have a little something on him.

ALL POLITICIANS ACT OUT OF mixed motives—the pull of ambition, the prick of conscience, the instinct for survival. But with Bob Packwood, the tragicomic figure who chairs the Senate Finance Committee, the stew has always been an especially rich one. In 1986, he was caricatured as "Senator Hackwood," whose effort to rewrite the federal tax code began as a sorry grabfest of corporate loopholes. Yet that same year, Packwood almost single-handedly produced a good, progressive tax-reform bill that lowered rates, eliminated special-interest deductions, and removed millions of poor people from the rolls. In a flash of excessive candor, he once told a group of environmentalists, "Hey, sometimes I'm a whore." The fascinating thing about Packwood, though, is that sometimes he is anything but.


Packwood/Hackwood: A little bit whorish, a little bit principled.

The sexual-harassment scandal that broke just after his 1992 reelection—Gropergate—added another dimension to the drama. As one of the most liberal Republicans in the Senate, Packwood might have been a crucial ally for Democrats in debates over health care and the budget. But the Ethics Committee investigation made Packwood a virtual hostage of Bob Dole's. Dependent for his survival on the backing of his Republican colleagues, he tacked sharply right, reversing longstanding liberal positions like his support for employer-paid health care and a ban on replacing striking workers. Packwood was a maverick no longer. But since the 1994 election, the cloud over his head has partially lifted, and the spirit of independence seems to be stirring within him again. A break with the party leadership would be a crucial development, since as chairman of the Finance Committee Packwood has the power to block the most important items in the Contract With America: welfare-busting and tax cuts.

Packwood's position has grown stronger for several reasons. It has been two and a half years since the scandal broke; he's no longer a running joke for Leno and Letterman. Since then, the president, too, has been accused of sexual harassment. And in the Age of Newt, Democrats have better things to worry about than getting rid of the most moderate of Senate Republicans. Even feminists elected in the Year of the Woman no longer treat Packwood like a pariah; at Finance hearings, one notices Carol Moseley Braun bantering amiably with him. Bob Dole has a new incentive to support him, too. If Packwood goes, he will be replaced as chairman by the profoundly out-of-it William Roth of Delaware, who lacks Packwood's grasp of legislative nuance and would have no hope of making Dole look good.

Yet Dole has reason to be suspicious of Packwood. The Oregonian's instincts have always been deeply liberal. After his election to the Senate in 1968, Packwood made his name as a champion of issues that were avant-garde even for Democrats: environmentalism and population control. In 1970, he introduced the Senate's first abortion-rights bill; it was so bold that George McGovern declined to co-sponsor it and Ted Kennedy refused to hold hearings on it. He became a public antagonist of both the Nixon and the Reagan administrations. The specter of Gingrich clearly impels Packwood back toward this nonconformist stance. At a secret weekend retreat on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where he took members of the Finance Committee in mid-March, the old Packwood was on display. Breaking with the House Republican tax-cut proposal, he argued that the deficit must take top priority. According to participants, the chairman also sounded out his colleagues on a proposal to *really* balance the budget, in part by cutting Social Security, a subject the more cowardly Gingrich has declared verboten.

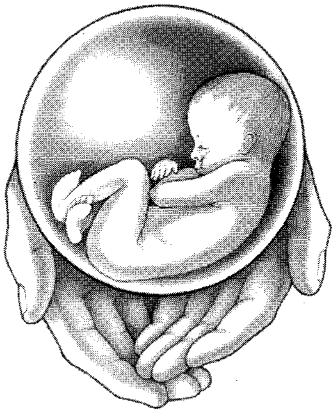
In the days following the retreat, Packwood continued to feel his oats. Two weeks ago, he appeared on *This Week With David Brinkley*, where he laid down the law. "Absolutely no tax cuts unless they're paid for," he said, going on to criticize the spending cuts proposed by House Republicans for their lack of specificity. On March 20, he spoke out even more strongly against the House Contractors at a lunch put on by the National Association of Manufacturers. "To do the tax cuts first and to say, 'Well, the spending reductions are coming along later,' remember that old adage about fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me? I've been down that road. I've been burned before. With all of the power that I can muster as chairman of the Finance Committee, I am not going down that road again and being fooled a third time." A brave speech it certainly was. "He's saying something that other members of Congress know about but aren't able to say publicly," says Lindy Paull, his Finance Committee chief of staff. "It's a tough job he's facing here."

Photograph by Richard A. Bloom/Saba.

Since venturing onto this limb, however, Packwood has edged back. When I spoke with him last week, he reiterated his belief that deficit reduction should be a higher priority than tax cuts. He said he would argue "just as firmly as I can" in the weekly Republican caucus for balancing the budget before handing out goodies. But what would he do if the rest of his party decided to be irresponsible? "I will reserve any other options I have until we've had that debate," Packwood said uninspiringly. On the other key issue, welfare, Packwood simply fell into Republican formation last week with an endorsement of the Contract plan for turning Aid to Families With Dependent Children from an entitlement into a block grant. This announcement came as a surprise to Pat Moynihan and other Finance Committee Democrats, who hoped after the retreat that Packwood might vote to reform welfare more sensibly. Packwood's step to the right also raised eyebrows because it followed a meeting he had with Republican national chairman Haley Barbour, Dole, three GOP governors, and most of the rest of the Finance Committee Republicans. "It is not normal," says one Senate source, "for Finance Committee policy to be developed in meetings with party chairmen." Asked why Barbour was present at a policy meeting on welfare reform, Packwood told me, "As best we can, we are trying to coordinate our efforts. Haley's probably the best chairman we've had in a generation, and we're delighted to have him sit in."

Such "coordination" may be a matter of survival for Packwood. He needs to avoid the hazing recently administered to his Oregon colleague and fellow dissenter Mark Hatfield (who fortuitously chairs Appropriations, the Senate's other most important economic committee). When Hatfield cast the deciding vote against the Balanced Budget Amendment, maniacal true believers like Pennsylvania's freshman senator Rick Santorum called for him to be stripped of his chairmanship. Hatfield survived that attack; Packwood probably would not. He says he isn't worried, because tax cuts, unlike the Balanced Budget Amendment, "will not be a 53-to-1 issue" among Republicans. But he remains vulnerable nonetheless. The Ethics Committee, which is now contemplating what to do with the charges against him, is dominated by right-wingers: Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, the chairman; Bob Smith of New Hampshire; and Larry Craig of Idaho. If Packwood were to engage in any excessively moderate wackiness, it might provide added incentive for the Ethics Committee to remember just how seriously it takes the issue of sexual harassment. Packwood's accusers now number more than 30, including one woman who was a 17-year-old intern when Packwood allegedly jumped her; were they to testify at a public hearing about the details of his seduction method (grabbing from behind, slipping his tongue into the mouths of unsuspecting aides), it would almost surely spell an end to his career. The committee has Packwood's apparently quite naughty diaries, too. If Ethics decides to make full use of this not-inconsiderable evidence, he could lose his beloved chairmanship.

All this might incline a man who once told his ex-wife that he cared about nothing but remaining in the Senate to do precisely what Dole tells him. But there is also a countervailing motive: conscience. Packwood is obviously repelled by the notion of a replay of reckless Reaganism. And he is deeply concerned with his legacy. "I'm not going to go out of this world with people remembering me in history for only this," he told *20/20* last year of his ethics problems. If he votes the party line, he may survive another three years but be remembered only with smirks. If he goes down fighting against the deficit and thus for posterity, he stands to be seen as a flawed but principled statesman. Packwood's most profound fear may not be what his Republican colleagues will do if he crosses them, but what the rest of the country will think if he doesn't. That's the hope, anyway. ■



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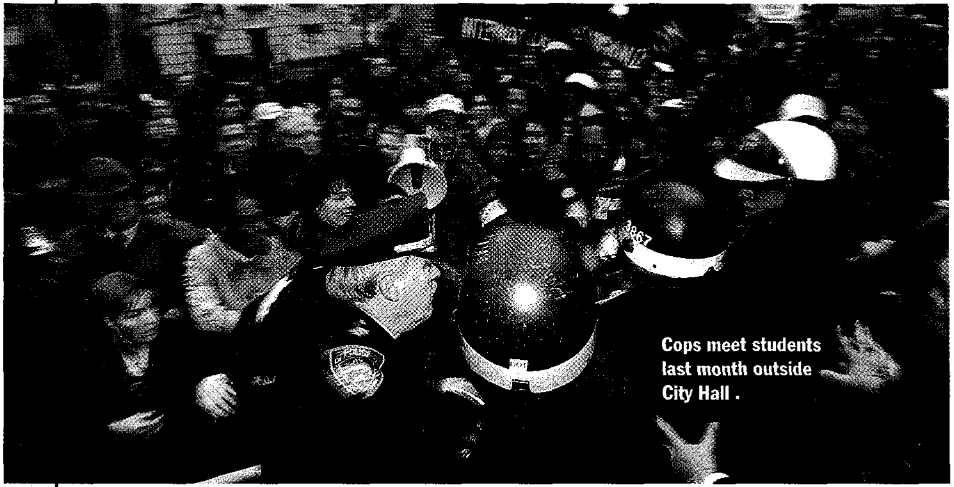
THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

Rudy's Problem Children

The mayor demonstrates his passionate concern for kids—by macing protesters, slashing programs, and turning Youth Services into a patronage dump.

'WANT PROOF OF GIULIANI'S attitude toward us? Here it is." The student pointed to his own eyes—still blood-red and swollen from the Mace that had been sprayed in them a couple of hours before. The NYPD had deployed the chemical agent, along with handcuffs and riot clubs, against some of the 10,000 high-school and college students who marched around City Hall late last month, protesting state and local education cuts and tuition hikes.

Mace and clubs, clubs and Mace: As a metaphor for Rudy Giuliani's youth policy, the formulation holds up rather too well.


Cops meet students last month outside City Hall.

After the mêlée, Giuliani told reporters that "instead of protesting," the students should "go find a job for a day so you'd make a little extra money [to] pay for your education." He seemed shockingly out of touch. Close to a third of CUNY students come from families earning less than $14,000 a year; for them, the state's proposed CUNY tuition increase of $1,000 is more than "a little extra money." In fact, two thirds of students in CUNY's four-year colleges already work 20 to 40 hours a week, and a quarter juggle work, school, and children of their own. No wonder they scoffed when the mayor told them to "enter the real world"; they already live there, and the poison in their eyes was just one more reminder of what that place feels like these days.

Even young people who understand the magnitude of the city budget crisis may be forgiven for thinking that Giuliani wants them to solve it for him. The mayor, after all, proposes to plug a $3 billion gap in part by cutting $1 billion worth of services to youth. Among the cuts:

•Elimination of the $128 million city subsidy for school transit. Children everywhere else in the state enjoy subsidized travel to and from public school, but the half-million New York kids who rely on subways and buses would now pay full fare—hundreds of dollars per year per kid.

•A $690 million cut to the Board of Education, forcing an end to summer school and most sports programs.

•A $3 million cut in day-care services, throwing some 800 low-income children out of the program and causing another 28,000 kids to double up in classrooms.

•Elimination of all city youth-employment programs, including summer jobs ("Anybody that wants to *volunteer* for [an unpaid] job," said Rudy with a straight face, "we'll find a place for them") and the Local Employment Action Program (LEAP), which provides tutoring and internships that actually help D students become A students. In February, Deputy Mayor Ninfa Segarra claimed that the city "plans to expand this program." That same month, LEAP was targeted for death.

•A $36 million cut from the Department of Youth Services (DYS), wiping out after-school, violence-prevention, and summer-recreation programs. Cutting so much in a city where 600,000 children live below the poverty line amounts to telling kids to pull themselves up by the bootstraps—after they make the damn boots.

In the Department of Youth Services, Giuliani inherited from David Dinkins a first-rate agency that probably deserved some credit for the city's falling crime rate. Giuliani turned the place into a human landfill for patronage hacks—campaign supporters, Liberal Party operatives, and Segarra, who actually tried to cover her tracks by accusing Dinkins's DYS chief, Richard Murphy, of masterminding a burglary of the DYS offices in order to steal incriminating files. The charge was a lie; what it hid was worse.

Under Segarra, DYS politicized the contracting process—shutting down programs in poor black neighborhoods and denying funds to 147 respected service providers (Big Brothers, the YMCA) while untested but Giuliani-friendly outfits (the Albanian American Civic Association) got sudden cash infusions. Segarra's then–chief of staff, Virgilio Perez, told people that "we're moving funds away from their guys, over to our guys." (He was later forced to resign.) An audit prepared by the comptroller's office and the accounting firm KPMG Peat Marwick found "the appearance of impropriety" in all this, but Giuliani cut that phrase, watering it down to "questions of judgment and managerial ability."

Now Giuliani wants to render those questions moot by cutting the department's budget in half and decimating virtually every city-funded youth program except the Beacon Schools. As if killing these programs weren't enough, Giuliani insults citizens' intelligence by pretending that the reductions will cause only minor inconvenience. It would cost him nothing to voice some sympathy, and even a pro forma admission (*These are difficult times; I regret that such drastic cuts are necessary*) could help him politically—or it might, if he weren't rapidly losing credibility by ignoring so many other budget-cutting ideas because they were recommended by rivals.

"The mayor *has* no youth policy," says Gail Nayowith, executive director of the Citizens' Committee for Children, a respected advocacy group that does not rely on city funding. "He has never articulated a vision for children, and he doesn't seem interested in trying. There's been no attempt to decide what works and what

Photograph by Chris Brown/Saba.

doesn't; he just cuts. We're ready to throw up our hands here—we just don't know where he thinks he's going with this."

The cuts aren't the only thing alarming advocates like Nayowith. As Congress prepares to bundle social-service money into federal block grants, giving Giuliani vast discretion over vastly insufficient sums, they see no one in city government thinking about how to reconfigure service delivery for an austere era—the kind of reinvention that was supposed to be the very core of Giuliani-ism. "What are they going to do," wonders one advocate, "hand it all over to Ninfa and the DYS crew?"

Giuliani's first patronage choice to run the youth agency, the Reverend John Brandon, resigned during an income-tax scandal early last year. That's when Segarra took the wheel and promptly steered the agency into a ditch, shifting money around in a way that denied funding to the city's best youth providers.

"The evidence suggests that Segarra wanted to give as little as possible to groups that serve poor blacks," says someone who worked on the Peat Marwick audit. "Blacks aren't going to vote for Rudy anyway; why throw 'em a bone?" Segarra told investigators that the misallocation of funds sprang from accident and inexperience, "but it's hard to see how she could have done it by mistake," another audit source says. "She was warned that it was happening, and she went ahead anyway. It was incredibly arrogant. Was it criminal? That's for the Department of Investigation to decide—but [DOI chief and Giuliani crony] Howard Wilson ignored the issue in *his* report on DYS. He didn't deal with Ninfa; he didn't even *interview* Ninfa."

Wilson's report (not to be confused with the Peat Marwick audit) looked into the wild allegations made by Giuliani against the Dinkins-era DYS. The charges were false, but Wilson didn't publicly identify who'd cooked them up. As for the more serious improprieties on Segarra's watch—Wilson looked into them but didn't report on them publicly, either. So much for the independence of Giuliani's Department of Investigation.

Today, DYS is run by former banker Alfred Curtis, a man with no previous experience in either youth services or city government. "Al has no chance of fixing DYS," says a city official, "because the mayor doesn't care about young people unless they are white, do well in school, and need no city resources."

That's not altogether true. The mayor seemed *very* interested in black and Latino kids last month, when he met 50 of them for a forum televised on the New York 1 cable news channel. It was rare, even startling, to see Giuliani surrounded by so many young black faces. "I'm delighted to be here," he told the teenagers, "to explore the culture of violence." ■

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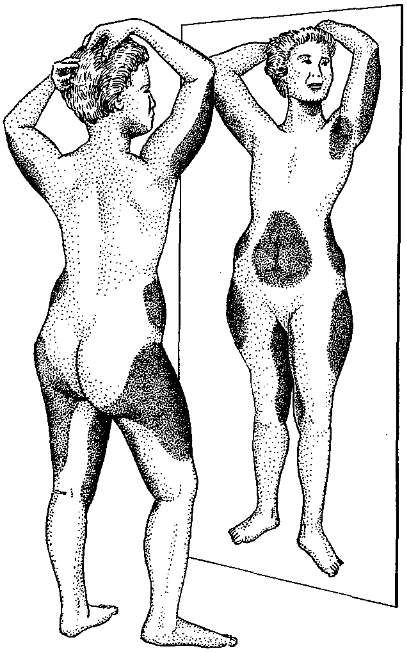

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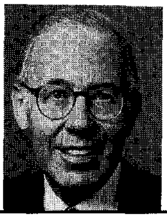

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THE BIG PICTURE WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Oscar Democracy

Okay, the Academy Awards are what they are. But they'd actually be interesting—even useful—if we knew how the industry voted.

RED WINE IS, ALMOST BY DEFINITION, GREAT. STILL, YOU wouldn't want to hock the farm for a '92 Bordeaux. So it was with this year's Oscars—great, yes, of course; they're always that. But not one for the time capsule.

Before it began, some 100-most-powerful types were braced for disaster. "It will be worse than the Chinese water torture—it will be nothing but *Gump, Gump, Gump,* till you go mad." This from a famous director. Said an agent of renown: "It will be the most predictable awards show ever—the only surprise would be if there was a surprise."

And afterward? I'll spare you their quotes. Just know this: They didn't like it much. But one of them added something helpful: "Next year, they've got to make it better or they've got to make it worse." We'll come back to that in a moment.

But first, let's go after Sharon Stone. As much as anybody, Sharon Stone sums up what was wrong with the Oscars '95. What was she thinking, being seen in public looking like that? She is the sex symbol of our time, and here she was, a billion people watching, and she was *elegant.* I can forgive her being beautiful—she is beautiful—but does she have to be sophisticated too? Has the woman no sense of shamelessness? Where were her advisers? Anna Nicole Smith would never betray us like that.

So, the problem with this year's Oscars? Waaaaaay too tasteful.

Where was Cher when we needed her? Where was Richard Gere? Sally Field had center stage, and not once did she get emotional. Susan and Tim, as glamorous and gifted a couple as we have (now that Julia and Lyle have broken my heart), totally let me down. I want my overwrought self-righteous pleas for the homeless. How else am I supposed to know if the Dalai Lama is still okay?

A few personal kudos.

Greatest acting performance: Tom Hanks during the spinning-dog pet trick. Pale, a sickly smile, his hands clasped over his crotch. I have never seen a star of any magnitude show such terror. In one minute, he obliterated all my memories of Janet Leigh in the shower.

Greatest suck-up job: Martin Landau. He thanked a critic.

Greatest acceptance speeches: the writer, star, director, and three producers of *Forrest Gump.* Not one of them found it in their hearts to utter the words *Winston* and *Groom* in succession. It's obviously a well-kept secret, but author Winston Groom did write the novel that made them all even richer.

Greatest standing ovation: for Michelangelo Antonioni. You probably didn't know the fervor for this guy that exists in Southern California. There are studio heads who can give you *Zabriskie Point* shot for shot. One of the intellectual high points of my life was when I was invited to the famous Bel Air Nihilism Society, which meets on Thursdays, and heard a discussion of water images in *La Notte.* Anyway, it's nice to see that passion made public.

Worst omission: not one Kato joke. What is that? The guy's an actor, a fellow union member, and he's treated as if he never existed. Do you realize what the great Johnny Carson would have done with the idea of Judge Ito's worrying that the Oscar telecast might somehow influence the poor-bastard jury?

But enough of honors. It's time to get back to the suggestion about making the show better or worse. *Worse* does not exist in my lexicon. The Oscars are what they are, and everybody who criticizes them for being tacky just doesn't get it. But we can make them better. Here's how:

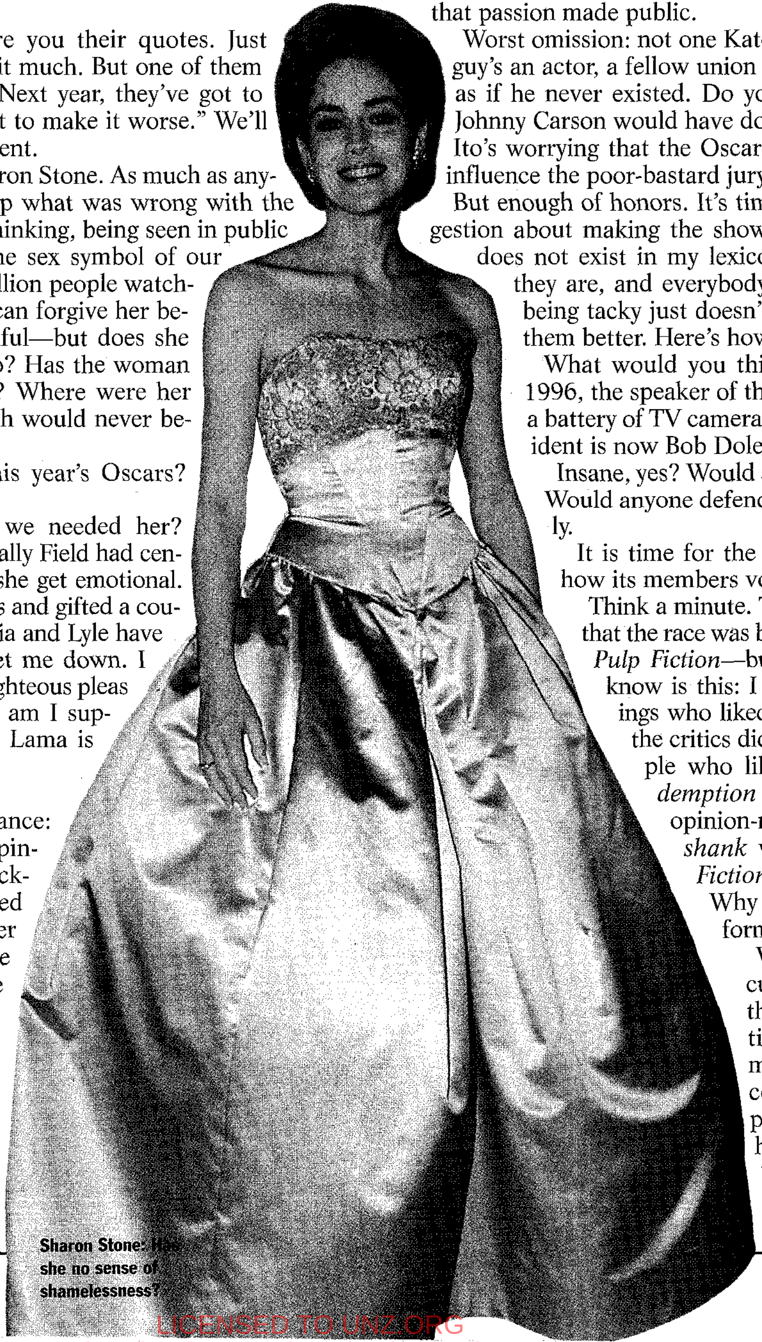
What would you think if, on November 12, 1996, the speaker of the House stood in front of a battery of TV cameras and said this: "The president is now Bob Dole. Good night"?

Insane, yes? Would any of us stand for it? No. Would anyone defend such a system? Not likely.

It is time for the Academy to let us know how its members voted.

Think a minute. This year, the wisdom was that the race was between *Forrest Gump* and *Pulp Fiction*—but we can't be sure. All I know is this: I have met few human beings who liked *Pulp Fiction* as much as the critics did. But I know a lot of people who liked *The Shawshank Redemption* more than most of our opinion-makers. Maybe *Shawshank* was second. Maybe *Pulp Fiction* damn near won it all. Why don't we possess this information?

We ought to be able to accurately sense the mood of the industry, just as in elections we can sense the mood of the country. Of course the Oscars are a publicity stunt, but they have become, over almost 70 years, more than that. They've become the lead phrase in our obits.

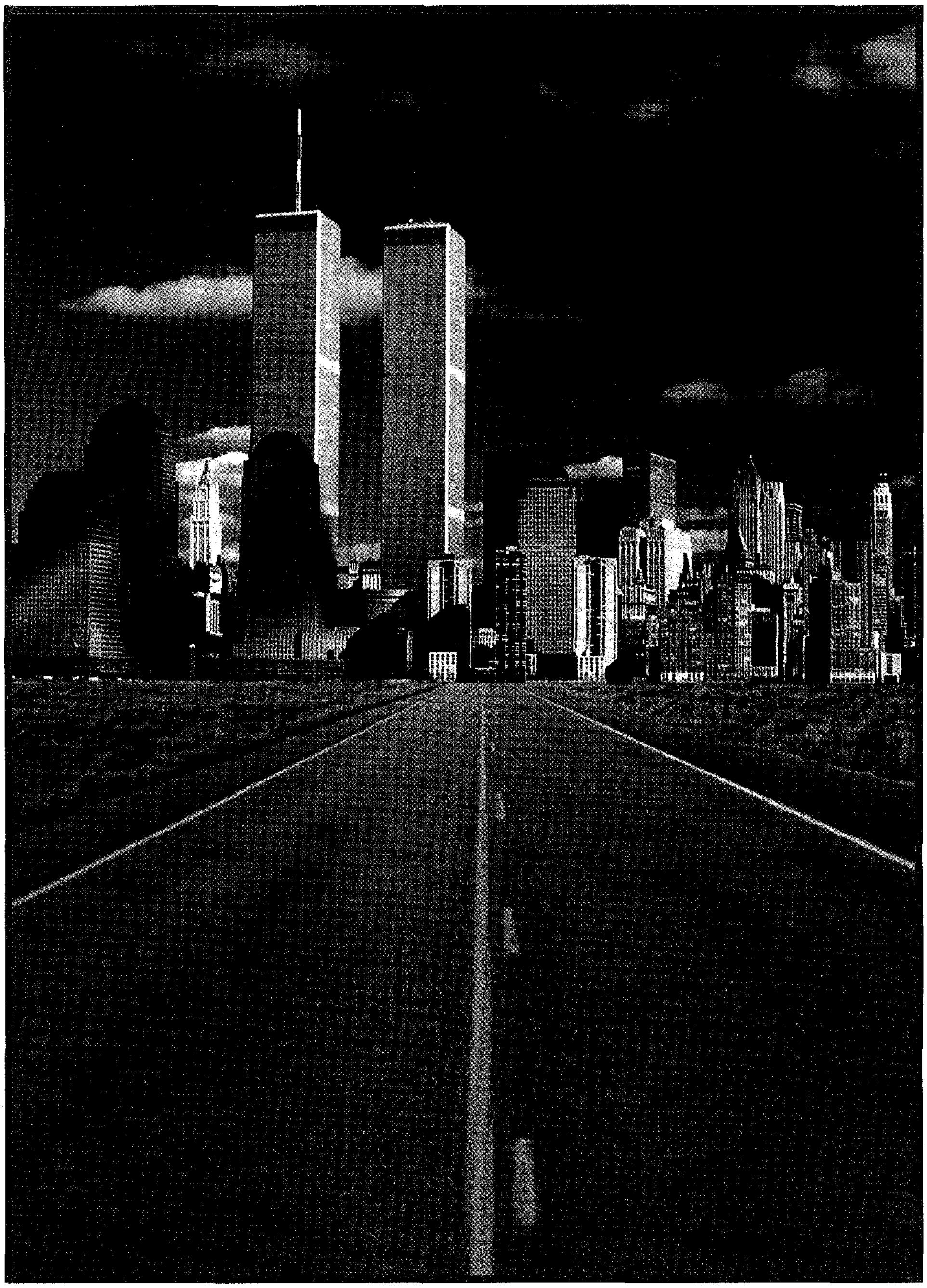


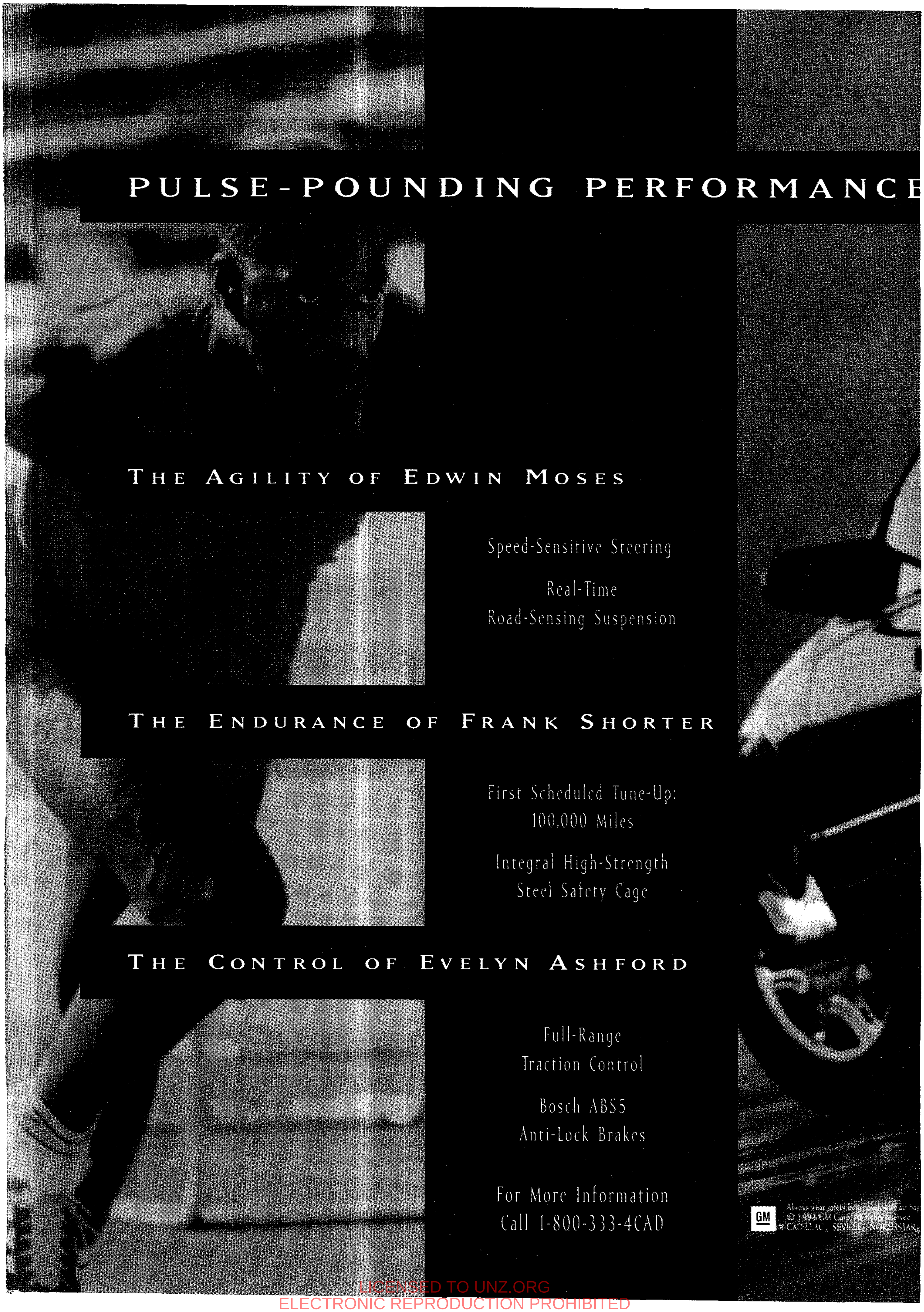
Sharon Stone: Has she no sense of shamelessness?

Photograph by Ron Wolfson/ London Features.

A GALLERY OF EXCELLENCE

THE 95TH ANNUAL
NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL
AUTOMOBILE SHOW





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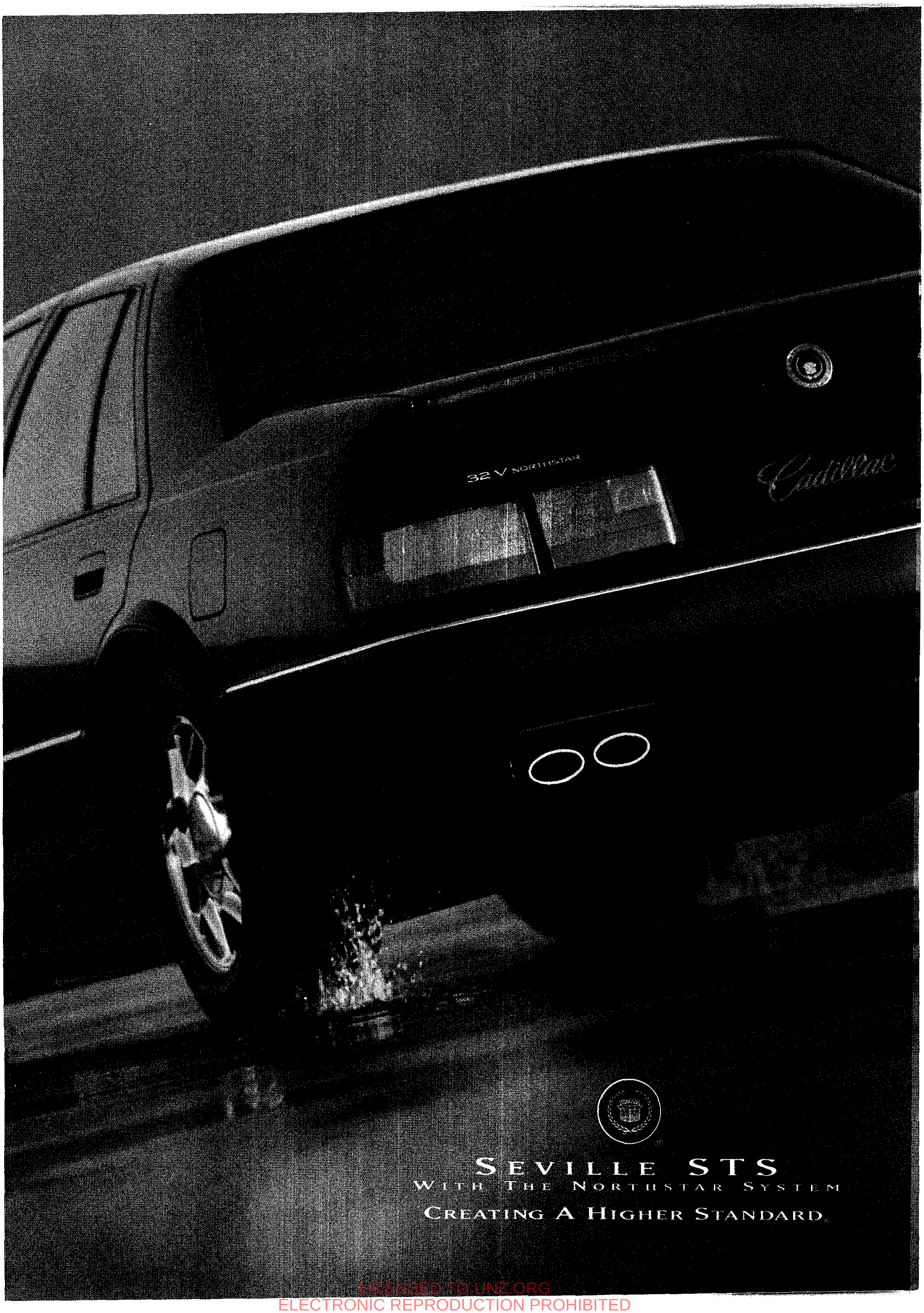
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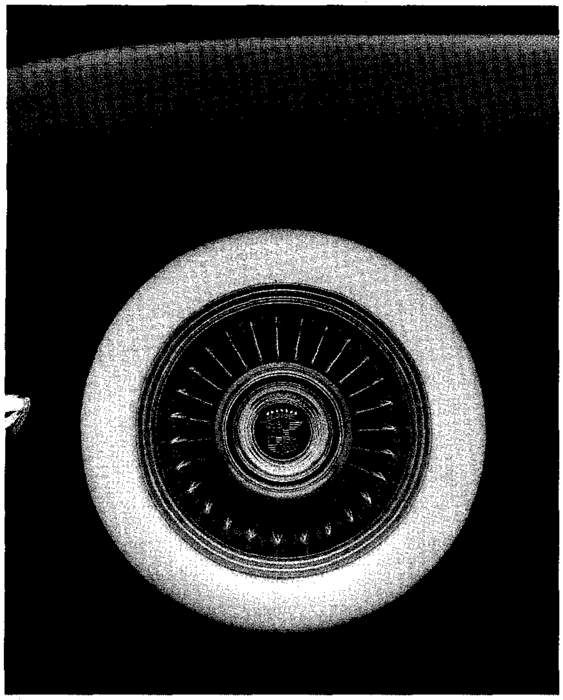
A GALLERY OF EXCELLENCE

THE 95TH ANNUAL NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

BY RICH TAYLOR

November 3, 1900, the Automobile Club of America opened the first National Automobile Show at the old Madison Square Garden. About 48,000 people came to ogle some 300 different horseless carriages from forty fledgling manufacturers. Prices ranged from $280 to $4,000. Of course, there were fancy brochures, hot dogs, and lots of nutty hoopla.

Now the name is the New York International Automobile Show and more than a million people come to ogle 1,000 cars from some thirty-six manufacturers, with prices ranging from $10,000 to $350,000. And there are still plenty of fancy brochures, hot dogs, and nutty hoopla.



The 1953 Cadillac Ghia Coupe is a vintage car standout.

The New York International Auto Show is the world's largest new car shopping mall. Where else can you see every new car that's for sale in the United States, all in one place at one time? If you're even remotely thinking about buying a new car, it's the one stop you really have to make. In addition to the cars, there are dozens of fascinating displays. But most of all, the Auto Show is great entertainment. Even if you're not in the market for a new car, it's still a lot of fun. And who knows? What you see there could change your mind.

INFORMATION

The 95th Annual New York International Automobile Show begins Saturday, April 15, and runs daily through Sunday, April 23. It is located at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center at 11th Avenue and 35th Street.

Auto Show hours are 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Monday through Saturday, and 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. on Sunday. Tickets are $8 for adults, $2 for children under 12 They can be obtained at the Auto Show (for information, call 800-282-3336) or through Ticketmaster (212-307-7171).

Special events will dot the Auto Show schedule. The Harlem Globetrotters will perform from 10 to 11 A.M. on April 15, then sign autographs till 1. In addition to Ford's Ocean Explorer—a giant fish tank made from an Explorer 4x4—there's a life-size Indycar model made from Erector Set pieces, plus twenty other scale-model "future cars" made from Erector Sets by elementary school students. The winning entries in this competition will b announced on April 13.

There are more serious events too. The annual Outstanding Women in the Automotive Industry Awards will be presented on Wednesday, April 12. The next day NASCAR driver Jeff Gordon and sportscaster Jack Arute will co-host the finals of the National Automotive Technology Competition, a $1-million trouble-shooting contest for high-school students. And on Thursday, April 20, there will be a one-day World Traffic Safety Symposium.

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WHAT'S NEW
AT THE SHOW

ACURA

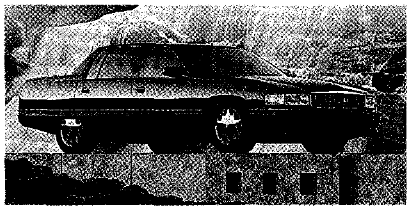
Acura will debut its 1996 TL sedan at the Auto Show. Powered by either a 2.5-liter five-cylinder or a 3.2-liter V-6, the TL fills a gap between the sporty Integra and luxurious Legend. The new Legend Special Edition also debuts at the show along with the CL-X, a wedge-shaped 2+2 concept car that hints at what the U.S.-built 1997 Legend Coupe will look like.

BMW

BMW will have four new models at the Auto Show. The 318ti is an under-$20,000 hatchback powered by a 1.8-liter Four. For nearly twice the price, BMW offers the M3 luxury Edition, a fancy version of the high-performance M3 coupe. There are also new long-wheelbase versions of the 7-series sedans, the 740iL, and 750iL.

BUICK

Buick will show its XP2000 concept car, which looks like a four-door Riviera and boasts eight separate air bags and interactive, voice-activated electronics. Also on display are the stunning Riviera coupe, plus Buick's traditional sedans.


The 1995 Cadillac DeVille Concours.

CADILLAC

Cadillac will have on display the 1997 Catera sedan, a show-car version of next year's entry-level luxury sedan (based on a German Opel.) Cadillac developed this ground-breaking car by using last year's Auto Show as a kind of marketing clinic. Cadillac employees carried computerized data pads to input reactions of show-goers to another concept car, the LSE; Cadillac also brought in owners of competitive sedans to the show and recorded their comments. Based on this research, Cadillac restyled the LSE exterior and interior and developed the Catera. In addition, Cadillac will display its sporty Seville and STS sedans, the front-wheel drive DeVille and Concours, the traditional rear-drive Fleetwood, and the sleek Eldorado coupe.

FORD

Ford will debut the 1996 Taurus SHO, a high-performance sedan. Ford's line of best-selling trucks and sport utility vehicles will also be at the Auto Show (including the revamped Explorer), as well the 40-mpg 1995 production car, the Aspire.

HONDA

Stars of the Honda exhibit will be the new Prelude Special Edition coupe and Accord-based Odyssey minivan. Add to that the revamped 1996 Passport 4x4.

HYUNDAI

This Korean manufacturer will show the HCD-III concept car from its California design studio. It's a blend of sports car, sport utility vehicle, and pickup truck—very California.

INFINITI

Infiniti is introducing the mid-size I30 sedan at the Show. It slots in between the compact G20 sedan and luxury J30 sedan. The Q45 remains a formidable competitor.

ISUZU

Isuzu's concept car is the XU-1, a streamlined body on the Trooper 4x4 chassis. Attention will also center around the revamped 1996 Rodeo.

JAGUAR

Jaguar has experienced a spectacular renaissance in recent months. The XJ series sedans have been restyled for 1995, with four round headlights and more flowing body lines. There are now four distinct models: the six-cylinder XJ6, the fancy Vanden Plas, the XJ12—a Vanden Plas with a 313 hp V-12 engine—and the sporty XJR powered by a 322 hp supercharged Six. All these changes have made XJs into worthy competitors for German and Japanese luxury sedans.The classic XJS coupe and convertible have also been modernized, with more powerful six- and twelve-cylinder engines and a host of advanced features like variable-assist steering. They're an excellent value when compared to other limited-production V-12 sports machines.

The 1995 Jaguar XJS convertible.

LEXUS

The New York show will see the world debut of the new Lexus sport utility vehicle. It joins the front-wheel drive ES 300 sedan, rear-drive GS 300, and line-leading LS 400 sedan. Lexus also builds two of the most desirable sports cars in the world, the SC300 and SC400 coupes.

LINCOLN

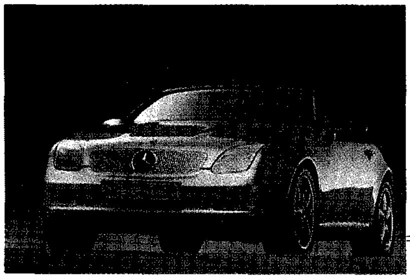
Just introduced is the Mark VIII LSC, with sports suspension and 290 hp. At the Auto Show, look for the L2K, a two-seater convertible concept car that resembles the Mark VIII.

MAZDA

Look for the all-new Protege sedan, mid-size 626 and Millenia, plus the luxurious 929. Mazda's concept car is the M Speedster, a 200 hp Miata with aggressive styling.

MERCEDES-BENZ

In 1997, Mercedes will start selling a smart two-seat roadster called the SLK. This small, two-seater roadster will list for less than $40,000. It will likely be the most popular Mercedes sports car in decades. Everything about it feels right: the size, the styling, the performance, the price. A show car version is at the Auto Show,


The Mercedes-Benz SLK concept car.

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SAAB

though you won't be able to buy one for another eighteen months. In a sense what the car company is saying is, "This is what it looks like. Get used to it now; by next year you'll love it." Also on view is Mercedes-Benz's full line of German-engineered deluxe automobiles: the mid-size C-class sedan, full-size E-class (available in coupe, convertible, sedan, and wagon), premium luxury S-class coupe and sedan, and SL convertible.

MERCURY

The Young America edition of the new Mystique LS, to commemorate Mercury's sponsorship of an America's Cup contender, will be on display. Mercury will also have its unique Villager minivan in regular and Nautica versions.

MITSUBISHI

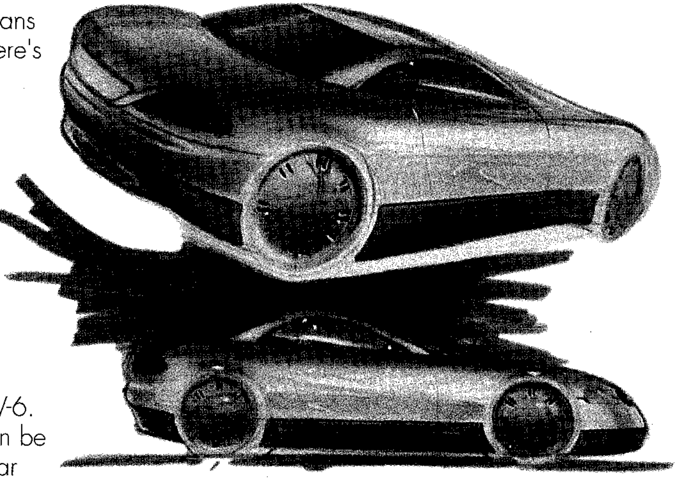
In 1996, Mitsubishi will sell a convertible Eclipse, built in the U.S. At the New York show, you can examine a concept car version.

OLDSMOBILE

At the Auto Show, look for the new 1996 Bravada sport utility vehicle. Olds also has two wild concept cars, the Aurora-derived Antares with Guidestar navigation system and the Aurora Show Car which is, as the name implies, a show car version of the Aurora.

SAAB

In keeping with this Swedish automaker's commitment to form and function, Saab is showing its thoroughly revived line of 900 and 9000 sedans and hatchbacks. There's also a terrific 900 convertible. The 900 is available with Saab's own 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine—with or without turbocharger—or an Opel-designed 2.5-liter V-6. Traction control is standard equipment with the V-6. The larger 9000 can be ordered with a similar 3.0-liter Opel engine or three different versions of Saab's turbocharged 2.3-liter, including a hot 225 hp engine in the top-of-the-line Aero. Traction control, remote-control theft alarm and a Harmon Kardon sound system are among the 9000's most popular features.



The Mercedes-Benz SLK concept car has a sleek new shape.

The 1995 Saab 900 convertible.

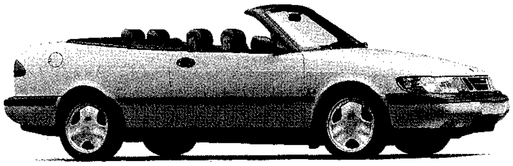
TOYOTA

Toyota will debut a pocket-size 1996 sport utility vehicle called the RAV4, scheduled to go on sale next fall. It will be available as a three-door wagon or a five-door. Toyota's other big news is the Xtracab version of the full-size T100 pickup, plus a revamped compact pickup called the Tacoma.

VOLVO

Be sure to see the new Volvo T-5R, a hot-rodded 850 sedan or wagon with 240 hp that's Volvo's answer to the BMW M3. Of course, even the regular 850 turbo is a 150 mph car, so the T-5R may very well be a little bit over the top for most people. Also new is the 960, a plush six-cylinder luxury sedan or wagon that's been totally redone for 1995.

Peel off your inhibitions.



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LEASING VERSUS BUYING: THE REAL STORY

Leasing a car is like renting an apartment; when you're done with it you shut the door and walk away. You don't need a big down payment; sometimes you don't need a down payment at all. Your monthly costs are usually at least 20 percent less than if you financed the same car, so you can drive a far better car than you could afford to buy.

Even if you have the money, by leasing you don't tie it up in a depreciating asset that loses 40 or 50 percent of its value over four years. Even better, if you use your car for business, the IRS will accept a percentage of your leasing payment as a deductible expense.

Most banks won't finance more than $30,000 on a new car loan, so if you want to drive an expensive car, leasing is the only alternative to laying out a big wad of cash. As new cars become more and more expensive—the average 1995 car costs $20,000—more and more will be leased. Some auto experts predict that within twenty years, nearly everyone will lease their personal transportation module and few people will bother actually owning a car.

Leasing can also be a bargain. Many car manufacturers are discounting in order to move cars off dealers' lots. They prefer to give the discount as part of a leasing deal rather than as a lower pricetag. The manufacturers call this "subventing" a lease. In 1995, nearly every lease available through manufacturers and new car dealers is being subvented. On some luxury models, this discount can reach the $15,000 range.

When a manufacturer discounts the purchase price, the loss comes out of current year revenues. When he subvents a lease, the discount comes out of the residual amount left when the lease car returns in two or three years. Allowing you an artificially-high residual is an easy way for him to shift losses ahead to a different fiscal year, yet still maintain current sales goals. From your point of view, you're getting a discount price on a new car lease.

Like renting an apartment rather than buying a house, leasing can be more convenient than buying. You pay one monthly check, you get one monthly receipt. If something goes wrong with your lease car—even if it's stolen or wrecked—you get another: no problem.

Like renting an apartment rather than buying a house, leasing a car can be more convenient than buying one.

If you do lease, you should purchase "gap" insurance. Gap insurance pays off the remainder of what you owe should you have a major accident in which your lease car is stolen or wrecked. Read the fine print; most leases are written for an average of 12,000 miles per year. You'll spend an additional 15-25 cents per mile if you drive further.

Before you lease a car, ask for a written agreement showing the total cost of the lease. This is called the capitalization cost, or "cap," and is the only figure you should use to calculate your costs or to compare one leasing deal to another.

Financing a car, on the other hand, is like buying a house with a mortgage; once the loan is paid off, you own it. While the normal finance period is only three or four years, any 1995 car will remain safe and reliable for at least ten years. Bottom line, the total cost of financing is 10 to 30 percent less than leasing the same car, even though the lease may

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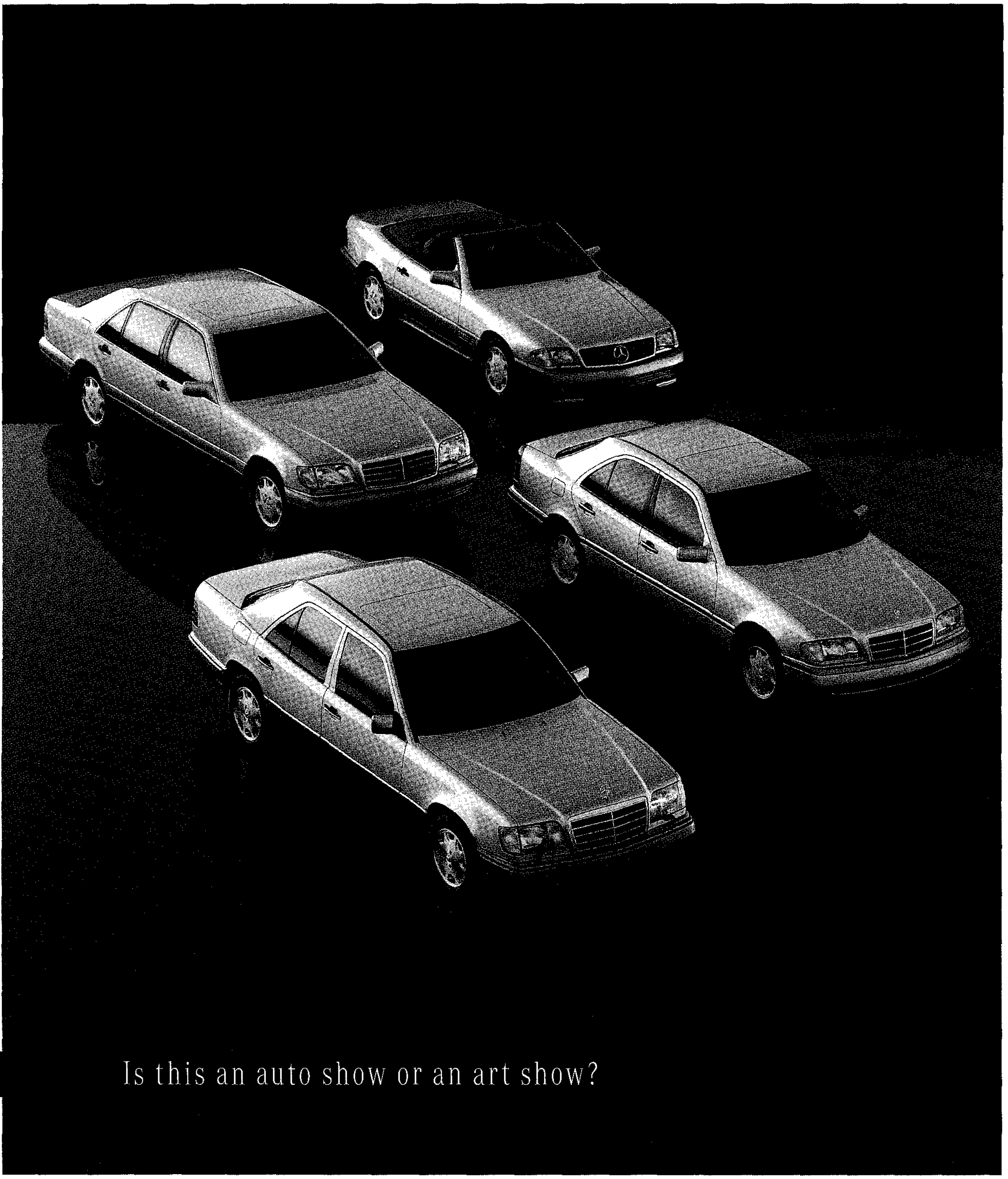

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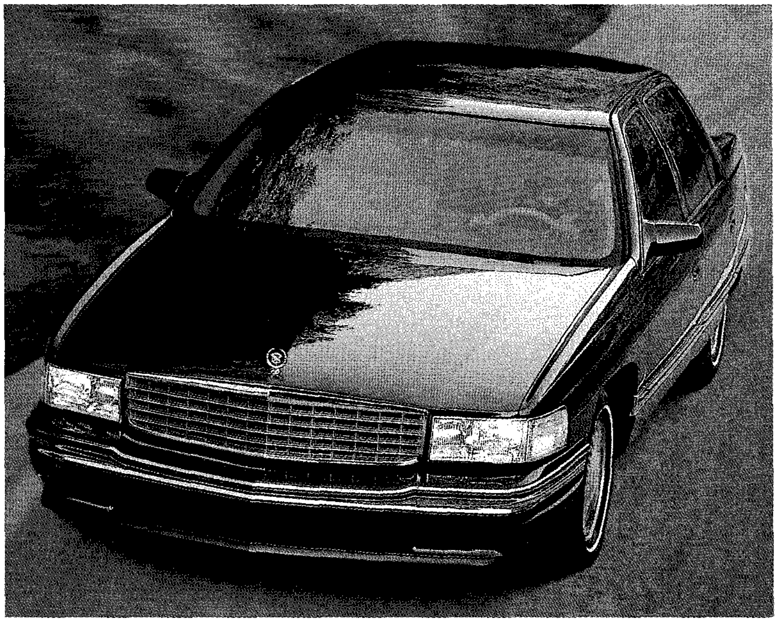

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cost you less per month. That's because you still have considerable residual value left after the payment book is finished. Whether you use up this residual value by driving for free or by selling the car to someone else, it's still real money.

Leasing can also cost more because the dealer makes a commission on the lease financing package he arranges for you; he also makes a profit on the acquisition fee, on the disposition fee, and on the lease administration fee, plus a commission for the gap insurance and extended service contract. Buying lets you avoid all these fees.

Before 1986, the IRS would let you depreciate any new business-use car to zero in three years. Even middle-income managers could make money by buying a new car, writing it off their taxes, then reselling. No more. Nowadays, a car that's purchased for business use must be depreciated over a six-year period, using a modified accelerated cost recovery system that only a CPA could understand.

Shop for a car loan as carefully as you shop for a car. A difference of even one percent on your interest rate can add thousands to your total payment at the end of four years. Most credit unions and some banks require no down payment, which frees up capital for a more lucrative investment.

Car manufacturers often offer zero- or low-interest financing in order to move the merchandise. Sometimes it's better to take their financing, sometimes it's better to take a cash rebate instead and seek your own loan (rarely will you be offered both a rebate and subsidized financing). Ask your accountant to do the sums before you decide.

For some people, a closed-end lease may actually be the best way to buy a new car. Start by leasing the car you want for three years. At the end of the lease period, buy the car from the dealer for "fair market value" as pre-agreed in your leasing contract. You'll have all the benefits of a lease—no down payment, low monthly payments, business tax deductions—plus you'll still end up owning the car free and clear.

SAFETY AND SECURITY: THE NEW TOP PRIORITY

Auto analysts say a primary factor that's driving new car sales to record levels is what they call The Fear. Drivers are afraid of everything from muggers in the parking lot to icy patches on the way home. They're buying 1995 cars because they offer safety and security devices that cars simply didn't have five years ago; air bags, side air bags, daytime running lights, anti-lock brakes, traction control, cellular phones, "limp home" engines, car alarms, even key fob "panic buttons." Is The Fear justified? It doesn't matter. Buyers are scared, and they're buying safety and security.

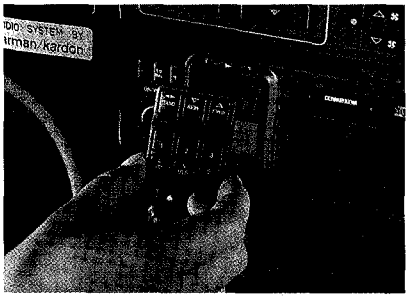
To an engineer, safety has to do with keeping you from being hurt while driving or from hurting someone else. Driver and passenger air bags are becoming standard across the industry. But refinements are being made. "Smart bags" that adjust to fit different size people or passengers slumped in their seat are under development. And some companies have already introduced the first side-impact air bags that inflate along your shoulder and torso to cushion the blow if you're struck in the door.

Another area of concern is daytime running lights. For two decades, motorcycles have been wired so that the headlight is always on, making them easier for oncoming motorists to spot even in bright sunlight. Soon, every new car will be rigged the same way.

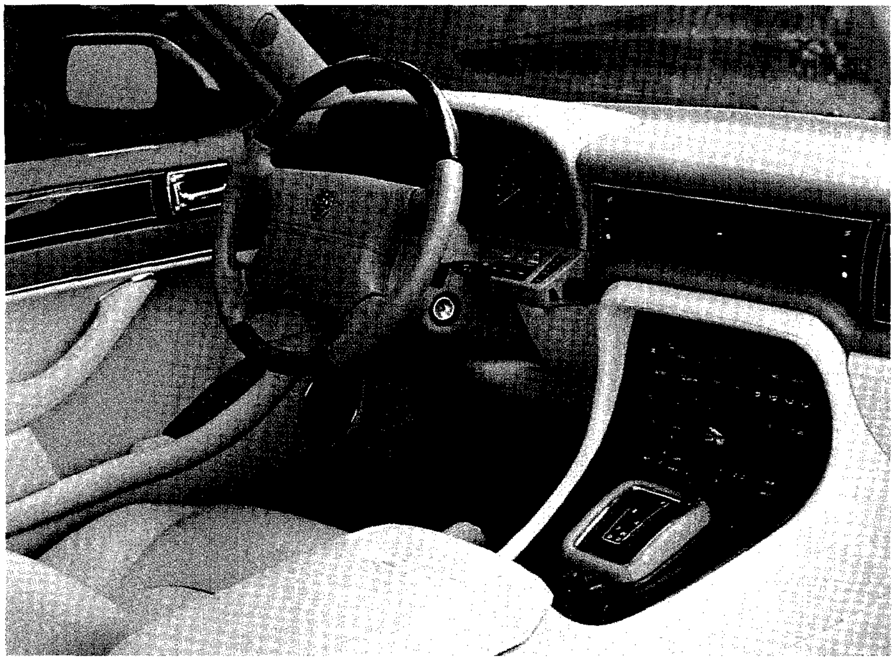
Anti-lock brakes are now available on even the cheapest economy cars and pickup trucks. Muddied government studies have cast doubt on anti-lock brakes, but testing is irrefutable. When used properly, anti-lock brakes allow you to simultaneously brake and turn at the limit of adhesion, something only trained racing drivers can do without anti-lock computers.

The same computer can be used to provide traction control by interrupting the power to a wheel that's slipping on ice or snow. These systems are not a panacea, but they do work to make driving safer in marginal conditions.

To automotive engineers, "security" means protecting you from other people: carjackers, muggers, thieves. According to some analysts, two-thirds of the people who order a cellular phone for their car do so not for its convenience, but so they can call for help. More and more new cars will come equipped with phones as standard equipment.



Saab's Prestige sound system with anti-theft keypad.



Interior of a 1995 Jaguar XJ12, with dual electronically triggered airbag supplemental restraint system.

Cadillac has been a leader in "limp home" technology. If something goes wrong with your engine—even a complete loss of radiator coolant—the V-8's computer analyzes the problem, then keeps the car running on four cylinders until you get to safety. It's better than being stranded on the side of the road. Look for other manufacturers to offer similar systems.

Car alarms have grown into a huge aftermarket industry; Americans spent almost $500-million on automotive electronic security in 1994. A newish invention is the electronic key fob that allows you to remotely lock and unlock doors, that makes the horn and lights flash if the car is disturbed, and, most important to many women drivers, includes a "panic button" that activates the horn and lights when pressed, even twenty yards from the car. This is supposed to attract attention and drive away potential muggers.

There are literally dozens of aftermarket security devices for sale. They range from the LoJack radio transmitter that's hidden under your car and allows police to trace a stolen vehicle via HomeLink to a computer that lets you turn on the lights in your house from your car so you don't have to enter a dark hallway. These are already factory equipment on many cars. There are also devices to cut off your car's fuel supply if it is stolen, to fill the cab with smoke, to lock the doors and trap the alleged perp inside.

Do these gadgets work? In many cases, yes. But as most policemen will tell you, if a professional thief wants your car, he's going to try and take it. The 100% foolproof anti-theft device has yet to be invented.

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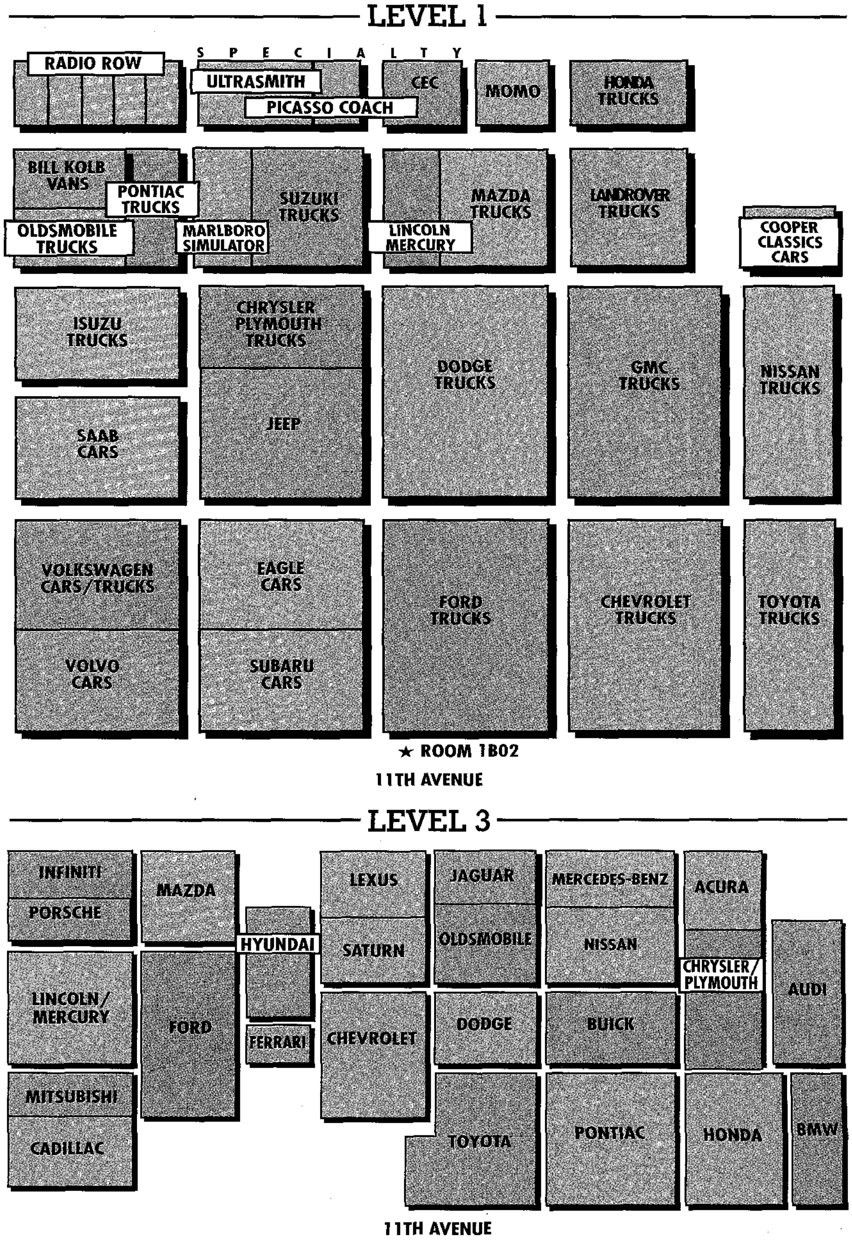
GUIDE TO EXHIBITORS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SPECIAL EVENT

NEW YORK Magazine is hosting two special panel discussions at the Auto Show. The first, "Safety and Security: The New Top Priority," will take place on Thursday, April 20, at 6 P.M. The second, "Leasing Versus Buying: The Real Story," will take place on Thursday, April 20, at 7:30 P.M. Both will be held in Room 1B02 at the Javits Center.

The panels will feature top executives from various car manufacterers. Among those participating will be Mercedes-Benz and Saab. After five-minute statements from each panelist, the audience will be invited to pose questions to the panel.

The discussions will be moderated by Rich Taylor. The former managing editor of *Car and Driver* magazine, Taylor has written numerous books and articles about automobiles.

For reservations, contact Kathy Hoffman at (212) 880-0854.

The greatest form of advertising is still word of mouth.

"Under the skin, these cars hint at the dramatic changes coursing through the very blood of the British car-maker."

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"Combined, the changes give the sedans an improved feeling of nimbleness and composure, without violating that sacrosanct ride quality for which Jaguars are famous."

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–*Motor Trend*

"...a major advance in quality."

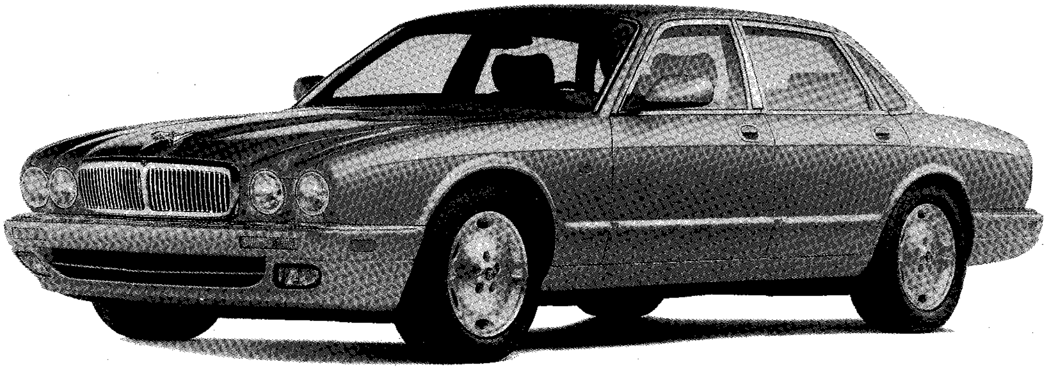
–*Automotive News*

"Drawing on the retro look of the old Series III, Jaguar's new sedan derives real strength from what's beneath the skin."

–*AutoWeek*

QUOTES LIKE THESE HELP explain why the new Jaguar XJ Series has just been rated one of *Automobile Magazine*'s 1995 All-Stars. "The Jaguar we've been waiting for," the editors rave. See your dealer for attractive Dream Lease terms and a test drive to find out why this is the Jaguar *you've* been waiting for. See your Buckingham Group Jaguar dealer for a test drive today.

JAGUAR



THE NEW 1995 JAGUAR XJ SERIES

Optional equipment shown. Enjoy tomorrow. Buckle up today.

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Announcing The Felker Magazine Center at the University of California at Berkeley

1868

For more than 30 years, Clay Felker has made magazines his life. His passion for the printed word and belief in the importance of magazine journalism have been major sources of inspiration for a legion of writers, editors, publishers and art directors who today are among the tops in their profession.

Now veterans of "The Felker Experience" throughout the country are working to make a major contribution to the future of the magazine industry.

They are part of a $2 million campaign to create The Felker Magazine Center at the University of California's Graduate School of Journalism in Berkeley—one of the greatest teaching and research universities in the country.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE DAVIDSON

Clay Felker as a young editor at Esquire Magazine, 1959

The Felker Magazine Center will offer the best young journalism students the most advanced training available in all creative and business-related aspects of magazines and the new media. Under Clay Felker's guidance, leaders in the magazine industry will help prepare young women and men for magazine careers, ensuring that "The Felker Experience" will continue to inspire new generations.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, 1995
The campaign for The Felker Magazine Center will be launched at a gala dinner honoring Clay Felker. To receive an invitation, to order tickets, or to learn more about the Center itself, please telephone 212-685-0113, or fax 685-0062.

The
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AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY

They're a demarcation in our lives. Putting Neil Armstrong on the moon was a publicity stunt, too. But somehow, over time, the Oscars have come to matter, to alter conceptions.

And what do the Wizards Out There think? "Fabulous idea," said one.

"Why haven't we done it already? There's no downside at all," said another. Actually, there is: "What if you ended up fifth? Or what if someone only got a couple of votes, total? It would be embarrassing."

To which I reply that anyone who goes into the entertainment industry has dealt with far worse embarrassment than finishing fifth. After all, it's not fifth out of five, it's fifth out of a choice of hundreds of movies, thousands of actors.

What, pray tell, is so terrible about that?

One studio head said, "It really is a wonderful idea, but you've got one problem: Old traditions die hard."

Maybe. But did you know that you could once be nominated for both Best Actor and Best Supporting Actor for the same performance? (Barry Fitzgerald, *Going My Way,* 1944.) Did you know they once gave an award for Best Comedy Direction? And Best Assistant Director? How about this one? Write-in votes once were legal. And in the very beginning, for a year or two, there were two Best Picture awards, one for popular fare, the other for "the most artistic, unique and/or original motion picture without regard to cost or magnitude."

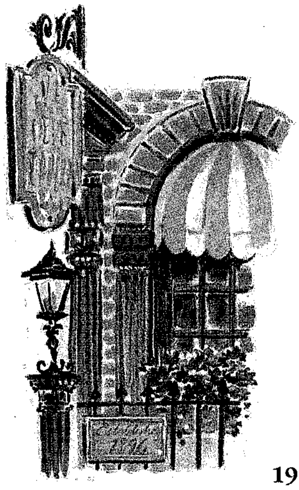
Some of these were good ideas; some were not. The point is, the Academy has always been able to shift with the times.

There is supposed to be a bias against New Yorkers Out There—is that why Sarandon lost? How close did she come? Is that same bias the reason it took Paul Newman so many tries before he was honored? Was he close this year? (Come to think of it, why does the Academy always refuse to give Martin Scorsese an award?)

The Academy is also supposed to love comebacks—so where did Travolta finish? And wouldn't it be nice to know just how badly *Hoop Dreams* got screwed in the nomination process?

There is a world of fascinating and useful information that is being kept from us. And for no reason other than that it always has been kept from us. But they had no idea, back in 1927, of the power of their idea. It began as a few movie people deciding to have a little banquet. A billion people around the world would tell you times have changed. And need changing again.

Enough. Start getting ready for summer. *Waterworld* is coming. Will it engulf us all? ■



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Always in the spotlight and in the heart of Greenwich Village, this landmark bar and grill offers great food, great drinks, and great fun. Complete menu always available until 4 A.M. Private parties up to 175 people. All major credit cards.

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This whimsical restaurant is world-renowned for its eclectic menu, its trademarked Frrrozen Hot Chocolate, and the unique novelties in its General Store. Since 1954, it has developed a faithful following of celebrity-watching New Yorkers and out-of-towners. Sunday thru Thursday until 12 midnight, Friday until 1 A.M. and Saturday until 2 A.M. Reservations suggested. All major credit cards.

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An elegant landmark in dining since 1958, Top of the Sixes offers magnificent views of the Manhattan skyline from 39 stories up. Chef Cliff Goodman's kitchen specializes in a variety of creative contemporary American cuisine. Lunch and dinner Monday thru Saturday. Pre-theater menu. Reservations suggested.

Illustration by Barbara Maslen

HER SON, THE LAWYER

HENRY JUNG, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, AND

HYO-SOON JUNG, GROCERY-STORE OPERATOR

The Overachievers

Korean immigrants made almost superhuman sacrifices to give their children the American Dream. They never expected them to become Americans in the process. A tale of the new melting pot By Jeffrey Goldberg

THE WORMY UNDERSIDE OF THE GORgeous mosaic is on open view in Brooklyn Criminal Court, Part AP-9, Judge Karen Yellen presiding. Petty thieves, drunk drivers, and wife beaters, immigrants from a hundred different countries, come to this flea market of justice to negotiate their fates. Judgment is rendered in the time it takes to boil water, and many of the lawyers don't even know the judge's name. "It's like with the Sicilians," one lawyer whispers. "You try not to remember the name of the person you despise."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANNY CLINCH
FOR *NEW YORK*

한인 YWCA
생명을 귀하게,
삶을 새롭

A REALIZATION THAT KOREANS ARE RECAPITULATING THE JEWISH IMMIGRANT EXPERIENCE

GRACE LYU-VOLCKHAUSEN, COMMUNITY ACTIVIST

Judge Yellen is no easy mark, certainly, and on this particular morning, Henry Jung, an assistant district attorney, is about to understand that. Jung is asking Judge Yellen to issue an order of protection to keep a defendant from harassing a woman; the judge evidently believes Jung is straying from the point. "You have to give a reason for an order of protection, Mr. Jung," she snaps.

"Our policy is—"

"Your policy does not impress me, Mr. Jung."

"This case involves a man standing before a woman displaying a broken bottle—"

"There is no reason to believe that these people will ever come into contact again," the judge says, shutting down the discussion.

Jung moves to his seat, shoulders hunched, and shakes off the defeat. A crackhead's snoring echoes through the courtroom.

As a child in South Korea, Henry Jung dreamed of an America that straddled the world like a great tiger. Brooklyn Criminal Court has bled the 34-year-old of some of his idealism, but he knows, fifteen years after he moved to America, that he lives in a remarkable place. What other country would have let a 20-year-old immigrant who spoke little English on arrival become a government prosecutor? There's no glory in Brooklyn Criminal Court, but it's a respectable first stop for an ambitious lawyer.

Several miles southeast of Judge Yellen's courtroom, on a tired side street in Sheepshead Bay, Hyo-Soon Jung, Henry's mother, stands behind the register of her failing grocery store, waiting for the rare customer. The old Jews who bought borscht and herring here have died; the Russian immigrants who repopulated the neighborhood in recent years do their shopping in Brighton Beach. The government, too, has hurt business—after Mrs. Jung let an old man buy a bar of soap and a can of beer with food stamps, the US-

DA kicked the Jungs off the program. Mrs. Jung is soft on old people who try to buy beer and soap with food stamps, but this old man was an undercover government operative. "I don't want the government's money anyway," she says. "That's why I have children."

Faded signs taped to the windows advertise soaps and snacks the store no longer carries. The Jungs' store is a poor cousin to the high-volume, 24-hour Korean-run groceries ubiquitous in Manhattan. Yet there's no dust on the shelves—that would be an embarrassment. And when a customer does happen by, Mrs. Jung musters a gentle smile and some soft words. But mostly she waits.

Business at the Korean markets throughout the city has slowed, but it's even slower here. Two years ago her husband died, and Mrs. Jung is running the store with the help of her younger son, Chang-keun. Henry helps on weekends, but it's still a burden, and Mrs. Jung doesn't seem to mind her recent decision to run her stock down and close up for good. She sits on a milk crate outside the still-open store, and while she professes to agonize about everything—"I never stop worrying"—her manner suggests a good deal of confidence in the future. "I always wanted Henry to be a lawyer," she says, taking in the sun, "and now he is one."

It's an odd and poignant victory. Mrs. Jung is a music teacher by training, and she took a giant step away from white-collar success when she came to America to sell and stack and sweep and count. Soon, she won't even have *that*. But her son Henry is a lawyer.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF KOREANS in New York like Hyo-Soon Jung, bright, cultured people who have sacrificed dreams of professional glory to ensure their children's success. A complex combination of factors persuaded Koreans to emigrate—the rigidity of Korean society, terrible overcrowding on the Korean peninsula. But when Koreans are asked why they came here, almost to a person they say it was to give their children a chance to learn in the best universities in the world. This is why Koreans may be remembered as the most instantly successful immigrant group in American history.

An old joke asks: What's the difference between the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the American Psychiatric Association? The answer: One generation.

The joke is a comment on the quick march of immigrant Jews to professional glory, and it applies with equal relevance to the Koreans, because no group has replicated the Jewish formula for business and educational success with such efficiency.

In just three decades—before 1965, the year large-scale Asian immigration began, there were no more than 500 Koreans in the entire metropolitan area—the Koreans have changed the face of commercial New York, opening thousands of stores, rescuing whole neighborhoods from decay, and inventing entirely new retail industries in the process. In the New York region, Koreans own 1,400 produce stores (85 percent of all such stores in the area), 3,500 groceries, 2,000 dry cleaners, 800 seafood stores, and 1,300 nail salons, according to one Korean business group. "They are New York City's most productive community," Emanuel Tobier, a professor of economics at New York University, says unequivocally.

At the same time, the Koreans, who even now number no more than a quarter-million in the entire region, have reinvigorated dying neighborhoods and the schools—and churches—that anchor them. Today, high schools such as Cardozo and Bayside in Queens serve as petri dishes for Korean success, the role Erasmus and Midwood played in the golden age of Jewish academic achievement.

Historically and religiously, of course, Jews and Koreans have no common experience, but in twentieth-century America they overlap in an extraordinary number of ways. Both groups produce excellent violinists; poor black shoppers frequently despise them; in different ways, both feel marginalized by mainstream society; and Harvard Yard runs thick with them. Korean-Americans have even taken over deserted Jewish camps in the Catskills. They're used for church retreats.

The Jews hacked the widest path for immigrants culturally predisposed to mercantilism and educational overachievement, and it is because of this that many Korean-Americans have an almost psychological dependence on the Jewish experience. Some Korean-Americans even refer to themselves jokingly as "Kews."

There is a conscious choice here, one that reveals much about the changing dynamics of the melting pot. The Korean Students Association at Columbia University, for example, is the only minority group unwilling to participate in an umbrella body known, so awfully correctly, as the United Students of Color Council. The president of the Korean group, John Min, a premedical student from Washington State, explains why: "I'm not sure what agenda we have in common. My skin color"—he proffers his hand for inspection—"is closer to a Jewish shade than an Indian or black shade."

"We know that the Jews have been there before," says Grace Lyu-Volckhausen, a community activist and an unofficial ambassador of the Korean community to the outside world. "There's similar values, similar behaviors, similar experiences in America. There's a sense of determination in the Jewish community we can understand."

But Korean history in New York reads like an abridged version of the Jewish; Koreans are skipping whole chapters as they suburbanize and assimilate. They were never stuck in airless ghettos like the Lower East Side, and unlike Jews in the great waves of immigration 80 and 90 years ago, the Koreans were pulled here more than they were pushed. They arrived with college degrees—60 percent, by some estimates, have come with at least B.A.'s—and they've always been viewed as a "model minority" by the white majority.

This year marks the thirtieth anniversary of the passage of the act that allowed full-scale Asian immigration, and it should be an occasion for the Korean community to mark its obvious successes. But instead of celebrating, Korean New York is dogged by anxiety.

It is not racial strife that causes worry, though race is the prism through which the outside world most often sees the Korean community. The 1990 boycott was certainly frightening—many store owners feared that the picketing of a Flatbush grocery by blacks would inevitably mean a citywide boycott and violence, which it didn't. The Los Angeles riots felt more threatening, but they were experienced vicariously in New York.

The hair-pulling problem of the moment is economic, growing from the belief that New York's retail economy, struggling for breath since 1990, will never be robust again, and that City Hall, so concerned about seducing neighborhood-busting megastores to open here, is unaware that hundreds of Korean-owned stores, like the grocery owned by Hyo-Soon Jung in Brooklyn, are forced to shut each year.

"We're in the middle of a tragedy," says Sung Soo Kim, president of the Korean-American Small Business Service Center in Flushing, the capital of Korean New York. "Last year, we had 700 stores open but 900 close. Growth has completely stopped. We're having 15 percent turnover every year. People are closing up." Times are so tough, some Korean businessmen say, that one of the linchpins of Korean success in New York, the *keh*, or revolving-credit system, is itself in a state of slow collapse. (The *keh* relies on regular contributions from a group of friends to a communal pot. One of them receives the full amount each month, which he can use as seed capital.) "In 1986, 57 percent of the people were in *kehs*," Kim says. "But cash registers aren't growing now. People can't afford to give."

These setbacks are quickly percolating through the Korean community. "I just saw in Flushing 300 or 400 older Koreans lining up to get government cheese and butter at a senior center," says Jonathan Kim of the Asian-American Federation, a nonprofit advocacy group.

Long before Dan Quayle posited his thoughts on family values, Confucius had formulated his, and his teachings—which permeate all layers of Korean life—hold duty to family as a paramount virtue. Honorable men support their families; dishonorable ones don't. But, Jonathan Kim says, "it comes to a point where you forget about honor and you just go collect your cheese."

This sudden vulnerability is causing some first-generation Koreans to register a more fundamental anxiety: Why are they here at all? Many Koreans say that they feel essentially powerless: powerless in their own homes, as they watch America turn their children into people they don't fully understand—that is, Americans; powerless outside their homes, in the unnavigable world of coalition politics; and powerless in their own businesses, where they find they don't control the largest levers of economic success.

THE KOREANS SEEM TO DOMINATE WHOLE sectors of New York's economy. But this apparent hegemony is deceptive, because they often have little control over the means of distribution or the buildings they sell from. At the Hunts Point market in the Bronx, where many Koreans go to buy produce, the overwhelming majority of wholesalers are Italian-American or Jewish. Even in the garment center, where 300 Korean-owned sweatshops employ thousands of Latino laborers, the notion of Korean power is chimeric. The sweatshops owned by Koreans, mixed in with shops owned by Chinese and other immigrant groups, are actually small contracting outfits that do the bidding of the big Seventh Avenue manufacturers, who in turn work for the designers and department stores.

In a gray building on Eighth Avenue near 37th Street, one of more than 60 nameless buildings that house, all told, 3,000 individual sweatshops, the Korean owner of one such shop talks about the choice he made to enter the garment industry. He asks that he be identified only by the name Kim, which is shared by a quarter of all Koreans. "I was educated at Yonsei University in South Korea," he says. Yonsei is the equivalent of Princeton. Only two schools, Seoul National (the Harvard) and Korea University (the Yale), are similarly prestigious.

Around Kim sit fifteen or so Hispanic women, sewing madly. Many of them, he admits, are undocumented aliens. The windows are blackened over, and lack of ventilation gives the room a damp, tight feel. Kim admits that his workers take home as little as $3 an hour and shakes his head ruefully when he says how much he takes home a week—$300. "Owning is not very profitable."

The small contractors are apparently so pitiable that they've even gained the sympathy of labor organizers. "A lot of times, the workers aren't getting paid by the contractors, but that's because the contractor isn't getting paid by the manufacturer," says Francisco Chang, a Korean-born ILGWU organizer.

"The manufacturer's tactic is to put the contractor against the wall and twist his arm. Many of these manufacturers will have auctions where they'll hold up a blouse and say, 'Five dollars.' The contractors will bid against each other, driving the price down. . . . The contractors see the manufacturers and the building owners, the Jews, as very powerful," Chang says. "They perceive that it is not worth the fight."

This is the flipside of the Korean-Jewish relationship, seldom if ever talked about. Officially, Korean-Jewish relations are grand—it is Jewish organizations, especially the Jewish Community Relations Council, that are helping the Korean community organize politically, and Jews and Koreans find comfort in each other's troubles with African-Americans.

But, says Professor Pyong Gap Min, a Korean-born sociologist at Queens College, "many Koreans have ambivalent feelings about the Jews. They try to take the Jews as a model. On the other hand, they see the Jews as very stingy."

This sub rosa antipathy extends to the grocery stores, where a common bit of Korean folk wisdom held that opening a store in a Jewish neighborhood is a losing proposition, because Jews are cheap. Hyo-Soon Jung, Henry's mother, remembers hearing this when she and her late husband looked to open a store in Sheepshead Bay.

"There was a prejudice against opening up in a Jewish neighborhood, because the Jewish reputation is stingy," she says, perched on her milk crate. "This is not true. It is actually Jewish people who are the biggest spenders, as long as there is quality. As long as we sold high-quality fruit, the Jews came."

Not anymore, though. Mrs. Jung looks down East 17th Street, toward Kings Highway. "There's a Pathmark down there. That's where the Jewish ladies go to shop now. They're smart."

EVERYONE KNOWS A KOREAN, AND NOBODY KNOWS A KOREAN. IT'S A weird conundrum of New York life. Here's a group that in less than 30 years has transformed New York's commercial culture and, with other Asians—most notably the Chinese—is saving the city's educational institutions from mediocrity and worse.

Yet it's impossible to name a famous Korean in New York. There are no Korean judges or police chiefs, no City Council members or assemblymen. Economically struggling, the Koreans are politically stunted. They raise money for non-Korean politicians—Rudy Giuliani was a favorite—but they have few effective lobbyists and no plausible candidates for public office.

A new, much-anticipated novel by a 29-year-old Korean-American writer named Chang-rae Lee tells the story of a Korean-born member of the New York City Council, a mayoral candidate who is worshiped by his multiethnic Queens constituency. *Native Speaker*—the first novel by a Korean-American to be brought out by a major publisher—is an artful meditation on ethnic identity, fractured loyalties, and cultural confusion that is bundled inside a not-entirely-plausible political spy thriller. Perhaps the most improbable aspect of *Native Speaker* is the very idea of a Korean-American running for mayor of New York. In 1995, this is sheer fantasy.

"What happens is that the narrator is so amazed that a Korean man of his generation could imagine a public identity for himself," Lee explains.

It is not that Korean immigrants don't want to join public society. If they felt they had to run for office to survive they would; the decision to build a citywide monopoly on 24-hour groceries was itself a rational response to their marginal status as just-off-the-plane immigrants. (It is a common stereotype that Korean culture is essentially mercantile, but in fact, their cultural traditions afford little special status to the businessman—"If one is guided by profit in one's actions, one will incur much ill will," Confucius wrote in *The Analects.*) As New York's Korean community becomes savvier about American life, it may find that there is much to gain in following the African-American model of exerting influence through electoral politics. In California, which has a much larger Korean community, Jay Kim, a San Bernardino Republican, in 1992 became the first Korean-American to be elected to Congress. And the upcoming Republican presidential primary will undoubtedly lead to a minor media frenzy on the issue of Koreans: Wendy Gramm, Phil Gramm's wife and an economist, is a third-generation Korean-American from Hawaii. She is about to become the most famous Korean in America.

Even if he weren't married to a Korean-American, Phil Gramm would provoke strong interest among first-generation Korean immigrants—his small-government, deregulation message speaks to a community that carved out its economic niche wholly outside the realm of officialdom. For many Koreans in business—and three fourths of Koreans in New York City do derive their livelihoods from small business, according to Sung Soo Kim, the Flushing business leader—government, with its OSHA inspectors and sanitation police and tax collec-

KOREANS RUN HUNDREDS OF SWEATSHOPS, BUT THEY ARE AS MUCH EXPLOITED AS EXPLOITER

FRANCISCO CHANG, GARMENT-WORKERS' UNION ORGANIZER

tors, serves no salutary function.

Even with the husband of a Korean-American in the race, however, it's unlikely that older immigrants will choose en masse to retrofit their public profiles. "Many Koreans don't unpack their suitcases when they get here, so they don't have confidence in their ability to become Americans," says Grace Lyu-Volckhausen, the activist.

Lyu-Volckhausen has unpacked *her* suitcases, but she is an unusual case. Though she is a member of the pilgrim generation of Koreans in New York—she arrived to study in 1960, when there were fewer than 200 Koreans here—she stands outside the circle of first-generation leaders. She is a woman, for one thing, and she is married to a white man.

This puts her more in sync with the children of the immigrants, many of whom see their parents' generation as atomized and leaderless. Some younger Koreans say half kiddingly that they wish they had an Al Sharpton of their own.

"I want people who can go fight for us," says Wayne Ko, who runs the Korean Community Service Center of Brooklyn. "We have some inside Al Sharptons, but I want an Al Sharpton type of person to break outside."

This is, of course, a cultural impossibility—no one who acts like Al Sharpton would ever gain the respect of traditional Koreans. But many second-generation Korean-Americans—and the category known within the community as the "1.5 generation," people now in their teens, twenties, and thirties who came to America as children with their parents—say they are growing tired of marginality.

"A lot of people come here and feel overwhelmed to a point that they decide they want to insulate themselves from mainstream society," says Jonathan Kim, the nonprofit advocate, sitting in the Manhattan law offices of his friend, Michael Yi. As Kim speaks, Yi nods sympathetically. But when it is suggested that the language gap stands in the way of assimilation—and that

A GROWING GENERATIONAL DIVIDE BETWEEN POLITICIZED YOUNGER CHURCHGOERS AND THEIR CONSERVATIVE PARENTS

ALBERT HAHN, MINISTER

immigrants working seven-day weeks don't have time for English lessons—Yi responds with unusual bluntness: "They've been here 20, 30 years already. They don't have an excuse anymore."

Yi's snappishness reflects the growing exasperation the second generation feels toward the first, a feeling returned by the elders, who see their children defying them in the most awful ways.

THE MOST EXTREME MANIFESTATION OF KOREAN generational rebellion can sometimes be seen at the 109th Precinct station house in Flushing. The parents stand there, waiting patiently for attention, the father red-faced, the mother crying into her hand. They've come to report a missing child, or to collect a son, or even a daughter, arrested for running with a gang. This is another way in which the dynamic of the melting pot has changed: Assimilation is no longer the exalting process once imagined by fifties and sixties liberals. For many morally upright immigrants, it now means watching sons and daughters turn into miscreants, petty criminals, or worse. "The families are just crushed," says William Nevins, a police expert on Asian gangs.

The idea of Korean gangs defies all the stereotypes of Korean diligence, but the gangs are there (if still in small numbers)—Korean Fuk Ching, Korean Power, Korean-Taiwanese Boys—robbing in Flushing and Elmhurst, extorting money from stores in Koreatown in Manhattan. Even in Fort Lee, an Asian equivalent of Jewish Great Neck, the gangs troll successfully for initiates, police say. They even reach the children of ministers, the most respected members of the community. There is still a feeling of disbelief in Queens, where the son of one of the community's most prominent ministers was arrested in 1991 and later convicted for running with a gang of push-in robbers.

"These kids don't fit the typical profile," says Frank Hancock, a criminal-defense attorney and gang expert. "You'll get a child at the top of his class who comes from an industrious family, more often than not in private business, working sixteen hours a day. The problem is that these kids come home to an empty house. The parents aren't aware of how trouble can creep up on you here."

The Korean gangs take as models the larger Chinese gangs, which they sometimes find themselves battling, as was the case in 1989, when gangs from Chinatown tried to shake down businesses along West 32nd Street, the heart of Manhattan's Koreatown. The Korean gangs, which had already locked up the extortion racket, posted sentries on the corners of Fifth Avenue and 32nd Street and fought off the Chinese interlopers.

No one is even guessing how many Korean businesses fall under the "protection" of gangs; Koreans, like many immigrant groups, are loath to involve the police in their affairs. But the man who led the Korean Power gang through the early nineties, Tony Kim, speaking to a reporter for the first time, provides a rare look into the world of renegade young Koreans.

"There are three kinds of extortions," he says, explaining the methods he employed. "One, basic robbery: 'You don't pay me money, I'll break you up.' The second is, 'I have people, young kids, in the gang, and I need to keep them off the streets, to get them food. You will give me money because I help them.' The third kind is police extortion: Police come; they want to arrest us; they threaten us. We were in the second kind of extortion."

Tony Kim came to America at the age of 14. At 15, he was charged with a robbery he says he didn't do. A leader of Korean Power, or KP, by the time he was 16, Kim worked the extortion business with becoming dedication.

"We do it the Korean way. We talk to the owner and say, 'You use our security; we work in your bar; maybe we could help keep other gangs from extorting you.' If they say, 'We didn't bring the money,' we'll go to [their] house with [them] to get the money. We'll even pay for the taxi. Sometimes they just see us as little brothers and want to give us something to eat, so they give us one, two hundred dollars."

The police, unsurprisingly, are less sanguine. "Five KP guys beat a guy up in his store just recently," Nevins says. "They told him that if he had security, this wouldn't happen. These are hard-core guys."

Tony Kim—ponytailed, scarred, and affable—says he's out of the gang life now and is running his new beeper business. He does not seem like a typical gang leader. Though he carries himself with the self-assurance of a person who knows his orders will be followed, he speaks deferentially and in complete sentences. He even apologizes for his fine English. And while he might be a nightmare vision to every Korean parent, Tony Kim expresses a degree of filial loyalty that Americans would find astonishing.

"When my father goes back to South Korea, I'll go back with him, give my time to him," he says, fiddling with his thumb ring. Right now, he's helping his father run the several dry cleaners the family owns in Queens. "My parents came here for a better lifestyle. For better education. Now they're thinking twice."

YOUNGER KOREANS ARE INTERMARRYING, SOMETHING THE OLDER GENERATION RARELY DID

SUSIE RHIM, GROCERY-STORE OPERATOR, AND FIANCÉ PATRICK NATION, MANAGER

"WE MUST FIGHT THE REPRESsive mechanisms of the patriarchal world," the Reverend R. Yon Pak says as many of the 60 or so congregants nod in agreement. Many of them are in jeans; some have their ears pierced five or six times. One woman chews gum loudly as the minister speaks. "Before we came to America, my mother took us to visit our ancestral village, and there is a book there—this is my father's ancestral village—and it listed all the fathers and all the sons," she says. "My name wasn't in there."

There is a story in the Gospel according to Luke, Pak tells the congregation, of the "bent-over woman" who is miraculously cured of her ailments by Jesus, despite the opposition of the authorities at the time. Pak, a sunny-faced woman who speaks accented English, talks of the bent-over woman as an outcast, ignored and reviled by her community until Jesus sets her free. "We must not just believe in the suffering Christ or the glorified Christ but in the *confronting* Christ who never avoids social conflict."

For one in a Korean church especially, Pak's sermon is revolutionary. But the English Language Ministry of the Korean Methodist Church and Institute, near Columbia University, is catering to the assimilated. Across 115th Street, in a much larger hall, the Reverend Wontae Cha, a respected and senior Korean-American theologian, leads the same church's main service, in Korean.

Pak is a guest preacher, invited by Albert Hahn, the 26-year-old minister to the English-language congregation. Pak was asked to speak this Sunday morning in honor of Women's History Month.

Cha, needless to say, is *not* celebrating Women's History Month. "We don't do that," he says, chuckling softly. "That street between us is very symbolic. Sometimes it's a barrier."

Back across the street, Hahn explains: "In the traditional Korean, Confucianist culture, God is the teacher, someone you look up to." Hahn is a soft-spoken, modest overachiever—Vassar, Princeton Theological Seminary. He arrived in America when he was 15. "That is how Koreans also perceive the pastor. When the pastor says something, that's the word. When people come to church, they are coming with respect. Korean-Americans see God as a friend we can relate to and admire but also complain to. It's a different outlook."

The cherubic Hahn is asked whether Cha and his supporters like what he is doing. "They pay my salary," he replies coolly.

Cha's congregants would almost certainly be displeased by what happens later in Hahn's service. A woman in her mid-twenties gets up to introduce her new fiancé, who is white. The congregation cheers. It's a willful denial of the hard feelings interracial marriages engender in more conservative parts of the Korean community.

Curiously, both ministers describe themselves as adherents of liberation theology, placing them to the left of the mass of Korean ministers in New York. Hahn speaks of the "diseases of capitalism" and analyzes Korean-black tensions in quasi-Marxist language. "The problems between Koreans and blacks are set up by the racist system," he says.

This is a rarity. Churches keep the community glued together, but they rarely conceive of their mission in political terms. Though more than 60 percent of Koreans in the New York area describe themselves as Christian, an even higher percentage attend one of the region's 500 Korean churches. Many go just for the opportunity to socialize with their fellow émigrés. To the extent that ideology comes up at all, most churches encourage a brand of apolitical conservatism, Cha says. "They don't teach them how democracy is a part of Christianity."

Michael Yi, the lawyer and activist, puts it more confrontationally: "It would be against the interests of the ministers to make these people part of society. 'Keep them alienated from mainstream society' is the thinking."

OF THE POLITICAL ISSUES THAT divide young Koreans from their parents, race is where the understanding gap may be the widest. American-born Koreans tell of their shame at the things their parents sometimes say about blacks. None would humiliate their parents by speaking for attribution.

"In Korea, the image of blacks isn't positive," one young professional says. "My parents came over with an image of blacks as violent, and then they hear about the problems their friends have with blacks in the stores. They basically think they're scary. They think they have a low mentality."

Blacks and Koreans were, of course, destined for trouble. The relationship began in the early sixties, when Korean wig sellers started visiting Harlem to sell thick Korean hair, which was then popular in black beauty salons. Louis Winnick, a researcher with the Fund for the City of New York, says that the Koreans noticed a large number of empty stores, many freshly abandoned by Jewish merchants. The Koreans moved in, graduating from wigs to dry goods and produce. The rest is strife-torn history. SHOPLIFTING BLACK DOLLARS is the headline on a recent story about Korean merchants in *Emerge* magazine, the usually solid black monthly that on this issue decided to let the raw antipathy fly.

Wayne Ko, a round, slightly befuddled man with a mission to reform his community, says he understands the sentiments behind these racialist feelings. "I tell my people, 'Do not think all the time about money,' " Ko says. He's seated at a table in a Blimpie restaurant on Flatbush Avenue. "We should learn more about"—he looks around and drops his voice to a whisper—"black people." The coast is clear. "We have to learn the customs in the black neighborhoods."

It was tried before, with mixed success. Part of the problem is cultural—Korean society is so reserved that during the 1988 Olympics, radio and television announcements reminded residents of Seoul to smile at strangers. When Confucian coolness collides with "How ya doin' " American openness, the results can be dangerous.

"In Korea, we can't smile too much; it looks insincere," Ko says. "It's the way we grow up. But we should learn to smile."

In Korean society, too, women seldom look men, especially strangers, in the eye. To do so would be to express extreme emotion. Here, though, averted eyes behind the counter can signify disrespect, especially to people looking for slights. In the Korean-owned stores along Flatbush Avenue and in the grocery store that was the focus of the 1990 boycott, the merchants seem to be Americanizing their customs. They put money directly into the customers' hands—in Korea, money is customarily placed on the counter—and they smile and say thank you. One recent afternoon, though, a broom-wielding employee vigilantly followed a young black woman through one store, his body language suggesting that he expected the woman to grab something and run. She quickly left, and the employee, gripping the broom tightly, mumbled, "Always stealing, always stealing."

In Chang-rae Lee's *Native Speaker,* the narrator recalls the way his father, a taciturn shopkeeper, reacted to blacks: "With blacks he just turned to stone. He never bothered to explain his prices to them. He didn't follow them around the aisles like some storekeepers do, but he always let them know there wasn't going to be any *funny business* here. When a young black man or woman came in—old people or those with children in tow didn't seem to alarm him—he took his broom and started sweeping at the store entrance very slowly, deliberately, not looking at the floor."

FEW BLACKS COME INTO THE O-BOK ORIENTAL Food store on Hillel Place in Flatbush. None are apparently working here, which is no surprise, since Koreans say privately that they believe blacks make poor workers—Mexicans appear to be the employees of choice. In fact, it's lucky for the Koreans that few blacks come into the store: They'd be unamused by a display of Kalahari-brand Korean tea, planted right by the door, that features a drawing of a black man with a bone through his nose. The store is a haven for Koreans in the area; it's a wholesaler that sells mostly Korean food, so it's a safe place for a group of store owners to talk about race without worrying who's around.

The men, their hands brown with work, pour one another sake and steel themselves for unpleasant talk.

Michael Lee, a normally voluble produce wholesaler, turns grave when he's asked to describe race relations from his perspective."Four times I was robbed," he says. "Two times by three men and two times by two men. All black. After that, every time a black man opens the front of his jacket, I am scared. I have to think there are good black men and bad black men. The black man who caught the crazy man who pushed the old Korean lady onto the subway tracks—he was a good black man. I don't think Koreans have . . ." He loses the word. Much discussion in Korean. "*Bias.* I don't think Koreans have bias." He takes a pen and writes the word on his hand, to remind himself.

Another grocer offers up his theory on black shoplifting. It's wildly, preposterously racist, but not without a trace of first-stage empathy. "The blacks pick apples and bananas from the store," he says. "A long time ago, in the fields, the blacks took food off the trees, so this is why they take apples and bananas. Sometimes they forget not to take fruit." His statement leads to an extended discussion about declining banana prices.

"We need to understand the black people better," says Michael Lee, waving his bias hand. "I don't want to hurt other people, and I don't want to get hurt."

Outside, the sun is setting as hundreds of people stream out of the Flatbush Avenue subway station. The few Koreans caught in the crowd of tired black workers keep their heads down and move swiftly, as if they're trying to beat their own shadows to safety.

THE FOUR UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN WHO make up the Columbia University Korean Modern Hip-Hop Dance troupe take the stage at Korean Culture Night 1995. Their friends hoot in delight as their elders sit in confusion. According to the culture-night program handout, the hip-hop dancers were booted out of the Korean fan-dance group at Columbia for engaging in what the group disapprovingly called "outrageous dance antics." They decided to form the new group to demonstrate "how to be young, hip, and Korean."

There are maybe 500 students in the ballroom, all young, nearly all Korean, and quite a few unhip, though not for lack of trying. The boys, gangly and intense, keep their bangs long and wear string ties; others dress as if they're heading to Wall Street interviews right after curtain call. The women, more self-assured, glide through the room in sleek and expensive black dresses.

The program this Saturday night is a celebration of Korean culture, and a statement of Korean permanency at Columbia. The 500-member Korean Students Association has rented for the evening one of Columbia's largest ballrooms. Tonight is a chance for students who otherwise lead textbook American lives to remind themselves who they are, though they tend to do this in the generationally correct style. After one student finishes playing ancient folk music on a *kayagum,* similar to the Japanese *koto,* a student emcee sneers that "every time I hear the *kayagum,* I get so emotional." In case you missed the irony the first time around, she begins to sniffle into the microphone.

The hip-hoppers are greeted more enthusiastically. "Go girls!" someone in the audience screams.

But the hip-hoppers seem acutely self-conscious, and they smirk as the music—edge-free, watery Korean pop—reverbs through the room. Dressed in baggy jeans, Pumas, and bandannas, they make a stab at rump-shaking. This homage to black street culture is yet another (if more benign) manifestation of the new melting pot. But this is no booty video in the making. After the show, many students say they're going home to study.

Theirs is an uneasy rebellion. Most of the kids in this hall, after all, came to Columbia smothered in a blanket of responsibility. "Growing up, you know the air you breathe in your house is not free," John Min, the premed student, says. "When your parents come home at night, you know they weren't out at clubs. They come home and they can't put food in their mouths fast enough, and then they go to sleep so they can wake up six hours later to go back to work. They're not working sixteen hours a day to get a Mercedes. There's easier ways to get a Mercedes. Their blood, sweat, and tears fund the success of the next generation. It's not luxury they're looking for."

Second-generation Koreans tell astounding stories of their parents' obsession with the Ivy League. Marie Lee, a Brown-educated fiction writer, tells how her father wrote away for Harvard applications on the days each of his three children were born. "When my oldest brother got into Harvard, my father was in Turkey, so he bought a Muslim prayer rug in celebration," she

KOREANS AT COLUMBIA HAVE PURPOSELY SET THEMSELVES APART FROM OTHER MINORITY GROUPS

JOHN MIN, STUDENT

says. Universities do not break down admissions statistics by Asian nationality, but educated guesses from Columbia, Yale, and Harvard student leaders place the proportion of Koreans in those schools at about 5 percent. Korean-Americans make up less than one percent of the total U.S. population.

The Korean commitment to education cannot be overestimated. "The majority of Koreans immediately want to move out to Long Island," says Su Yong Choi, a onetime grocery-store owner in the city who now lives on Long Island and owns a shirt factory in the Dominican Republic. "First comes Flushing, then Bayside, then Long Island. It is because the Korean is like the Jews in education. We want to send our children to the schools the Jews go to."

It's the Northern Boulevard Express, the trek of Koreans out of Flushing into Long Island's North Shore, to communities with the best high schools. Ranking high schools is apparently a perennial exercise among successful Korean immigrants, if Su Yong Choi is typical. "First Great Neck North, then Great Neck South, then Herricks, and Hewlett and Syosset. Roslyn is so-so," he says, counting down. Many Koreans say they pay particular attention to the number of students from each school accepted by the Ivies.

Obviously, not all second-generation Koreans land in graduate school. There are special pressures for those who neither drop out entirely nor excel. Few Korean parents want to see their children follow them into small business, even if the child shows an ability to make a business grow. Susie Rhim is one such case. She is the Susie of Susie's Kitchen, a sprawling new deli and salad bar on Park Avenue South, near 30th Street. Susie is 27 and runs the deli with her mother, Koh Ja Rhim, and her father, Soon Il Rhim. Susie has a younger sister, Helen, at Brown University.

Her mother, who runs a cash register, was trained to be a violinist at Seoul National University. Her father, whose specialty now is spotting shoplifters, studied literature at Yonsei. It is the end of the day; the lunch rush is over, and the Rhims uncomplainingly hide their fatigue.

Why did they go into the deli business?

"Do you know what it costs to go to Brown University?" Soon Il asks.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year?"

"No." He shakes his head.

"Twenty-five thousand a year?"

"No," he says again, his voice filling with pride.

"Thirty thousand a year?"

"*More* than $30,000 a year."

Though Susie and Helen are only eight years apart, the Rhims talk about them as if they are from different generations, and they are. Susie vividly recalls her family's struggles. "I remember being woken up in the middle of the night to go to the market. I remember ripening avocados in the apartment," she says. By the time Helen was born, the Rhims had turned their ghetto grocery store into a going concern (they left Williamsburg in 1974 for Manhattan). "They didn't have money to send me to tennis camp like they did with Helen," Susie says, showing no resentment.

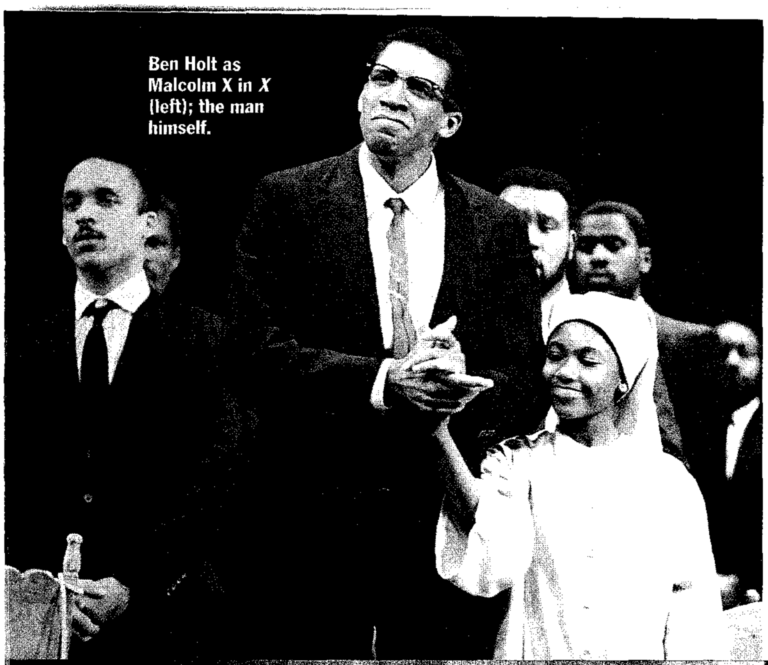
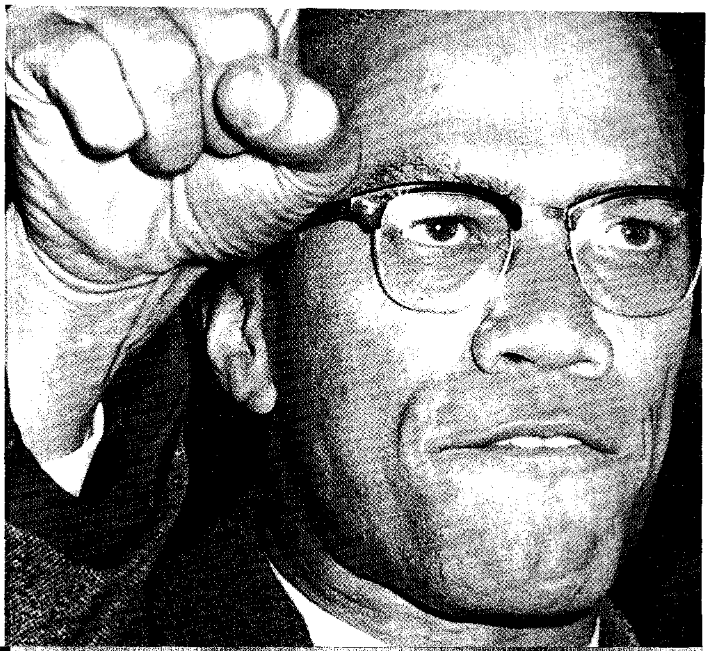
Susie, who attended Boston University and then New York University, but didn't graduate, seems happy with the choices she's made. She's engaged to a Southerner named Patrick Nation, who helps manage the store. Susie's parents seem pleased with Patrick and happy with her work in the new store, but not overjoyed. "She'll finish school," her father declares.

It's hard to imagine, sometimes, why a violinist and a man who loves literature chose to spend their days chopping vegetables and chasing shoplifters. Can a child's education cancel out everything?

Chang-rae Lee, the novelist, says that for many parents, their personal pleasure is irrelevant. "I guess they would say that the suffering is not an issue; there's no need to talk about that," he says. " 'Why complain if my children's lives are better?' "

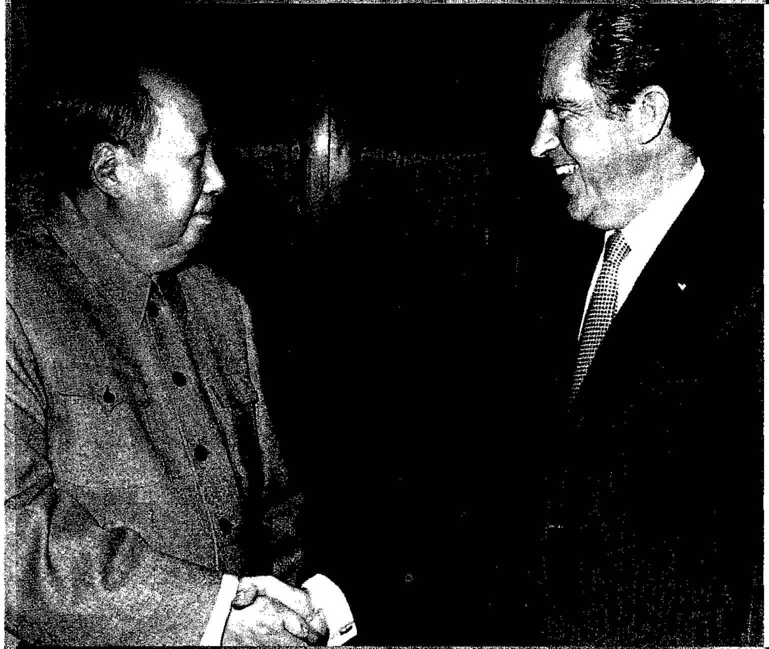
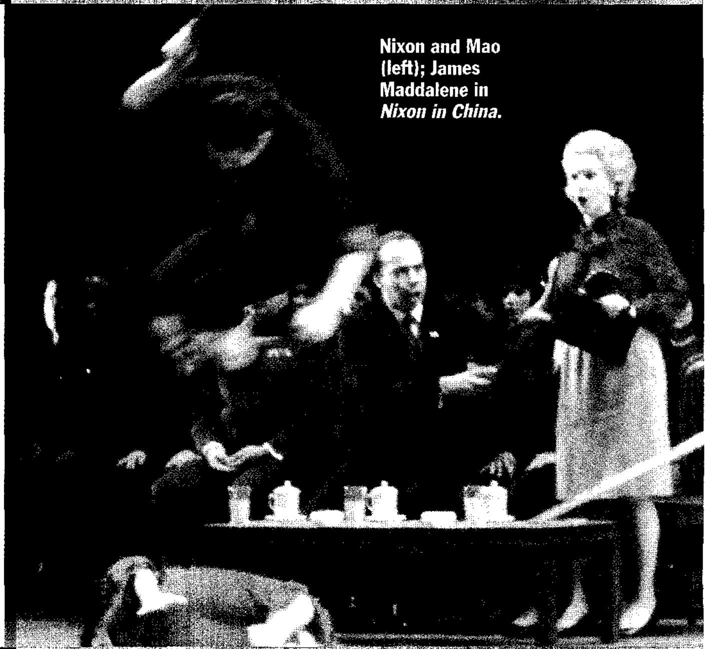
But the children worry nonetheless. The weight of their parents' sacrifice can be crushing. Sitting in a Sizzler by the water in Sheepshead Bay one Saturday afternoon, Henry Jung admits that he could never find the courage to ask his mother whether she now regrets her decision to come to America.

"It's a very good question, but I don't want to ask," he says. "I'm afraid of the answer." ■

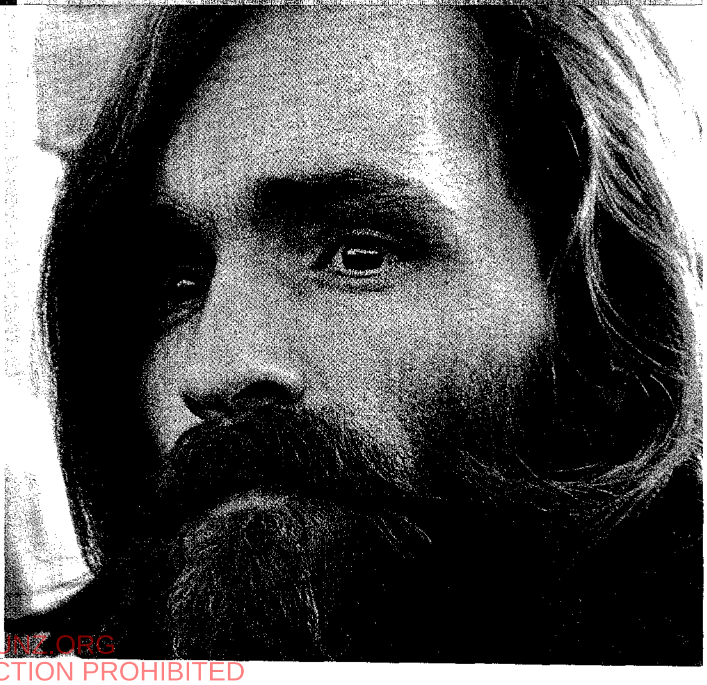



Ben Holt as Malcolm X in *X* (left); the man himself.

Afraid of losing a blasé generation, composers forged a stunning new genr the CNN opera. But they forgot one thing: music to make it memorable

Nixon and Mao (left); James Maddalene in *Nixon in China.*



David Harmett in *The Manson Family* (left); the murderer.

SIGHT-AND-SOUND BITES FROM *Harvey Milk,* A NEW "BIOGRAPHICAL OPERA BASED ON FACT AND FICTION" BY MICHAEL KORIE AND STEWART Wallace that arrives at the New York City Opera this week: A hairy-chested ex-Marine in a miniskirt, tiara, and army boots marches down San Francisco's Castro Street and proclaims himself Czarina Esmerelda. Men pursue men in the moonlit brambles of Manhattan's Central Park. A puzzled 15-year-old Harvey spots male hanky-panky behind the standee rail at the Metropolitan Opera. A chorus line of defiant drag queens about to be hauled away by New York police breaks into song: "Come join the Stonewall Girls in ballerina twirls! Come on and shock the squares and shake your fairy derrières." Later, a grown-up Harvey himself appears, opens an umbrella, floats magically in space, and carols, "I'm the gay Mary Poppins! I soar above the trees!"

As Milk's lover, Scott Smith, sings to Harvey midway through Act II: "You never dreamed of this at the back of the old Met."

No, we never did. Up until the last decade or so, American opera, like British cooking, was served dutifully if at all and consumed the same way; it was never this aggressively, frothily, deliriously up-to-the-moment. "A heap of melancholy disasters," the late music critic Alfred Frankenstein once sighed when asked to assess American operas composed during the past century, and at the time—in the seventies—few were inclined to disagree.

All that has changed. American operas are now being produced in quantity, and audiences are actually going to them. *Harvey Milk*'s two-week pre–New York run in Houston sold to 85 percent capacity; the usual for a new work is 65 to 75 percent. Christo-

HEADLINE MUSE

By Peter G. Davis

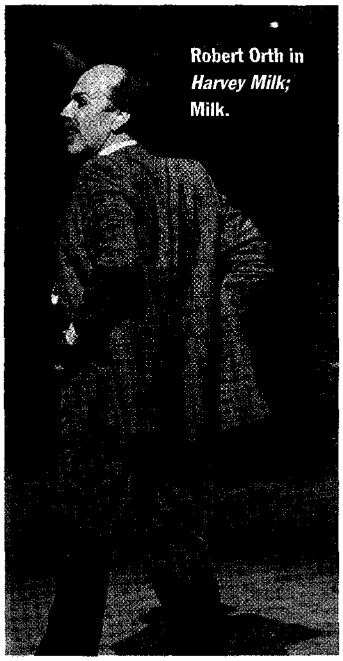
Klinghoffer and wife; *The Death of Klinghoffer.*

pher Keene, the City Opera's general director, hopes the opera will do even better business in New York. After all, the company's 1986 presentation of Anthony Davis's *X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X* confounded all expectations to become the third-best-attended production in the City Opera's 50-year history.

Call it the CNN school of opera. Out they tumble, one after another, fact-based musical dramas about real-life American icons: Malcolm X, Richard Nixon, Marilyn Monroe, Leon Klinghoffer, the Vietnam War, Charles Manson, Patty Hearst, and—presciently for an opera that appeared in 1993—an odd couple named Newt and Hillary (*Everyday Newt Burman,* by John Moran, an operatic cartoon from hell clearly overdue for revival). The New York City Gay Men's Chorus has even composed a new fifteen-minute spoof of the genre, *Song of Martina: The Life of Martina Navratilova,* which had its premiere a week ago. The only question now is whether O.J. will be a tenor or a baritone.

All this is good news for cultural historians who agonize over the failure of America to develop a homegrown opera, and for the buffs who, in the best Wagnerian fashion, go in for the total operatic experience. This jolt of topicality has done much to revive interest in a 400-year-old theatrical form that was practically moribund by mid-century. And librettists, at least, are making something of their material; they are not just offering up mini-series with music. *Harvey Milk* aspires to impressive heights of narrative sophistication, using the theme of minority oppression to take a close look at fractures in the American social contract. It's the kind of grand dramatic situation to which Mozart, Verdi, and Puccini would surely have responded.

But something seems to be missing from the mix; a lot of us are leaving the opera house with the question, *Where's the music?* In a recent unscientific survey of several dozen music-business cognoscenti—administrators, musicians, critics, editors, feature writers, publicists—everyone had heard of *Harvey Milk,* but only two or three could name the composer: Stewart Wallace, a 35-year-old from Texas with several other music-theater pieces to his credit. Information about its musical content has been muted; virtually every review from Houston remarked instead upon the piquancy of an opera on a gay theme and how cleverly the librettist, Korie, had brought Milk's life and career to the stage.



Robert Orth in *Harvey Milk;* Milk.

Of course, it's not only in bio-operas that American composers have turned invisible. Even in operas drawn from more conventional literary sources, the music seems unable to assert itself. The concept behind last fall's *The Dangerous Liaisons* at the San Francisco Opera was inspired: Take a well-known book full of delicious intrigue and sex, key it into a recent big-budget costume film everyone's seen, put together a snazzy production directed by the same man who created the Met's eye-popping *The Ghosts of Versailles,* gather a glamorous all-star cast headed by Frederica von Stade, Renee Fleming, and Thomas Hampson, and put the whole thing on television. And—hey, we need a composer! And so we have Conrad Susa's efficient and amiable but featureless musical wrapping on the whole package deal, a background score that never seizes the dramatic moment or gives the characters anything interesting to sing.

As the City Opera's Christopher Keene puts it, "American operas are not music-driven in the sense that the works of the classic repertory are, and as a musician I regret that."

TO UNDERSTAND THE CNN OPERA, YOU HAVE to go back to 1976, when the Robert Wilson/Philip Glass avant-garde extravaganza *Einstein on the Beach*—not a newsy opera, but a fact-based one—suddenly, surprisingly, filled the vast spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House, which Glass and company had rented for the occasion. When opera impresarios read a slew of excited reviews proclaiming *Einstein* one of the pivotal artworks of our time, commissions for more Glass operas began rolling in.

It was a career breakthrough for Glass, who went on to produce two companion "portrait" operas, *Satyagraha* in 1980 (based on the life of Gandhi) and *Akhnaten* in 1984 (a meditation on Egypt's monotheistic pharaoh), as well as many, many others. But is *Einstein on the Beach* really his opera? What gives the work its substance is the hypnotic power of Robert Wilson's slowly evolving stage pictures, rather than Glass's music, which provides little more than a minimalist accompaniment. To call *Einstein on the Beach* "an opera by Glass" is like calling *Psycho* or *Citizen Kane* "a movie by Bernard Herrmann." How many people have sat down stone-cold sober to listen attentively to, and take spiritual nourishment from, the recent Nonesuch recording of the complete three-hour-and-twenty-minute score?

Keene, who has conducted many of the Glass operas in addition to dozens of other new works, confesses that he never listened to his recording of *Satyagraha*. "If I ever have a free evening," he says, "I couldn't imagine wanting to. These works were never meant to be just 'heard,' if you know what I mean."

Great claims have been made for John Adams and his two operas. In 1987, *Nixon in China,* a "heroic drama of character" freely based on Richard Nixon's historic visit to China in February 1972, shifted the CNN-opera phenomenon into high gear. It was also the product of a celebrity dream team: composer Adams, librettist Alice Goodman, and director Peter Sellars. The country's music press rushed down to Houston for the world premiere, agog over the prospect of Dick and Pat, Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, Madame Mao, and Henry Kissinger cast as operatic heroes and villains. After playing Houston, *Nixon* took off for BAM and a prepackaged tour around the world; Nonesuch recorded the score; and the production was filmed.

Nixon was Adams's first opera, and it shows in the clumsy vocal lines and turgid instrumentation. His watery score for *The Death of Klinghoffer* (1991)—sugary harmonies, meandering instrumental melismata, chugging choral climaxes, decorative exoticisms—was little better. *Klinghoffer* was more fun to talk about than to hear; critics loved to argue whether the 1985 hijacking of the Italian cruise ship *Achille Lauro* by Palestinian terrorists was appropriate material and whether the opera betrayed an anti-Jewish bias. The most memorable ingredient was Peter Sellars's stylized production, especially the now-famous image of Leon Klinghoffer's corpse making its slow-motion descent into the sea.

But even Adams's operas sound like musical feasts compared with Anthony Davis's *X.* This opera tried to pack the black activist's entire life into three acts, from an unhappy Depression-era childhood to his assassination in Harlem's Audubon Ballroom in 1965. Given the amount of material, the piece is an amazingly coherent and controlled work of musical theater. The music, however, is a pallid amalgam of jazz idioms and a faceless, all-purpose dissonant style with the mandatory minimalist bits—a passionless statement that adequately illustrates the subject but obstinately refuses to *sing* about it.

Photographs: top center, Sygma; top right, Tom Brazil; center left, Jim Caldwell; bottom left, Magnum Photos.

ONE MIGHT ARGUE THAT ALL THESE PROVOCATIVE politicized themes from American history and current events resist the sort of lyrical treatment that opera traditionally thrives on. Quite the contrary. Milk is a death-fated hero whose lyrical potential is at least as great as Siegfried's or Don Giovanni's; he struggles with his identity, falls in love, embraces a dangerous idealistic vision, dies a martyr, and lives on as a myth.

The marriage of politics and opera is actually as old as the form itself. At the court of Louis XIV, it was de rigueur to begin every operatic entertainment with an allegorical prologue lavishly praising the power, magnanimity, and wisdom of the Sun King. Composers eventually realized they could turn the equation around and use words and music just as effectively as a catalyst for change. When Mozart and Da Ponte wrote *The Marriage of Figaro,* they retained much of the prerevolutionary class warfare written into the original play by Beaumarchais. The revolutionary subject matter of Auber's *La Muette de Portici* (the Neapolitan insurrection under Masaniello in 1647) was presented so convincingly that it sparked a real-life uprising: Stirred to action by the incendiary scenes onstage, the Belgian audience at the Brussels premiere in 1830 stormed out of the opera house, set up street barricades, and began a bloody revolt against Dutch rule. (Rap seems tame compared to this.) A couple of decades later, the thinly disguised *risorgimento* flavor of Verdi's early operas fooled no one. At the end of Act III of *La Battaglia di Legnano,* when the tenor finds himself locked in a tower and unable to join his comrades to battle Barbarossa's invading Austrian forces, he leaps into the moat below with a cry of "Viva l'Italia!" The scene so excited one opera fan in the balcony that he jumped over the guardrail and landed in the orchestra pit.

Although Verdi was prevented by both convention and the Austrian censors from treating contemporary subjects, even those of a nonpolitical nature, one senses he would have liked to. And he would have written the kind of powerful music that defines the character of the drama and drives it forward and articulates precisely what we need to know about the people onstage. Operas about fallen women (*La Traviata*) and deformed antiheroes (*Rigoletto*) may no longer seem as daring as in Verdi's day, but the operas continue to be vital to contemporary audiences because the *music* makes us care. No opera has ever survived without a strong score.

Few Americans creating opera today appear to grasp that fact; if they do, they lack the gifts to act on it. Music's primacy was self-evident to Verdi and every other successful opera composer, whose works latter-day successors might profitably study, if indeed they have even heard of them. John Adams, for one, actually boasts about his ignorance of operatic tradition (see the September/October 1991 *Harvard Magazine*). Glass, on the other hand, simply prefers to function more as a producer than a real composer, assembling and overseeing the contributions of others to come up with a product in which his music acts more as a varnish than as the defining force.

Glass has come to resemble Andrew Lloyd Webber, another limited talent who enjoyed early success and became a crafty entertainment packager with a canny understanding of his middlebrow audiences and how to cater to them. Both composers have created efficiently organized marketing operations to sell their wares, and the goods emerging from the Glass factory these days seem, in their pretentious way, even more distasteful. Passed off as high art on the cutting edge, a musically arid spectacle like *The Voyage,* his quincentennial celebration of Christopher Columbus for the Metropolitan Opera, looks phonier than the worst of Lloyd Webber's hollow spectacles.

THE CNN SCHOOL OF OPERA

Harvey Milk, Stewart Wallace, 1995

Dream of Valentino, Dominick Argento, 1994 (*Rudolf Valentino*)

Marilyn, Ezra Laderman, 1993 (*Marilyn Monroe*)

Tonkin, Conrad Cummings, 1993 (*The Vietnam War*)

Shining Brow, Daron Hagen, 1993 (*Frank Lloyd Wright*)

Tania, Anthony Davis, 1992 (*Patty Hearst*)

The Manson Family: An Opera, John Moran, 1992 (*Charles Manson*)

The Death of Klinghoffer, John Adams, 1991

Frederick Douglass, Ulysses Kay, 1991

Nixon in China, Adams, 1987

X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X, Davis, 1986

Einstein on the Beach, Philip Glass, 1976

AND YET THE GLASS OPERAS HAVE EARNED THEIR niche in history. Composers like Glass sensed that a lot of people out there yearned to be entertained by some sort of upscale musical stage show; included in their numbers was an as yet untapped younger generation. The trick was to devise an type of opera to reach this audience.

In America, which had never developed a popular national operatic style, one way was to home in on subjects we could recognize, famous people and sensational events from our own past—the more recent the better. In Hollywood terms, these were pre-sold high concepts. And the music for an audience more accustomed to using its eyes than its ears was apparently designed to avoid the sort of listener concentration demanded by traditional opera. Since the easily digested repetitive rhythmic patterns and accessible harmonic formulas of minimalism posed no problems to a generation reared on rock's simple beats and uncomplicated chord progressions, Glass and his imitators made capital from a musical language that would lurk subserviently in the background.

Now that the strategy has worked, and docu-opera has securely established itself, it's not too much to hope that an interested audience has grown up and may be ready to accept works with a stronger musical profile. Opera composers have plenty of ways to enrich their expressive language; they could, for example, do worse than look to the Broadway musical comedy of the thirties and forties. The form has been crushed by the commercialism of an industry that only supports expensive, musically impoverished spectacles like *Sunset Boulevard* and *Les Misérables.* If asked to choose the great American opera, however, insiders would probably still nominate Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess,* even though that work has been considered stylistically—to say nothing of politically—suspicious ever since it was first seen on Broadway in 1935. But what glorious music! *Porgy* is the choice of David Gockley, general director of the Houston Grand Opera; his company's famous 1976 production of *Porgy* was the first to demonstrate that the work is one of genuine operatic scope. He has tried hard to find a successor to *Porgy* in the past twenty years, but so far, he hasn't. "It's the ideal expression of its time," says Gockley, "and from a composer with classical disciplines as well as an inspired ability to express a musical language that is sung in the hearts and minds of his audiences."

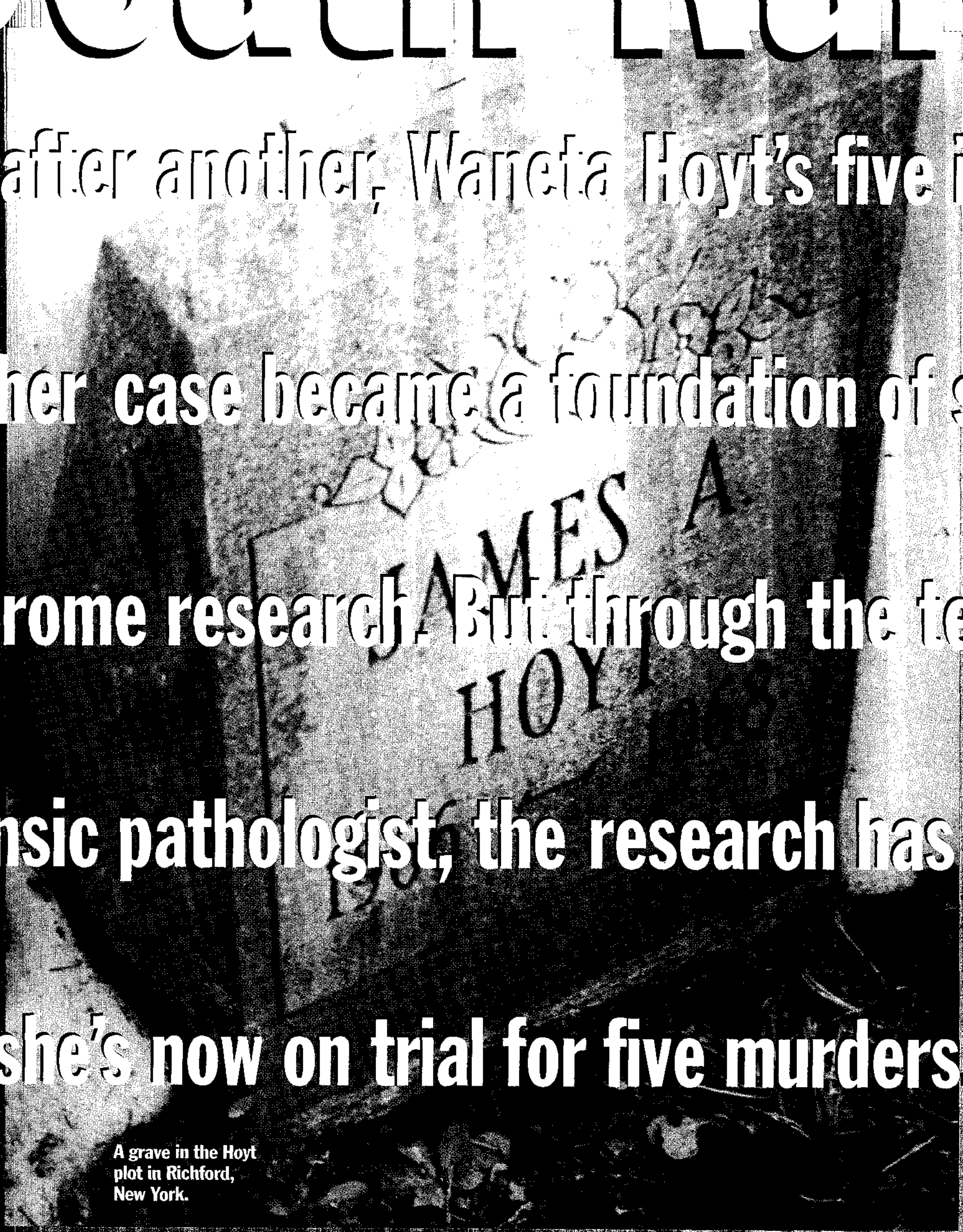
Peter Sellars, who dreamed up the dramaturgical concepts for both of John Adams's operas, defends the current crop of operas—although mostly as a laudable attempt to keep busy. "After all," he says, "if you do something a lot, you might get better at it. Say what you will about Glass, he is the first composer since Verdi to write in quantity and restore that sense of opera as a popular entertainment and an event. We can't possibly tell what posterity will make of it all, nor should we especially care. Sure, most of the new works coming along now will be chucked away, but that's always been true. The valuable thing about opera, today as in Verdi's time, is how the process gives us so many useful ways to express the complexity of our feelings and our society. We desperately need that." ■

Marilyn (left), and Kathryn Gamberoni in *Marilyn.*

Photographs: bottom center, J. Haspiel Collection/Sygma; bottom right, Carol Rosegg.

Death Runs i

One after another, Waneta Hoyt's five infants my
and her case became a foundation of sudden-in
syndrome research. But through the teamwork c
forensic pathologist, the research has been sho
and she's now on trial for five murders. A medic



A grave in the Hoyt plot in Richford, New York.

IT TOOK SOME ASKING BEFORE I LOCATED THE SMALL CEMETERY IN TIOGA County, New York, where Waneta and Timothy Hoyt buried their five babies as one mysteriously died after the other between 1965 and 1971. I had searched the wrong places—the old green graveyards that seemed gently carved out of the surrounding cornfields along Route 28 in Berkshire and Newark Valley. I should have looked in Richford, John D. Rockefeller's birthplace and Waneta Hoyt's as well: a village of extinct farms and sagging patched-up wooden houses where the dead are secluded

BY JOYCE JOHNSON

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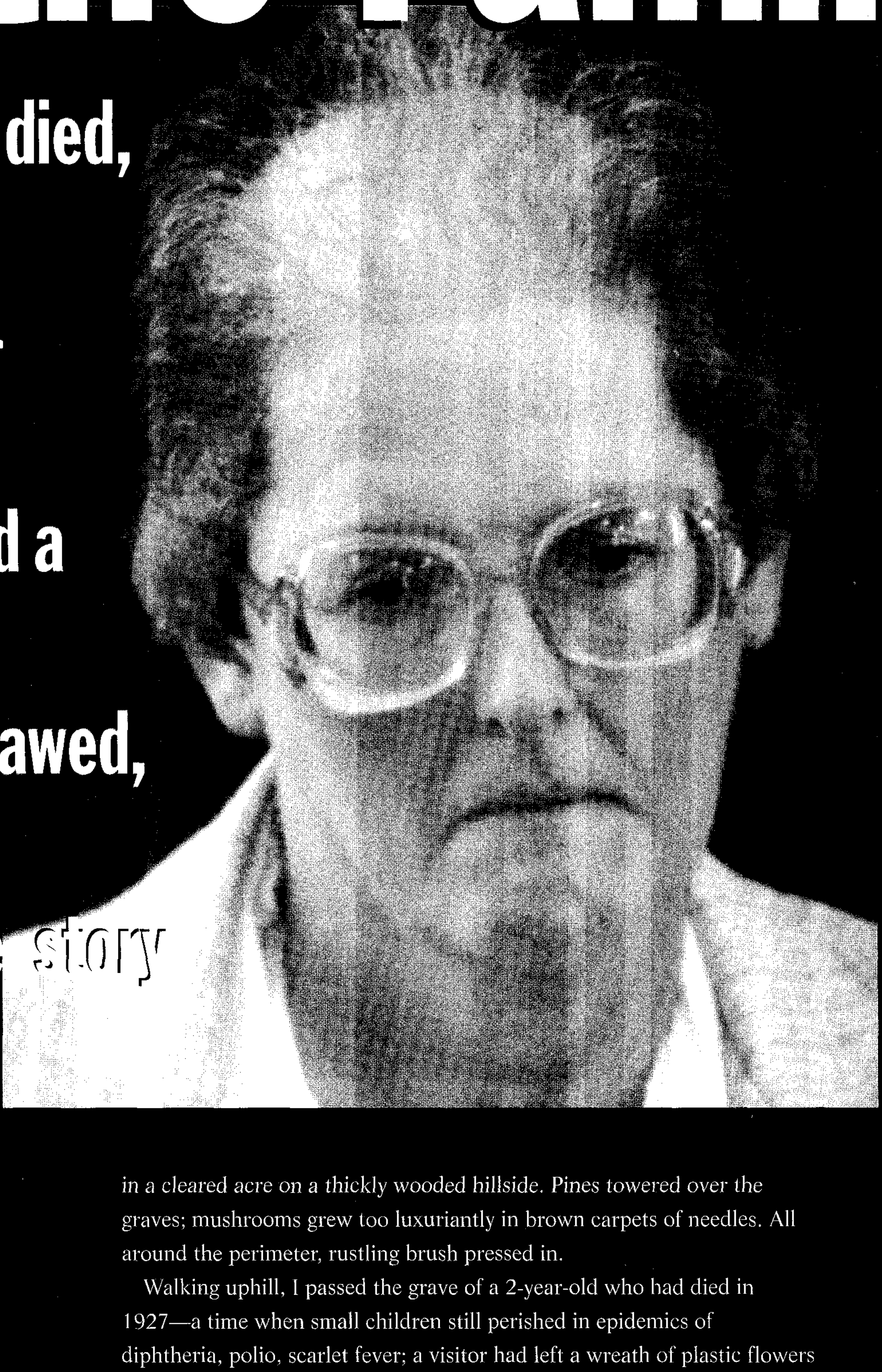


Waneta Hoyt after her arrest. She confessed but has since recanted.

in a cleared acre on a thickly wooded hillside. Pines towered over the graves; mushrooms grew too luxuriantly in brown carpets of needles. All around the perimeter, rustling brush pressed in.

Walking uphill, I passed the grave of a 2-year-old who had died in 1927—a time when small children still perished in epidemics of diphtheria, polio, scarlet fever; a visitor had left a wreath of plastic flowers there. Farther on, a faded American flag drooped on its stick as it leaned against a small headstone with the inscription JAMES A. HOYT, 1966–1968;

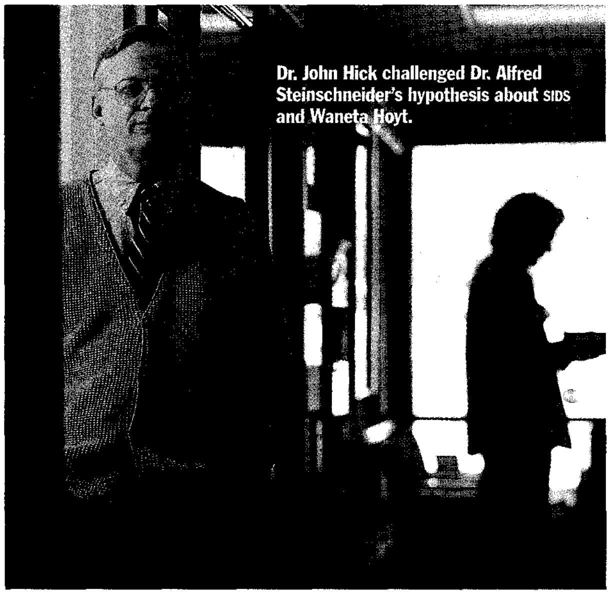
the even smaller stone next to it read ERIK HOYT, 1964–65. For the three younger infants, Julie Marie, Molly, and Noah, sealed in their Styrofoam boxes under the grass, there were no markers.

Mrs. Hoyt laid flowers on her children's graves every Memorial Day for the past three decades. She fainted during the first burial; during another, she was so overwhelmed by her emotions that she hurled herself to the ground. By the fourth death, in 1970, there was the sense that Waneta Hoyt had resigned herself to the inevitable. "Molly died," she tearfully told Clarence Lacey, the caretaker of the cemetery. "We'll have to have another grave."

In the three closely knit communities along Route 28, the Hoyts became legendary: the crib-death family. People remembered how they had futilely tried to save the last two children, taking them out of the county, driving all the way to Syracuse to put them into the hands of a specialist at Upstate Medical Center there. But even those little babies were not meant to live.

People believed these things until March 23, 1994. That morning, Mrs. Hoyt was mailing a letter in the Berkshire post office when two state troopers, a man and a woman, walked up to her and politely said they wanted to ask her some questions about the babies who had died. Perhaps it was the moment Waneta Hoyt had been dreading her entire adult life—an outcome always suspended somewhere in the future—but she was quite cooperative. She agreed to accompany the two of them to the police barracks in Owego, the county seat, but first she wanted to stop off at her house so that she could pick up a scrapbook with snapshots of her children. Mrs. Hoyt was unaware that two other investigators were by now up in Ithaca talking to her husband, a part-time security guard at Cornell University.

In Owego, Mrs. Hoyt sat in a small white room, sometimes gripping Robert Bleck's hand, as he and Susan Mulvey questioned her in a tone that was deliberately low-key and sympathetic. She was clearly not a healthy woman. She looked much older than 48, with her stooped, shapeless body, her thick eyeglasses, her thin, sunken mouth, her scalp showing through her pitifully sparse brown hair.


Dr. John Hick challenged Dr. Alfred Steinschneider's hypothesis about SIDS and Waneta Hoyt.

Mulvey and Bleck looked at the pictures in Mrs. Hoyt's scrapbook and listened to the stories Mrs. Hoyt told about how each of her healthy babies, Erik, Julie Marie, James, Molly, and Noah, had suddenly stopped breathing and died. Finally, the investigators informed Mrs. Hoyt they had medical evidence that contradicted her statements. Around 3 P.M., she caved in, weeping, and made a brief but full confession, which Mulvey wrote down.

Mrs. Hoyt said she had suffocated each of her children. She was able to give the investigators stark, specific details. Erik, her firstborn, had lived to be 104 days old; she had held a pillow over his face at her mother-in-law's—a sofa pillow, she thought it was; she remembered blood had come out of his nose and mouth. Julie Marie was the next; Mrs. Hoyt had pressed the infant's face against her shoulder "until she stopped struggling." James Hoyt, who survived until the age of 2½, had died six weeks after his infant sister. Mrs. Hoyt had had to chase him out of the bathroom while she was getting dressed. "He started crying, 'Mommy—Mommy.' I wanted him to stop crying for me, so I used a bath towel to smother him." The little boy had fought against the towel and gotten a bloody nose. "After he was dead," Mrs. Hoyt dictated to Mulvey, "I picked him up and flagged down a garbage truck for help."

In successive years, the last two infants, Molly and Noah, had each died in their cribs barely 24 hours after being discharged from Upstate Medical Center; Mrs. Hoyt said she had smothered them with baby pillows. In both instances, she had phoned Upstate Medical Center and "called for" Dr. Alfred Steinschneider after the infants had stopped breathing. Steinschneider was the pediatrician who had monitored them for episodes of sleep apnea. He had taken a great interest in the medical history of the Hoyt family and in his two tiny patients. Noah had spent practically his entire life at Upstate, wired up to a device that set off an alarm whenever his breathing faltered.

"I could not stand the crying," Mrs. Hoyt said in her statement. "It was the thing that caused me to kill them all." When Mrs. Hoyt was allowed to see her distraught husband, who had been brought to the barracks along with their 17-year-old adopted son, Jay, Robert Courtright, another police investigator, overheard Timothy Hoyt ask his wife, "Did they make you say this?" Courtright would later testify at a pretrial hearing that she answered, "No. It's the truth. I suffocated all of them."

A week later, Waneta Hoyt claimed she was innocent; she had only confessed in order to put an end to the questioning. Charging that their client had been intimidated by the police, her two public defenders began preparing motions to have her confession excluded from the evidence. In mid-January, the remains of the five Hoyt children were exhumed in preparation for their mother's trial, which began last Monday, March 27, a year after her arrest.

THE WANETA HOYT CASE IS THE most sensational event that has occurred in Newark Valley since the flood of 1935 washed out Water Street. When the TV reporters invaded the R & L Diner and the post office, sticking their microphones in people's faces, most of Waneta Hoyt's neighbors could not readily superimpose the label *serial killer* upon the images they had accepted for so many years: the bereaved mother who looked longingly at other people's children; the shy, kindly woman who bestowed upon her friends the afghans she crocheted and who always seemed so willing to lend a hand to the elderly in the trailer park next to her house. You could call upon her to help out at a birthday party. Younger women had even asked her to baby-sit.

Friends and members of Waneta Hoyt's church protectively closed ranks against the press; a number of them went to her arraignment to show their support and sat there as she was charged with ten counts of second-degree murder and depraved indifference to human life. One of them found a special resonance of meaning in the word *smothered,* which was repeated over and over in the courtroom. Waneta Hoyt, she felt, would have been too devoted and conscientious a mother to let a baby cry for more than 30 seconds without trying to comfort it. "You see, she didn't murder them—she *smothered* them," this woman told me earnestly, struggling to put into words the insight that had come to her.

WANETA HOYT GREW UP ON HER FAMILY'S hardscrabble hill farm in Richford. To support his nine surviving children, her father, Archie Nixon, hired himself out to a local poultry farmer. A 2-year-old died of meningitis. One infant was stillborn. Waneta was one of the younger kids, born

Photograph by Layne Kennedy.

hen her mother was 27. Last year, her faier and brother put up the family farm as ollateral for her bail; at the time of her arest, the Hoyts had a bank account of $5.

Nineteen sixty-three was the year Wane Nixon turned 16. You can tell she must ave been a pretty girl with delicate feaires, just as you can still make out the nes of a house whose roof has fallen in. y then she had already met her future usband at Newark Valley High School; e dropped out in tenth grade and took a b in a local factory.

Nineteen sixty-three was also the year hen a spate of widely read magazine and ewspaper articles made the American ublic more alert than ever before to the ysterious killer of 10,000 babies a year en known as crib death. Waneta Nixon ay have heard some of the tales of grieftricken parents. The most shocking artile was the one *Life* magazine ran just inide the front cover: "The anguish of a ouple whose six babies have died . . . one fter another."

The story of the pseudonymous Moores" is strikingly similar to that of e Hoyts. Both couples were impovershed but expected to have large families; oth mothers had their first babies when ey were in their teens. In 1950, 18-yearld Marie Moore found her 1-month-old aughter gasping for breath; the baby was ead on arrival at the hospital. The scearios were the same for the two infants orn during the next two years. Moore's urth and fifth babies choked to death in 955 and 1959. A year later, a sixth was tillborn. In 1962, a 6-month-old sickly aby who had been born prematurely ied at home gasping for breath. The poce, who were called in each time a baby ied unexpectedly, found no reason to uspect the Moores of wrongdoing, even ough, as the writer observed, "the hances of some set of parents losing six ut of six offspring is statistically almost eyond grasp." The article ended with a aunt, haunted Marie Moore, then 31, earily awaiting the birth of her eighth hild.

Although the Moores' first four babies ere never autopsied, Dr. Marie Valdesapena, a pediatric pathologist at St. hristopher's Children's Hospital at the me, was asked to examine the fifth. "We now only a few positive things, actually," he told the *Life* reporter. "There are more f these deaths in winter, more among oys than girls, more in the poorer parts f town, more in the up-to-six-month age roup, more among bottle-fed babies."

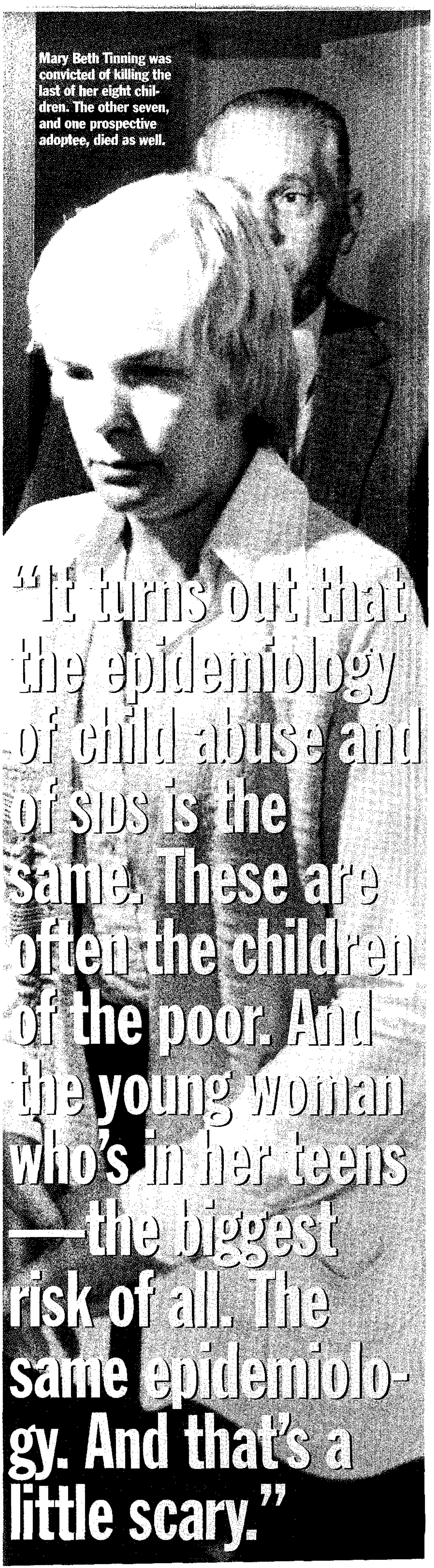
These days it is customary to call for an utopsy whenever a child dies unexpectdly. But in 1994, authorities could find o records of autopsies on the first three oyt children. Two were never done at all; ne report had been lost. When the babies ere exhumed, their autopsies were conucted under the supervision of Dr. ichael Baden, New York State's premier medical examiner, who will soon testify as a prosecution witness about his findings. Autopsies of older children, like 28-month-old James Hoyt, are likely to show signs of the struggle they put up when they were smothered. But autopsies of intentionally smothered infants are often indistinguishable from those of sudden-infant-death-syndrome (SIDS) victims. Such murders can in that sense be "perfect."

The Hoyts passed all the tests for adoption in their county. They took their son Jay home with them in 1977. The night Mrs. Hoyt confessed, she told Robert Bleck and Susan Mulvey she had felt a special obligation toward this child because he was adopted. She believed it had made a difference that her husband was out of work when her biological children were babies; he had been home with her all through Jay's infancy. Mrs. Hoyt may also have been more psychologically able to cope with mothering by then; she was 30 years old.

Like Dr. Steinschneider, Marie Valdes-Dapena, now at Jackson Hospital in Miami, has spent a lifetime looking for the causes of SIDS. I asked her whether the poverty and immaturity of Marie Moore and Waneta Hoyt could have been significant factors in the deaths of their children. "It turns out," she answered, "that the epidemiology of child abuse and of SIDS is the same. These are often the children of the poor. They are the ones who have the low-birth-weight babies, babies who get sick a lot and land in the hospital. It's the same, the same epidemiology. And that's a little scary. I don't know what to do with that.

"Another one of the big risk factors for both is the age of the mother," Dr. Valdes-Dapena went on. "In fact, this is a straight-line inverse correlation: The younger the mother, the higher the risk. And the young woman who's in her teens—the biggest risk of all. And the lady who's 30 and up—virtually nothing." Another known risk factor for SIDS, she told me, is a short interval between pregnancies.

IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES, IT WAS not felt to be "ethically acceptable," Dr. John F. Hick, a St. Paul pediatrician, told me, to entertain suspicions about parental culpability when a baby died unexpectedly. While he was doing his residency in Chicago, however, Dr. Hick had an eye-opening experience. A small child had been hospitalized after repeated episodes of becoming unsteady on his feet. Finally, this child was assigned a room with a one-way window. One day, the mother was caught dosing him with phenobarbital. That was Dr. Hick's first exposure to the abusive parental behavior now called Munchausen syndrome by proxy. Women who have this disorder induce illness in their children in order to get attention and nurturing for themselves.



Mary Beth Tinning was convicted of killing the last of her eight children. The other seven, and one prospective adoptee, died as well.

"It turns out that the epidemiology of child abuse and of SIDS is the same. These are often the children of the poor. And the young woman who's in her teens—the biggest risk of all. The same epidemiology. And that's a little scary."

hotograph by UPI/Bettmann.

IN 1972, DR. HICK THOUGHT OF THAT mother again when he read a paper on sudden-infant-death syndrome in the journal *Pediatrics*. Its author was Dr. Alfred Steinschneider. The paper was a study of five infants—including two sets of siblings—from three families, all of whom Steinschneider had put on monitors at Upstate Medical Center after repeated episodes of sleep apnea and cyanosis. Two of these infants, identified as M.H. and N.H., had unfortunately succumbed to SIDS almost immediately after being released into their mother's care. Steinschneider noted that three other siblings in the H. family, including a 2½-year-old boy, had also perished suddenly.

"These data," Steinschneider announced in his abstract, "support the hypothesis that prolonged apnea, a physiological component of sleep, is part of the final pathway resulting in sudden death. It is suggested also that infants at risk"—and here there was clearly a genetic implication given the shocking history of the H. family, which seemed to dramatize the dangers for siblings of SIDS victims so graphically—"might be identified prior to the final tragic event."

Dr. Hick fired off a letter to *Pediatrics* suggesting that the outcome for N.H. might have been different "had Steinschneider only chosen a foster home as his laboratory for the investigation of the youngest sibling."

"Despite the circumstantial evidence suggesting a critical role for the mother in the death of her children," Dr. Hick pointed out, "Steinschneider offers no information about the woman: not her age, marital or socioeconomic status, her feelings about the loss of the children, her observed efforts at mothering, nothing."

"The incredible fact that there were five victims in one family," he explained to me, "really defies most of the laws of genetics, even if this were a dominantly inherited condition.

"The peak incidence of SIDS," he went on, "is about 3 to 5 months of age. Ordinarily, where there's unexplained death in a 28-month-old, that's a coroner's case. I think it may have been confirmational bias that led Steinschneider to conclude that this was yet another case of SIDS.

"The third area that concerned me had to do with what I perceived to be the fact that the only witness to these deaths was the mother."

When *Pediatrics* published Dr. Hick's letter the following year, the editors of the journal called attention to a point in Dr. Steinschneider's rejoinder that they particularly wanted pediatricians to bear in mind: "Failure to define the cause of a sudden death can never be used as support for the diagnosis of child abuse. Humanity as well as logic dictates the need for positive evidence as well as extreme sensitivity in the collection of such information."

Steinschneider's letter portrays Mr. and Mrs. H. as a poignant and sympathetic young couple. Their relationship was "one of warmth and mutual support," he wrote. The H.'s visited M.H. and N.H. frequently and "often would be found sitting by the crib and had to be urged to make physical contact with the baby. It was my impression that they feared becoming too attached emotionally with either infant because they anticipated a tragic outcome." A number of times, the doctor heard 25-year-old Mrs. H. express feelings of guilt. What had she done or not done that had caused all these inexplicable deaths?

Since Mrs. Hoyt's arrest, Dr. Steinschneider has said he did have some initial doubts, but that the two original autopsies turned up nothing. "They'll never find anything," he told me last summer when the prosecution was pressing a reluctant judge to have all the children exhumed.

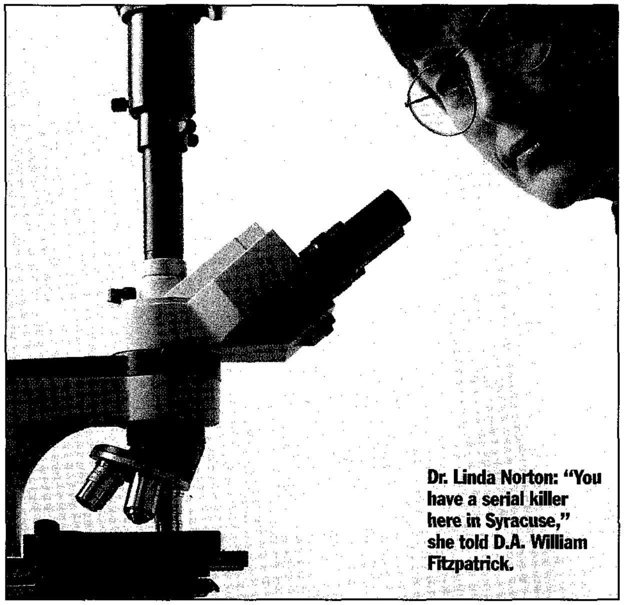
Everyone—from infants to adults— has apneic episodes during sleep, moments when breathing is suspended until messages carried from the brain by the nervous system restart it. The theory that sleep apnea was a possible cause of sudden infant death originated in England during the sixties. But it was Dr. Steinschneider whose apparent scientific validation of this idea popularized it in America. As the editors of *Pediatrics* noted when they ran an item on the Hoyt case in 1994, under the heading VERY IMPORTANT ERRATUM?—20 YEARS LATER: "The whole apnea home monitoring to prevent SIDS movement began with Steinschneider's original paper."

Steinschneider's theory, buttressed by his history of the impoverished and obscure H. family, would eventually have a multi-million-dollar impact upon Healthdyne, Inc., a new health-care-equipment company in Atlanta founded by a former aerospace engineer whose son had died of SIDS. Parker Holmes Petit conceived the idea for a monitoring device that parents could take with them from the hospital as he was driving through the North Georgia mountains after the baby's funeral in 1970; with the aid of his son's pediatrician and of Dr. Steinschneider, he developed it. Sales burgeoned after 1977, when Petit's device was endorsed by the American Academy of Pediatrics as an appropriate alternative to hospitalization for infants considered prone to apnea. By 1988, 70,000 monitors had been sold, and Healthdyne was a $90 million concern. Five years earlier, Petit had used some of Healthdyne's profits to found the American SIDS Institute and brought Dr. Steinschneider down to Atlanta to head it up. The institute soon became, as one SIDS specialist put it, "the Dallas Cowboys of SIDS research."

The bubble around the apnea theory began to burst in the eighties, after Dr. David Southall did a large-scale study in which almost 1,000 six-week-old British babies were put on pneumograms, devices like the apnea monitor that record abnormalities in respiration. Twenty-seven of these babies had been identified as SIDS risks because they had been found to have breathing pauses, but not one of the 27 succumbed to SIDS. Other researchers began turning away from the study of apnea. Dr. Dorothy Kelly made an important discovery when she found that the slowing of the heart rate, not apnea, was the primary event in the SIDS deaths of three babies she was monitoring.

Today it is believed, as Dr. Valdes-Dapena explained to me, that the prototypical SIDS baby is somehow subtly injured in utero, probably during the third trimester. Often the mother smokes or has an alcohol- or drug-abuse problem. A SIDS baby is likely to be born with a condition like scarring in the brain stem, and with an unstable heartbeat, "suggesting things aren't entirely under control. So we're dealing with a baby who goes along until challenged by something with which that impaired child cannot deal. Presumably, one of the bad outcomes of a blunted brain stem might be the failure to arouse to elevated carbon dioxide—to say, 'Hey, I'd better turn my head so I can get better air in here.' For such a child, lying facedown, nosedown, on a soft, compressible quilt might be life-threatening. The danger could also be compounded if that child has a respiratory infection," which could be one reason SIDS cases peak during the winter months.

The most recent potentially revolution-



Dr. Linda Norton: "You have a serial killer here in Syracuse," she told D.A. William Fitzpatrick.

Photograph by Danny Turner.

ary discovery about SIDS has been something breathtakingly simple—an intervention that would cost no money at all. Last year, at an international conference of SIDS researchers in Norway, doctors from Australia and New Zealand and several European countries stood up to announce that they had cut SIDS deaths down by 50 or even 75 percent in their nations by advising mothers to put infants to sleep on their backs. The decline in SIDS was particularly stunning in New Zealand, where babies had traditionally been put to sleep face-down on sheepskin coverings. Most American pediatricians now recommend that babies be put to sleep on their backs.

LAST AUGUST, WHEN I REACHED DR. Steinschneider at his office in Atlanta, his multiple SIDS/sleep-apnea theory was evidently still generating research money. The American SIDS Institute had recently expressed considerable skepticism about the new findings from abroad and had just launched an extensive new study.

Dr. Steinschneider spoke to me from the vantage point of a man positioned high above the fray of the Hoyt case, on the Olympian heights of pure science and medical ethics. He found it unseemly to discuss the Hoyt case with a reporter and would refer only to the H. case, as if the two were somehow unconnected. He told me he considered the investigation into the deaths of his patients the H. children, and the search through confidential medical records by the district attorney's office in Syracuse, "an abuse of power."

Dr. Steinschneider was still proud of the paper that did so much to establish his career. *Pioneering* was the word he used for it, claiming that it had challenged the prior assumption that SIDS babies were healthy and sparked important research by others into scar tissue on the brain stem. Nor had all the recent furor changed his feeling that Dr. Hick had "presumptuously" challenged him 22 years ago. Dr. Steinschneider kept steering the conversation to his belief that with a great deal more funding, researchers like himself would eventually find a reliable way of testing newborns for their susceptibility to SIDS.

In view of Waneta Hoyt's confession, what were his thoughts about Mrs. H. now? I persisted.

In his silvery voice, Dr. Steinschneider responded with a civics lesson. "Is O.J. guilty? In America, everyone's innocent until proven guilty."

DR. LINDA NORTON, A FORENSIC PATHOLOgist now in private practice in Dallas, where I visited her a few months ago, didn't catch up with the Steinschneider paper until 1978. "You have got to be kidding me!" was her immediate reaction. "Every time someone says you've got a 'syndrome,' watch out, because it means the medical profession doesn't know exactly what they're dealing with."

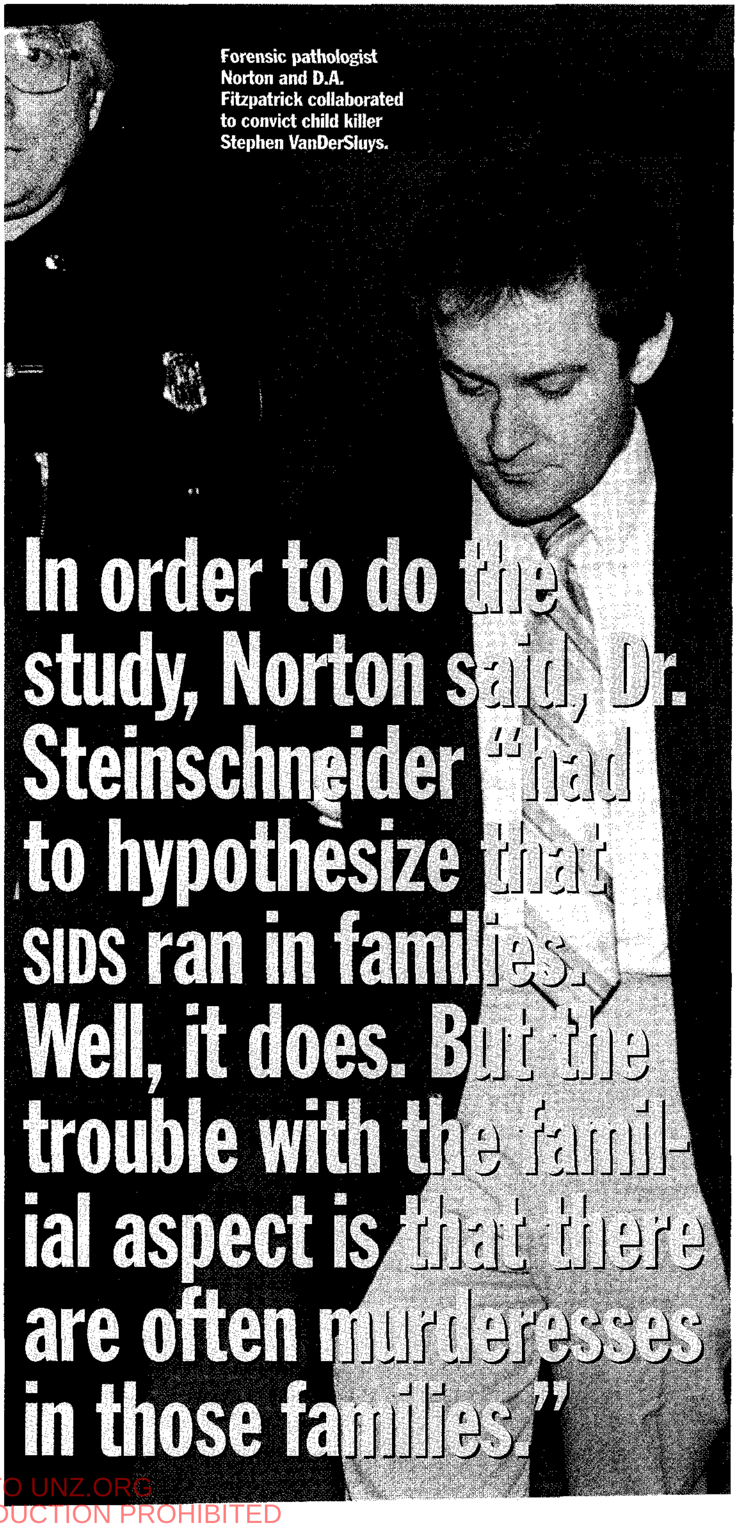
Over the years, Dr. Norton has found that "the deliberate induction of respiratory arrest is the most common manifestation of Munchausen syndrome by proxy." Nonetheless, babies who are repeatedly rushed to the hospital by their mothers after reported apnea episodes at home are still routinely considered near-miss SIDS cases. Dr. Norton has even seen SIDS on a death certificate for a 4-year-old.

Before coming to work for Dallas County in the seventies, Norton did her training in North Carolina, where the centralized medical-examiner system enabled her to look at suspicious child deaths from all across the state. Most regional pathologists, she found, "were uncomfortable with doing autopsies on children period"—whether SIDS deaths or suspected child-abuse homicides. After she became a mother herself, Norton could easily understand why. "It's like you can imagine your child lying there."

Prosecutors have also shied away from pursuing suspicious SIDS deaths, despite some successful convictions of notorious child killers, such as Mary Beth Tinning of Schenectady, who in 1986 was found guilty of smothering the last of her nine babies—all of them died in infancy, including one prospective adoptee. Not only are autopsies inconclusive when it comes to separating the infants who have been smothered from those with colds who die of airway blockage, but there is still rarely any way of telling whether the smothering occurred accidentally or the baby was suffocated with a soft object or a hand.

Linda Norton believes the job of the forensic pathologist "is to come up with a cause and manner of death that takes into account everything we know about the case," including "what we call circumstantial evidence." She is the first to admit that "an uncomfortable number" of her colleagues prefer to err on the side of giving an uncontroversial opinion. Dr. Norton is sure the Hoyt defense will have no problem finding one of these people to testify.

As she read voluminously about SIDS in the late seventies, Norton became convinced that "at least a certain small percentage of SIDS cases were homicides." You'd hardly need a college logic course, she thought, to understand that Steinschneider's study of sleep apnea had been fatally flawed from the very outset. "You cannot retrospectively study children who have died. You'd have to have a group of children that then ends up dying, and you'd have to be able to compare their breathing patterns with those of an identical control group that doesn't die. Can you imagine what it would take to do a study



Forensic pathologist Norton and D.A. Fitzpatrick collaborated to convict child killer Stephen VanDerSluys.

In order to do the study, Norton said, Dr. Steinschneider "had to hypothesize that SIDS ran in families. Well, it does. But the trouble with the familial aspect is that there are often murderesses in those families."

Photograph by UPI/Bettmann.

like that? Five thousand children wouldn't be enough." And Steinschneider had only looked at five, including the two H. infants. "He took a shortcut," Norton told me indignantly. "In order for him to do a study of any kind, he had to hypothesize that SIDS ran in families. Well, it does. But the trouble with the familial aspect is that there are often murderesses in those families." When I asked SIDS experts about the recurrence rate, their language was far milder than Norton's, but what they told me confirmed her views. These days, according to Marie Valdes-Dapena, doctors know that the recurrence rate in families is less than one sibling death out of a hundred SIDS cases.

Whenever Norton lectured to a group of district attorneys, she made it her business to bring up Steinschneider's paper as a prime example of "pediatrics run amok." She's a forceful and passionate speaker with an acquired Texas drawl who makes emphatic gestures with her hands and acts out scenarios. Not only are cases of so-called multiple SIDS being validated, she'd tell her listeners, but we're spending federal money to send grief counselors out to these folks.

Over the years, Steinschneider's paper became Norton's nemesis—repeatedly turning up on the defense tables in courtrooms. "You know," Norton said to me, "when you've got three kids in the family who've already died and now you've got a fourth one born, you realize that fourth child is in mortal danger. Sure enough, that child dies, and here comes child No. 5. And the reason you still can't get anyone to do anything is that they've talked to the world's leading expert [in multiple SIDS cases]."

IN THE OWEGO POLICE BARRACKS, A ONE-way mirror permits a hidden observer to look into the small white room where Waneta Hoyt was questioned. Last March, William Fitzpatrick, the district attorney of Onondaga County, sat watching Mrs. Hoyt through that window as she made her confession, even though the case was outside his jurisdiction. The H. babies had been a preoccupation of Fitzpatrick's since 1986, when he was still an assistant district attorney and first met Linda Norton. "You have a serial killer here in Syracuse," she informed him, and sent him Steinschneider's paper.

Fitzpatrick had flown Norton in to be an expert witness at the trial of 34-year-old Stephen VanDerSluys, an unemployed Christian Scientist who drove around in a sports car. After being arrested for the statutory rape of his teenage foster daughter, VanDerSluys had confessed to smothering two of his own children in the late seventies, 3-month-old Heather and 14-month-old Vicki Lynn. He claimed that a third child, a 1-year-old named Heath, had died after swallowing a quarter, but the deaths of the two girls had been attributed to SIDS. VanDerSluys had taken out insurance policies on all three babies adding up to $50,000. A Syracuse police detective named Frank Budziliek had found Heather's death suspicious and had been quietly keeping tabs on VanDerSluys even after retiring from the force and taking a job as a security officer in a Sheraton hotel. Budziliek had turned his files over to Fitzpatrick. All three children had been exhumed, but the bodies of Heath and Heather had mummified in their cheap caskets. Vicki Lynn, on the other hand, Fitzpatrick recalled when I interviewed him in September, "with the exception of the deterioration of the eyes, looked like she'd just been put in the casket. Like a little angel." Hers was one of the rare cases when clear evidence of suffocation was found.

The young assistant district attorney had a confession and a corpus delicti but knew he needed corroboration for the cause of Heather's death; for that, he had to rely upon Norton's circumstantial but authoritative testimony. Fitzpatrick's voice gets husky when he recalls the moment he heard Linda Norton tell the judge, "In my opinion, Heather was smothered." "I got a lump in my throat," he said to me. "VanDerSluys was convicted; 2019 will be his parole."

LINDA NORTON DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT William Fitzpatrick to do anything about the H. babies, so last spring she was amazed to hear from him seven years after their first conversation. "I found that family," he told her. "And I think we have a very good chance of getting a confession."

Norton had assumed that Mrs. H.'s psychological disorder was Munchausen syndrome by proxy. "One of the characteristics of Munchausen people," she told me, "is that they will swear they didn't do it." Waneta Hoyt, though, apparently falls not into the Munchausen category but into the category of mothers with low frustration tolerance. "Crying kids drive them just up the wall," Norton said. All through human history, babies have gotten killed for the same two things, Norton reflected to me gloomily: crying and soiling their pants.

In 1992, Fitzpatrick ordered a hand search through the 1971 Syracuse death certificates for all infants with the initial H. He found N.H. almost immediately and issued a grand-jury subpoena for Noah Hoyt's Upstate Medical Center records—only to discover that Noah's father and mother lived in Tioga County.

Bill Fitzpatrick is not popular in Tioga County, where many view him as the big-city D.A. who tried to grab some publicity for himself; neither is the Hoyt case. This winter, in the months before the trial, complaints were voiced that the case was already absorbing too much of the funding allotted to Tioga County's legal processes. Norton is confident that if Hoyt is found guilty, it will finally demolish the multiple-SIDS-sleep-apnea defense. But if Hoyt is by some chance acquitted, Norton fears, district attorneys will be made even more reluctant to prosecute in similar infant-homicide cases.

WHEN WE TRY TO UNDERSTAND MOTHERS who kill infant after infant, no explanation seems entirely adequate. What does the persistent crying of their babies stir up in such women? Why do they become pregnant, only to kill again?

And there are larger issues underlying cases like Waneta Hoyt's. Can our society ever find ways of saving babies from the lethal effects of their parents' poverty and social isolation?

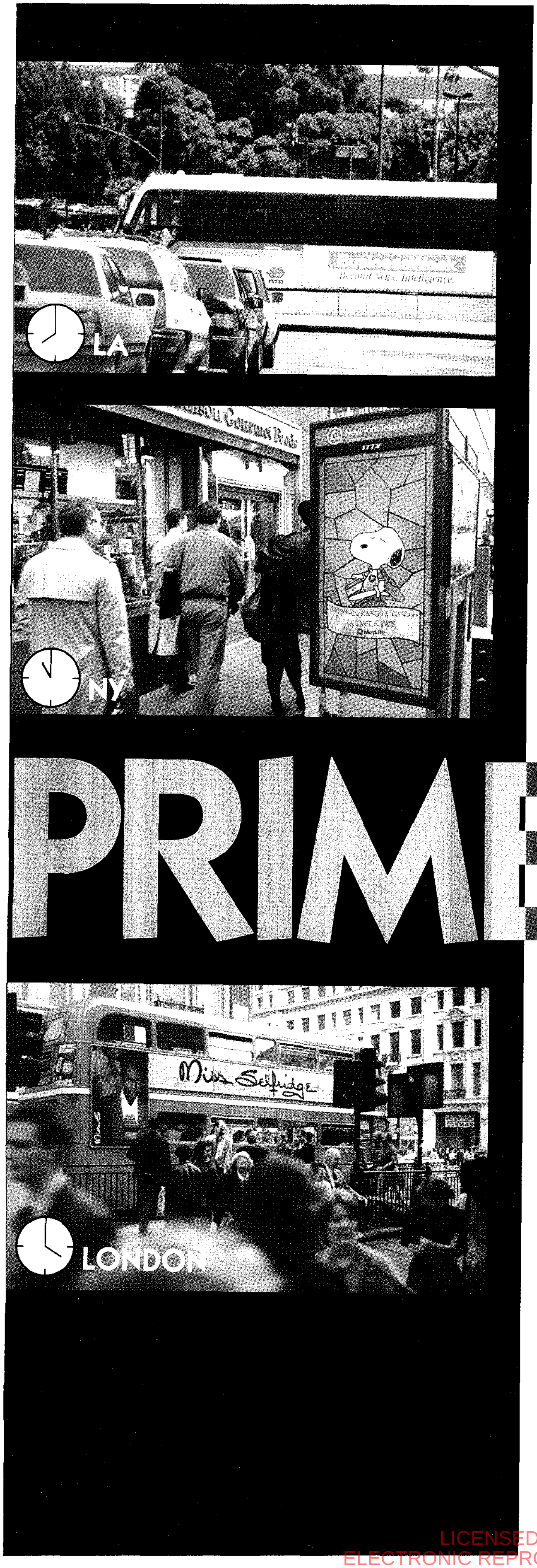
There are women who have an instinctive feeling that it would be unwise for them to have children—if they are educated enough, independent-minded enough, they may consciously take steps to opt out of motherhood. Seventeen when she first got pregnant, Waneta Hoyt must have had no awareness that a young woman could even contemplate such a choice. In Newark Valley, family was everything. It still is.

BESIDES THE HIGH SCHOOL, which people call "the biggest business in town," the most important institution in Newark Valley is the United Methodist Church, which occupies a substantial redbrick late-Victorian building on Route 28. During the seven years Lisa Jean Hoefner served as minister there, the Hoyts sought her out intermittently—when Waneta Hoyt's mother was killed in a car accident, when her sisters had cancer. "You contacted them when they needed help," Hoefner told me when I appeared unannounced at her new church in the next county. "They always had hard times." Hoefner encouraged the family to attend services after Waneta Hoyt's arrest. Her congregation seemed able to suspend judgment. "They'd say, 'I just hurt for them.' "

Hoefner spoke highly of Timothy Hoyt—"a deep thinker, a man who'd give you the shirt off his back." He had risen out of his despair to organize his wife's defense. The Hoyts had been terribly worried that their adopted son would drop out of high school, but Jay's friends saw to it that no one messed with him, and last June he graduated. He was a boy who spent a lot of time with his father. They raced cars together at a local track.

I asked the Hoyts' minister how much child abuse there was in those impoverished households where the babies kept coming, but I didn't get a direct answer.

Since I was an outsider, like all the other media people who had brought such painful notoriety to Newark Valley, Hoefner had a message she wanted me to carry away: "Children are valued and prized here. You don't have a fancy house or car; you have this beautiful child." ■



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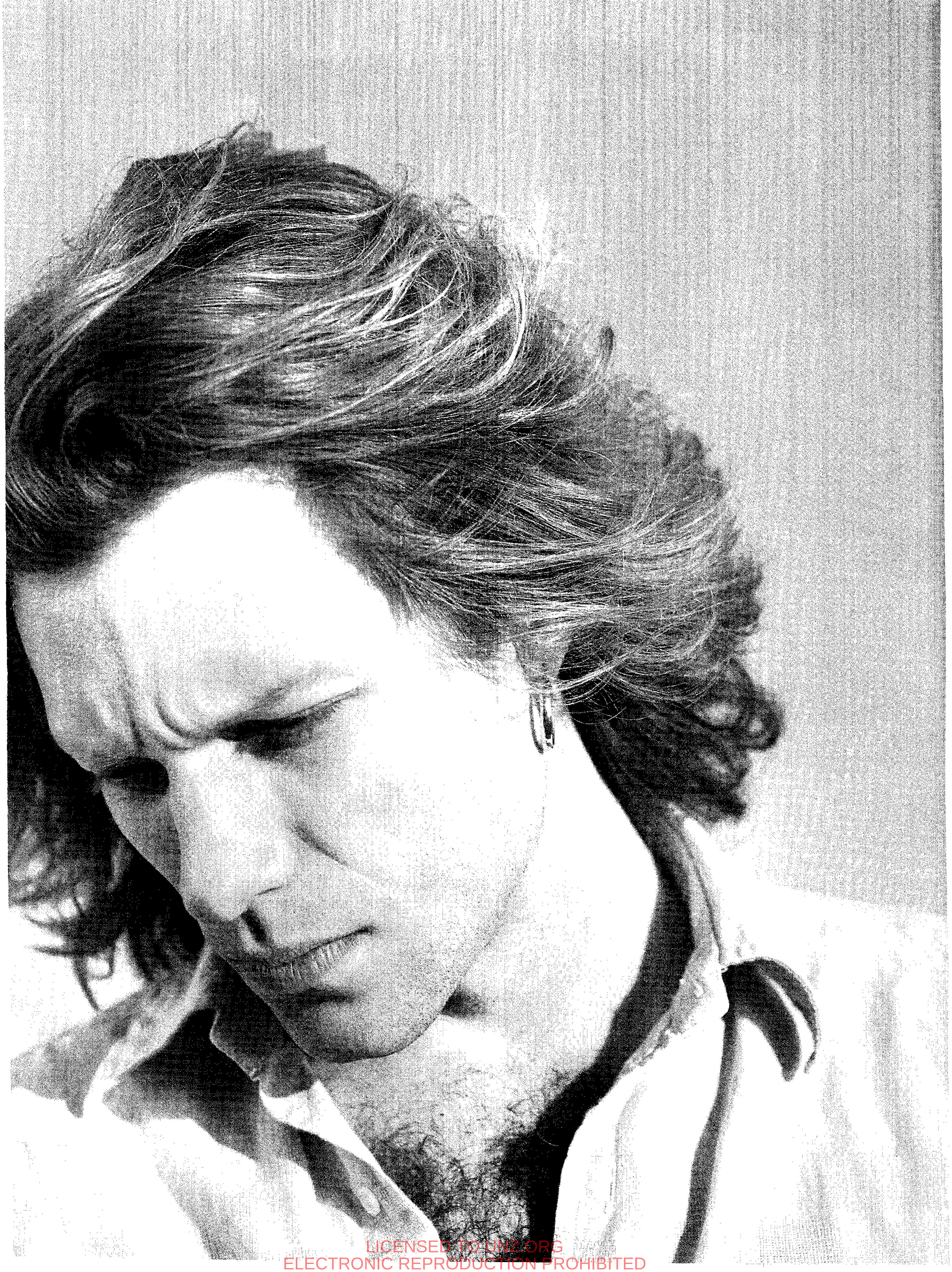
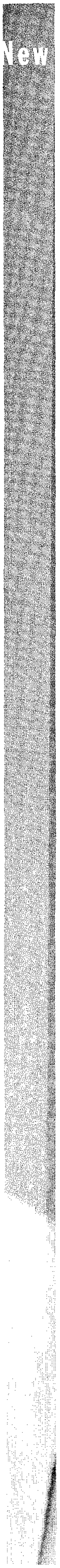
After more than a decade spent serenading near-hysterical teenage girls, the k



New Jersey mall rock wonders whether history will be cruel or kind

By Tad Friend

THE SECRET SORROW OF JON BON JOVI



La Moine

"WE OW-AH JAPANESE," RICHIE Sambora says, clowning aboard Bon Jovi's private jet. The band's amazed that their 80-strong Japanese fan club will be at tonight's charity concert in Atlanta. No one even knew there was a Japanese fan club. Locking his jaw and bowing antically, Sambora resembles Mickey Rooney's Oriental in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. "Velly excited to come to Hat-lanta and see Bon Jovi." Everyone giggles.

"Yeah," guitarist Richie continues in his normal hey-dude voice, "we just played that geodesic dome in Beaver County, Pennsylvania—*Beaver* County. . . ."

"Right near Assfuck, Kentucky," says the band's keyboardist, Dave Bryan. More giggles.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER
FOR *NEW YORK*

"Man, it still gives me a hard-on when we go out there and 70,000 people are singing along to 'Livin' on a Prayer,' " Richie announces, alluding to the band's 1986 hit. This wins a motherly smile from Vickey, the band's longtime stewardess. "Some tea, honey?" she says, setting down a china cup. Then she serves tea to the leather-jacketed execs from Mercury Records, calling them all "honey," too. Record executives love road-tripping with Bon Jovi, the friendliest band in the sky.

Only Jon Bon Jovi remains aloof from the bonhomie. The band's eponymous leader (except for Sambora, the other musicians are actually, technically, his employees) is an unmoved mover. He glances at his Movado watch, runs a hand through his wheat-colored locks, stares at the subdivisions 40,000 feet below. It takes discussion of the band's renewed megadom—their ballad "Always" just spent four months in the Top Ten; their greatest-hits album, *Cross Road,* has sold 11 million copies worldwide; there's a 25-city European soccer-stadium tour this summer, including two dates with the Rolling Stones—to engage Jon, to focus his long-lashed eyes.

ER LOOKED AT ROCK AND ROLL A

Jon (right) and Richie Sambora on tour in 1987.

In December, the band played the radio station Z-100's concert at Madison Square Garden with such bands of the moment as Hole, Weezer, and Green Day. "On paper you had to figure Jon would get booed off the stage as [being too] eighties," Ed Eckstine, president of Mercury Records, said later, acknowledging Bon Jovi's image as a mere peppy stud. "But we all have our guilty pleasures, and those 19,000 alternative hipsters in the audience were probably 12 or 13 when they first heard their older brothers listening to Bon Jovi, and that was their first lick of sin, musically. So they came clean in the darkness. Not only is Bon Jovi not dead; he's *cool.*" Like *The Brady Bunch* and John Travolta—only much faster—Bon Jovi has been recycled and recontextualized by nostalgia. Hot in '86, washed up in '91, now hot again. The band got the evening's biggest ovation, and when Green Day followed them and came on mockingly singing "Wanted Dead or Alive," another hit from 1986, the audience took up the refrain for real.

"The way I hear the story," Jon says now with a little swagger, "the kid [Green Day singer Billie Joe Armstrong] trashed his dressing room and said, 'Don't ever let me follow that band again.' " The band chortles. (Green Day declined to comment.) There is some discussion of Armstrong's having dropped his pants at Woodstock '94. "He would have had to burn himself onstage to make an impression after us," Jon drawls. "He fucked with the wrong guys." A 33-year-old millionaire, he still sees himself as a lone young gun, a wounded outlaw. His newborn son is named Jesse James Louis Bon Jovi.

So, with all this newfound reverb, will Bon Jovi achieve that pinnacle of mainstream critical certification: election to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame? (Performers are eligible after 25 years; for Bon Jovi, in the year 2009.) There is a long, sheepish pause.

"You would think that selling 56 million records, it would be easy to call," Richie says. "I mean, I'm smiling my ass off."

Jon looks skeptical; he's shrewder, more guarded, more aware of the obstacles. He knows hipster cred doesn't accrue to crowd-pleasers of his sort—and that Bon Jovi is nothing if not audience-driven. For *Slippery When Wet,* their 18-million-copy-selling 1986 breakout album, they asked a "pizza-pie jury" of kids from a pizza joint near the studio to help choose their songs. "A lot of bands think these guys are just Peter Framptons who lasted," says a Bon Jovi handler. "They don't respect them because unlike, say, Metallica or Nine Inch Nails, they never want to offend." The *Rolling Stone Album Guide* dismisses the group's output as: "Hard-rock hack work of the most banal sort . . . little more than empty flash."

"They do it by years," Jon says at last. "So you have to think who from our era has a shot, like Madonna, obviously." Pause. "Mötley Crüe and Poison and Ratt came out when we did . . .," he says, doubtfully.

"Weird Al," Richie says, snickering. "Meat Loaf."

"No," Jon says, seriously, "he was '77, '78." Pause. "And Prince was before that, and Aerosmith is early seventies. . . . I just keep thinking of Twisted Sister," he confesses, blocked. Long pause. "And Guns n' Roses were after us."

U2, I suggest. "Definitely, U2," they agree, relieved to have found somebody from their era with unassailable bona fides. "Given those other bands," Jon says, "yeah, maybe we could make it. Eventually. We've come a long way from lyrics that were moon, June, and spoon." Their early songs were a scaffolding of such feeble antinomies as "You promise me Heaven, then put me through hell" and vaguely howled valorizings of vague teen longing: "Oh, oh, we're halfway there/ Oh, oh, livin' on a prayer." Halfway where?

"When you're 20," Jon says, "all you've got to look back on is high school. It's pretty difficult in Sayreville, New Jersey, to worry about more than getting home to dinner and playing a bar that night."

"And fumbling around with your girlfriend," Richie adds. Jon looks at him affectionately: "Richie is what the American male wants to be," he will say later of his sidekick, who has dallied with Ally Sheedy and Cher, among many, many others. "You want to play guitar, be in a big rock band, get chicks, smoke a big joint, and smile from ear to ear. What is cooler than that?" In the early days, the entire band lived an adolescent wet dream, shagging groupies and hanging at strip bars (*Slippery When Wet's* title came from one club's two-woman shower act.) Jon invented a drink of equal parts vodka, peach schnapps, and cranberry juice, which he waggishly called the Muff Dive.

"Now the world has enlarged," Jon says. He is married to his high-school sweetheart, Dorothea, and has two children. Five days after this plane ride, in a somewhat milder endorsement of family values, Richie will marry *Melrose Place* siren Heather Locklear in Paris.

"Now you're in trouble if you fuck around with your girlfriend," Richie says.

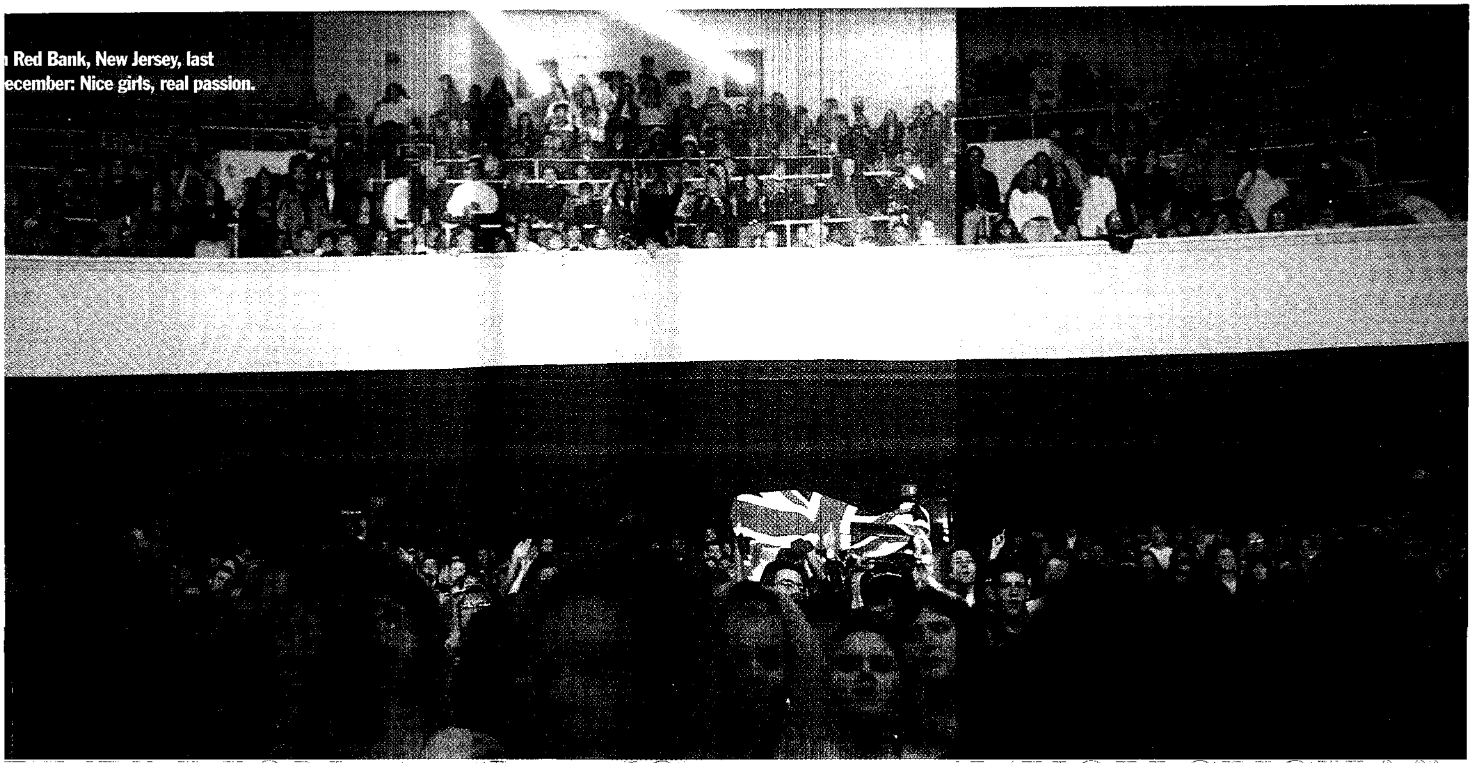
"*Your wife don't appreciate it,*" Jon says, completing the old routine. They grin together.

"I LISTEN TO TOM AND THROW MY notebook down," Jon Bon Jovi confesses, as Tom Waits mumbles through his album *Bone Machine* on the CD player. Jon is slouched, drinking Gatorade, staring at his den wall of gold records. Young fans park in Camaros round-the-clock by the front gate; Jon's clean, gray house in Rumson, New Jersey, is a shrine inside and out. "I'd love to write with Tom, but I wouldn't know how to go about it, I'd be like, 'I'm Jon Bon Jovi? I make records?' "

Jon gets up to a fetch a photo of himself and Richie jamming with Bob Dylan at an acoustic festival in Japan. "How fucking cool is that?" he says, shaking his head. "I went just to do it with Bob. I'd close the show, doing 'Wanted Dead or Alive' and Bob watched me three nights in a row and he said"—his voice slurs into nasal Dylan—" 'Love that *cow-boy* song.' " He looks reverently at the photo. "That was a great, great fucking moment."

The wall chronicles Bon Jovi's history: from their first hit, "Runaway," in 1984, when they wore black leather pants and eyeliner and were opening for ZZ Top and Judas Priest, to their big splash with *Slippery,* when they became MTV darlings with Farrah Fawcett hair. Then and in the years that followed, they wore glittery sequined suits and spandex leggings, sailed out over their audiences on Peter Pan

Photograph by Neil Zlozower.



Red Bank, New Jersey, last ecember: Nice girls, real passion.

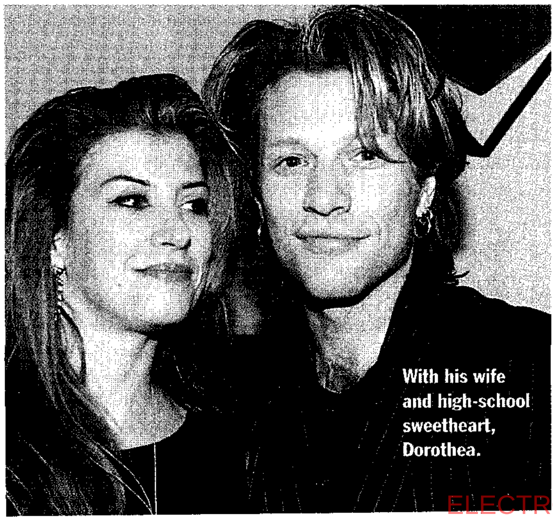
[illegible] I [illegible] C [illegible] 'YOU SUCK.' ”

wires, ran around on catwalks, shook their drugstore-Troll locks and sported skulls on their jackets—but sweetly. Despite a two-year burnout break in 1990 and last year's departure of disaffected bass player Alec John Such, the band's good intentions have remained artlessly clear. "Let the other bands do the politics and the negative stuff, the brooding," as drummer Tico Torres says. "We just want to go have fun."

Dorothea comes by, and Jon catches his wife's hand. "You going out?" she asks. They smile at each other, their lives a happy diagram of overlapping subsets. She rarely goes on the road with him; he's forbidden to go on the road with her. He's banned from watching her karate matches—she's a black belt—because once at a tourney in Cleveland she caught his terrified, protective gaze and dropped her guard.

We had planned to go out to Sayreville, where Jon grew up as John Bongiovi, the son of a hairdresser and a former Playboy bunny. It was there that he learned to play "House of the Rising Sun" at age 14, and there that he decided music (and a somewhat de-ethnicized name) was his passport out. "Truly, it was the only way of being noticed in a working town where you either worked at the Hercules paint factory or joined the Navy," Jon says. "I worked at the 7-Eleven for a while and all three guys I hung out with joined the Navy. In high school, the teachers I saw were fucking girls in the senior class, and I thought, 25 grand a year, polyester pants, combing your hair over to cover that bald spot so you can pick up high-school girls—Jesus Christ, I've got to get out of here."

"But I don't know if I'm ready to go back," Jon says now, throwing on a black leather jacket and meandering reluctantly toward the garage. "It makes me feel as though it's not a part of my present life, to go knock on that door and say, 'Hey, I used to live here, can I see the place?' I'm not ready, yet," he says. "But let's drive around."



With his wife and high-school sweetheart, Dorothea.

"I WANT TO LAY YOU DOWN ON A BED OF ROSes," Jon sings, pouring his strangled wail into Atlanta's sold-out Fox Theatre. Thousands of young girls moan in the darkness, wishing to be so laid.

The band wears street clothes, and the set is a far cry from the exploding *Rollerball*-style confections of the eighties: Rather, it's like a small Jersey bar, with a bartender serving contest winners from a keg onstage, a pinball machine, a jukebox, neon Miller Beer signs, and painted-velvet Elvises. But Bon Jovi tears through their hits with undiminished exuberance. They're actually a good concert band, led by Torres's muscular drumming and Sambora's gyrations on the guitar—he thrusts his pelvis in tight circles, paisley shirt open, chest gleaming. Shivering and shaking, a practiced guitargasm.

Jon dances with his back to the audience, springing up on his Reeboks and drooping his hair as we imagine a willow tree droops its branches, to connote moodiness. He has the self-consciousness of a high-school quarterback giving an oral report (remote, placative). At the grip-and-grin cocktail party before the concert, he positioned his arms carefully during photo ops, touching fans' backs with only two fingers. Even Jon's tattoos—a bull's head and a Superman logo—are abstract, threatless.

Yet this second generation of teenage fans, in ripped blue jeans and TJ Maxx sweaters and sensible Rockport shoes, wants him badly. "You can judge the level of mindless adoration out there by the amount of mascara running down their cheeks," says one of the band's managers. Still, these are nice girls. Their idea of sin is unclasping their training bras after they've left home, then hurling them stageward to catch Jon's eye. Bras and panties and teddy bears whistle through the dark—the flying teddy bears Elvis first inspired 40 years ago.

Backstage, Billy Falcon, an acoustic guitarist who opened for the band, says wistfully, "You need drums and bass to get panties." The band bows, troops off, is hailed back for an encore. And another. As Richie jitters off the stage, two high-school girls in tight sweaters ask him to party with them. He grins, toweling sweat from his chest. "No, I have to go see my woman."

"It must be weird to look out at several thousand young women every night and know that they all want to go to bed with you, but that it would be illegal to do so," muses one of the band's handlers, watching girls track Richie and Jon. "I can look—nothing wrong with that," Jon says

Photographs: top, Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures; bottom, Fame/Gamma-Liaison.

BON JOVI
Keep The Faith
NO TRESPASSING
AIR OPERATIONS AREA

The Bon Jovi mobile, circa 1988: Unapologetic crowd-pleasers.

quietly backstage.

Two carloads of young women follow the band's van to the airport and scream from the fence as the Gulfstream 1 vanishes toward Jersey.

JON BON JOVI AND I ARE DRIVING AROUND New Jersey in his black Mercedes S500, past ranks of motels and strip malls. "Indoor batting cages!" he says, excitedly. "What is cooler than that? Closed, goddamn it!" His home rec room is a kid's nirvana, not unlike the band's current stage set: a pool table, bar, pinball machine, cardboard silhouette of Al Pacino in *The Godfather,* sofa like a convertible's backseat, and a studio so the boys can play if a lick suddenly strikes.

We're heading southeast toward Asbury Park, away from Sayreville. "The thing about Sayreville is, it was in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for most bars per square mile," Jon says. "The drinking age in Jersey—18—had a lot to do with what I do for a living, because you could be 16 and sneak into a bar. If the age had been 21, I'd have had nowhere to play."

He and his various bands—the Rest, the Lechers, the Wild Ones—played bars for $100, sometimes divvying ten ways. "It cost you three bucks in gas, you drank for a buck a beer, and you played three or four sets, covering Motown and Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes." Early on, he acknowledged and harnessed his feverish need to succeed, but it was never coupled with—or in conflict with—that other common rock star need, the punk impulse to shock. "I was never into that shit—'Yeah, he licks his bass'—I mean, what kind of fucking moron licks his bass?" Jon asks, genuinely perplexed. "I never looked at rock and roll as rebellion, a chance to say, 'You suck.' Elvis never said, 'Oh, yeah? Fuck you.' He said"—Jon pauses, pondering what Elvis said. His face softens. "He said, 'Hi, how are you?' "

"Beautiful Asbury Park," Jon declares, as we cruise Asbury's deserted streets near the beach. "It's all gone." Every building is boarded up; a $750 million redevelopment project collapsed in the late eighties. A block from the Stone Pony, made legendary by Bruce Springsteen, Jon stops in front of a tiny club blazoned with a tacky rocket ship. "The famous Fast Lane," he announces, excited again. "We'd do our homework in the basement, where Louie the Bum lived with his dog, Dukie, and we'd rehearse there, or we'd sneak into the bowling alley next door, or even better go watch porn on the other side at the Baronet Theatre. If you got really lucky, you'd meet a girl who had a room there," he says, aiming his nose at the shuttered windows of the Horizon Motel. "I used to have some crazy dates. I'd have older women picking me up at school, buying me things. I was a play toy." He shakes his head.

"New York was never it," he says, identifying his pole stars. "I played Gildersleeves and CBGB's, but I looked at Manhattan just as where the record companies were, and where to get a fake I.D., go to a whorehouse. *This* place, though, was it. I came up at the end of the time when Bruce and Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes were big here, and Asbury Park was still a shrine because it represented a mythic culture where a Chevy on the highway seemed a wonderful ride in search of America."

He starts the Mercedes, and we course through strip-mall towns along the coast. He's begun an acting career with a lead role in the movie *Moonlight & Valentino,* out this August with Whoopi Goldberg and Kathleen Turner, but he'd rather talk about the band's upcoming album. The first single from *These Days*—originally called *Strip*—comes out next month. "I'm reaching," he says, describing the new songs. "It's more . . . introspective. A song called 'Something to Believe In' questions everything, professionally and personally."

Do you find that something?

"No," he says. "I believed in rock and roll, and that people wouldn't be me-me-me. But the fact is, that's not a fact. 'I lost all faith in my God and his religion, too,' " he begins, reciting the song with a surprising, bitter passion, " 'I told the angels to sing their songs to someone new/ I lost all trust in my friends, I watched my heart turn to stone/ I thought that I was left to walk this wicked world alone/ Tonight I'll dust myself off, tonight I'll suck my gut in/ I'll face the lights, and I'll pretend I got something to believe in.'

"You keep putting out, opening yourself up," he says, driving faster and faster, "and then you get fucked again. I got fucked by my cousin Tony at the Power Station [an early dispute about royalties and the extent to which his cousin's New York City recording studio shaped Jon's career]. Then having my manager, a guy you trusted with your life, you wanted him to be your best friend—you find out he's making more money than all of you"—he pauses, controlling himself—"you don't mind; you go to bat for the guy when he's going to jail [his manager, Doc McGhee pleaded guilty in 1988 to importing 40,000 pounds of marijuana; his sentence was suspended]. You stick by him—and then you find out you're just a fucking paycheck, after all those years. You know what, go fuck yourself," he says, addressing the absent McGhee. "You get hardened. Now, when I get fucked, I don't even smile anymore." He slows the car, and we tool along in silence.

"I BELIEVED IN ROCK AND ROLL, AND THAT PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE ME-ME-ME

What dream has Jon Bon Jovi fulfilled? He aspires to be a cowboy, a laconic stranger free from society's demands and quick to shoot it out with any galoot in his way; he wants to be wanted, dead or alive. We'd rather he embody success's bitter fruit. We demand of certain pop stars that they long for success when they're young, when they're halfway there, and that they despair after their prayers are answered. Stardom would break our hearts if all our proxies enjoyed it as thoroughly as Richie Sambora does. For every Richie, we need a Jon, wounded by the struggle.

Strangely enough, though, Jon Bon Jovi's animating myth seems to be that of a Cheever hero: a salaryman driven yet disturbed by his work, tormented by the modesty of his talent, nostalgic for the simple hopes and sexual brags of youth, yet consoled by family life in the suburbs. Back in Rumson, Jon relaxes, stops fiddling with the radio, and watches the crossing guard shepherd children home from school. Bruce Springsteen has a house down the street, but the fans are all parked outside Jon's gate—the girls are dumbstruck when he rolls down his window and waves. He sweeps into the driveway, past the American flag, and pulls into the garage, facing the Elvis paintings. Home.

Inside, he gathers his daughter Stephanie, into a hug. "Hey, Steph," he says, "come and show me where you put your shoes before nap time. Where's your shoes?" She gets down and opens the freezer door to reveal two blue shoes perched on a sack of frozen peas. "You cuckoo," he says, entranced and mystified. "You crazy baby. Let's go nigh-nigh." ■

Photograph by Mark Weiss/Angle

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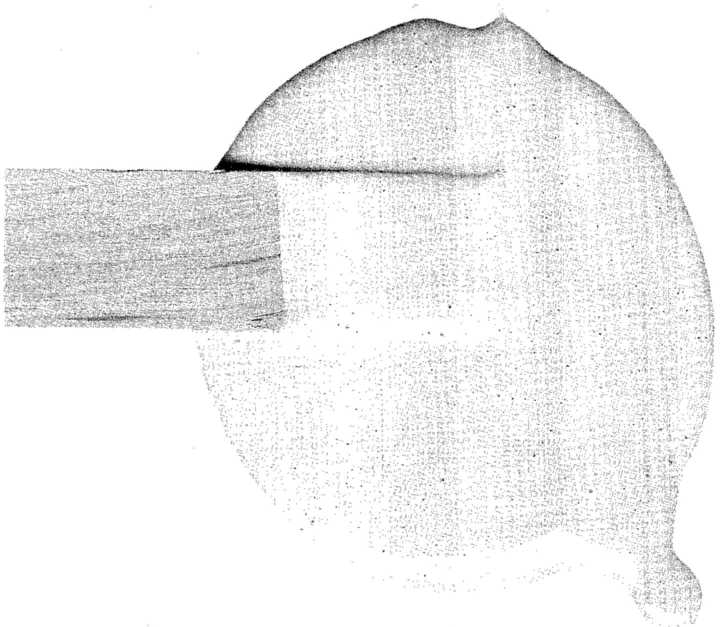
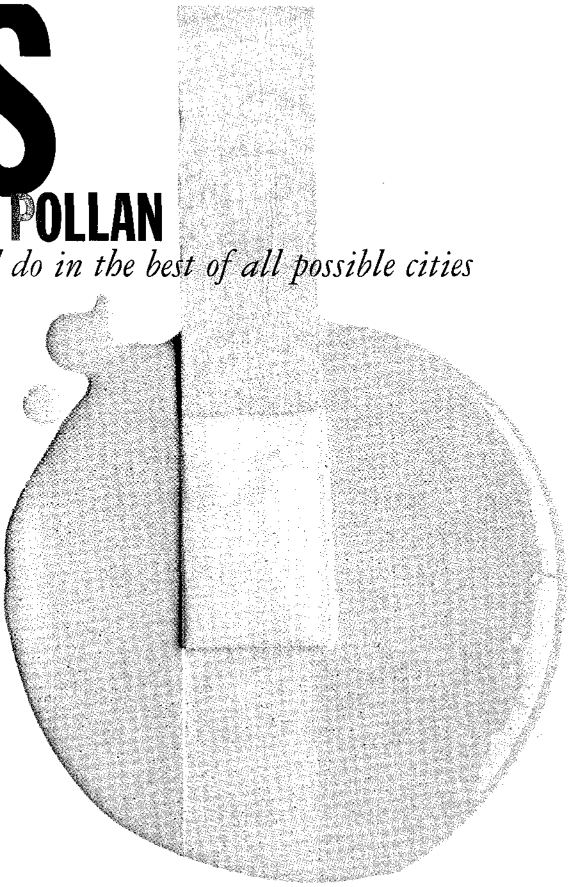
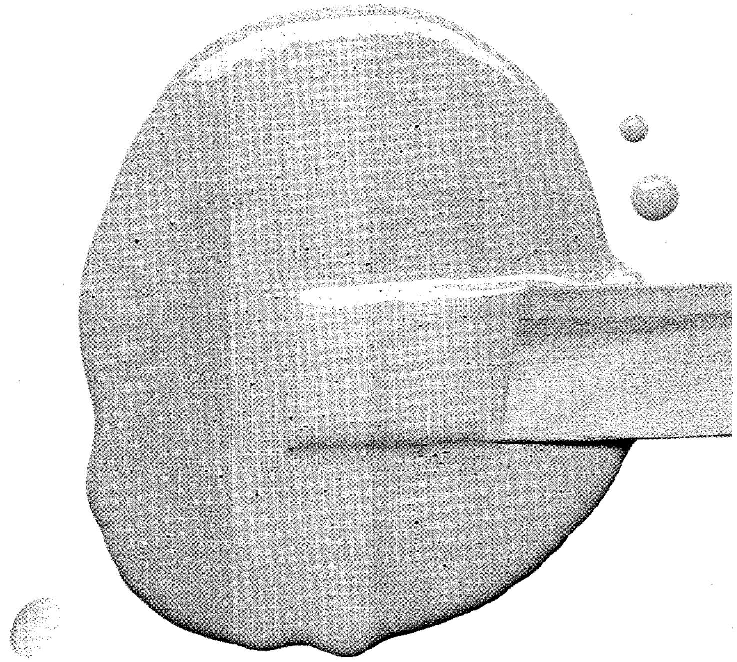
BEST BETS

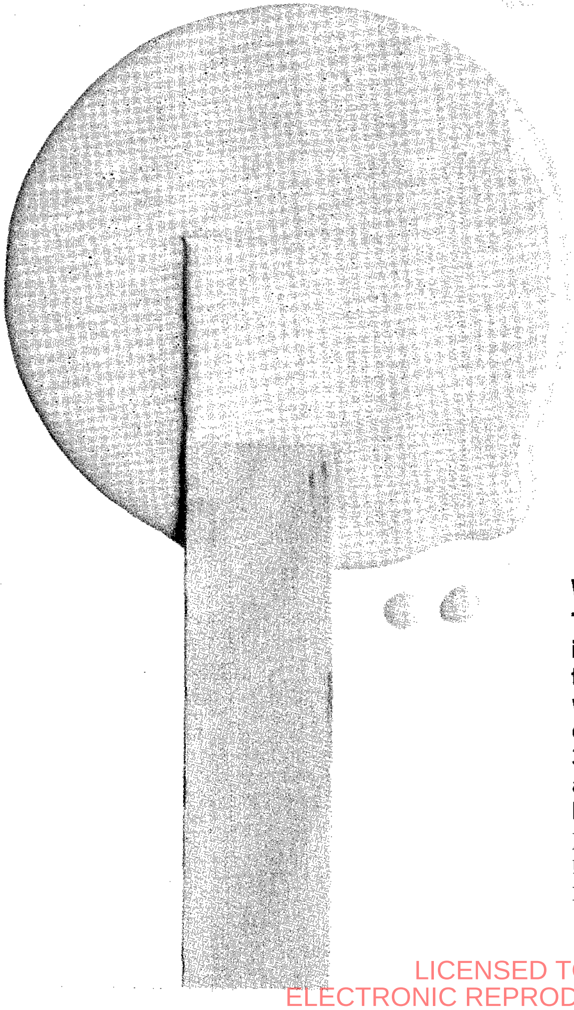
BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities







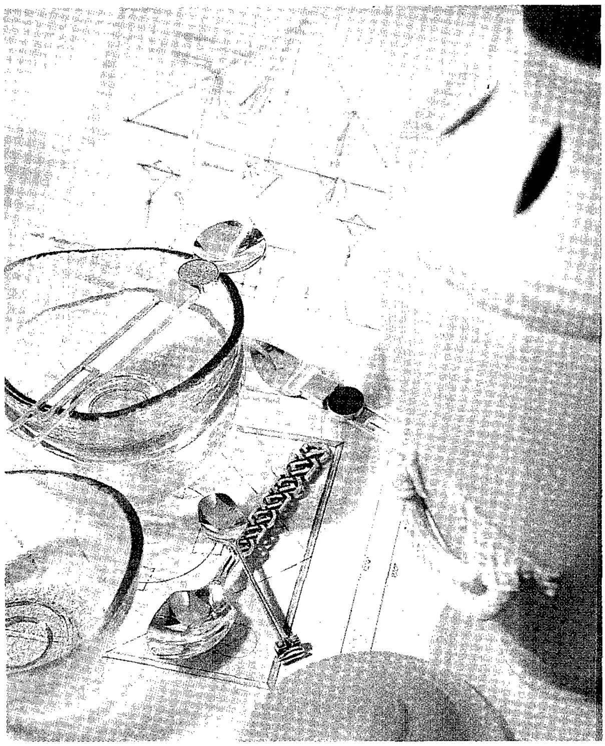


Watching Paint Dry, Safely

The environmentally concerned have had to search out small independent companies—or turn to Europe—for paints that are formaldehyde- and solvent-free. But now Benjamin Moore has come up with Pristine, a latex-acrylic paint that contains no volatile organic compounds and no formaldehyde and is practically odorless. It comes in 300 colors and three finishes—flat, eggshell, and semi-gloss—as well as a primer-sealer. Best of all, it costs about the same as other Benjamin Moore paints (around $26 a gallon).

JANOVIC PLAZA/*All locations*
PEARL PAINT/*308 Canal Street/431-7932*
PINTCHIK PAINTS/*All locations*

Photographs clockwise from left: Steve Wisbauer; Peter Ardito; Steve Wisbauer; Peter Ardito.



Turning the Tables

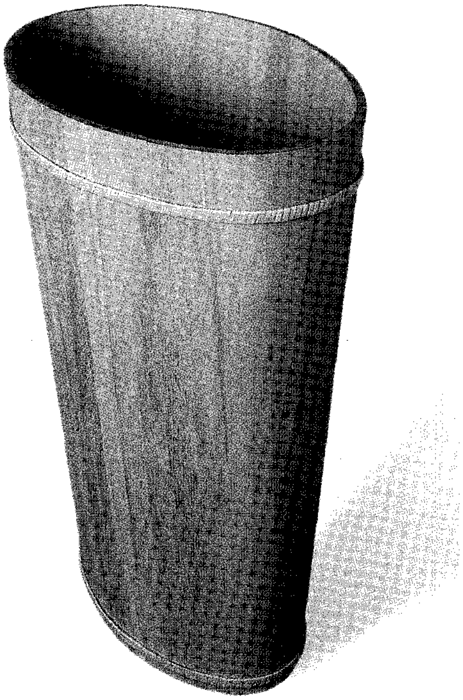
For disciples of the new, the artistic, and the ingenious, the American Craft Museum's benefit show and sale "The Banquet: A Celebration of the American Table" offers a rare opportunity: the chance to view—and buy—tableware, *objets,* and furniture created by some of America's most visionary artisans. Among the items are Klein/Reid vases reminiscent of the twenties, C. L. Harper braided sterling-silver flatware, Gilmor Glassworks pressed-glass dessert bowls, and Mardi-jo Cohen sterling-silver-and-Formica hors d'oeuvre sets. To show off these wares stylishly, designers, artists, and magazine editors have come up with eight unusual "tables." Peri Wolfman and Pat Sadowsky's tray table slides over a four-poster bed, David Maurer and Susan Leaderman's table is located in a schooner captain's dining chamber, and Iris DeMauro and Robert Gaul's table is set in an elegant pavilion. (From $26.40 for a Gilmor Glassworks dessert bowl to $6,600 for Rebecca Lee Spivack's stucco-on-wood screen.)

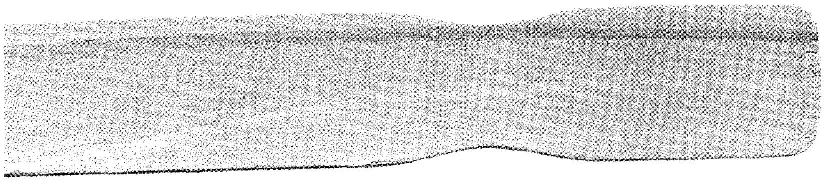
AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM/*40 West 53rd Street/956-3535/April 7 through April 12*

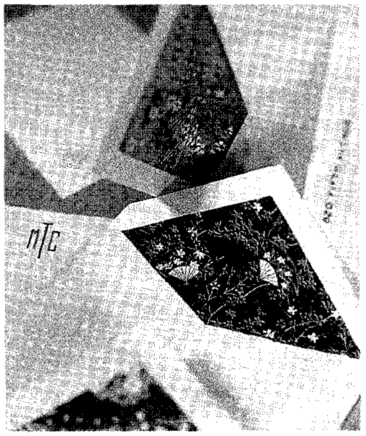
Chinese Laundry

A clothes hamper is one of life's necessities we rarely think much about. All we ask is that it be big enough to hold a lot of dirty laundry and that it not be excessively ugly. Obviously, Julia McFarlane of Ad Hoc has standards that are rather higher. She's found a hamper that's not only big but actually handsome. Made of Paulownia wood that's tree-farmed in China, the hamper is lacquered, then trimmed with wicker ($60).

AD HOC SOFTWARES/*410 West Broadway/925-2652*







Pushing the Envelope

There are those who consider the stationer's name embossed on the shoulder of the envelope almost as important as the letter within, and certainly Cartier's stationery has always been among the most prestigious. It has also, somewhat surprisingly, been among the most inventive, offering scores of colors in its envelope linings. Recently, apparently bored with solids, Cartier has introduced five Japanese prints to decorate its envelopes ($75 for twenty note cards and envelopes).

CARTIER/*653 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street/753-0111*

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Brave New Melodrama

In Michael Cunningham's new novel, the stock characters remain the same. Only some of their sexual orientations have been changed to conform to modern sensibilitie.

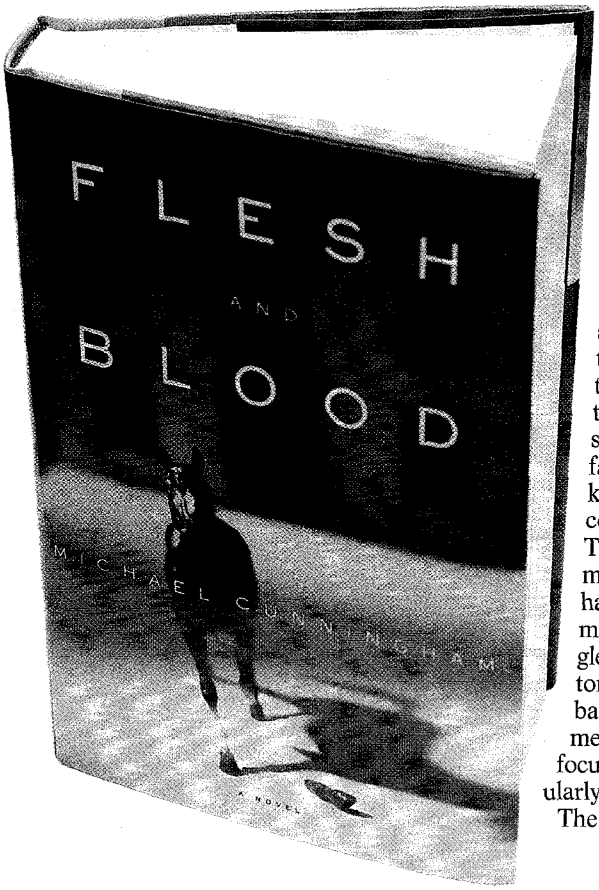
Flesh and Blood

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 466 pages; $22

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM'S second novel, *Flesh and Blood,* is a velvety, overstuffed sofa of a melodrama, plump with compassion and p.c. sentiment. Throw pillows of fine prose are strewn about and candelabras of language cast a glow. Trees "announced their ragged shapes against the sky," pregnancy is a "silent red slumber." Outside this comfortable fictional drawing room, its thermostat set at a pleasant 70 degrees, time passes steadily, taking its gloomy toll. Inside, characters pause for thoughtful coffee moments, pondering that toll: "She believed, now, that no one was ever sure about love. Love arrived obliquely, at angles, but even when it lay dormant, a boundary had been crossed, a sanctity relinquished. All her certainty, the sameness of her days, was infiltrated now with the fear that something might happen to Todd." Readers who prefer their feelings deep and their ideals lofty may sink back blissfully into *Flesh and Blood,* but I found its plush humanity numbing.

In the beautifully written *Flesh and Blood,* the good guys win, the bad guys lose, and they all get the sex that they deserve.



A traditional domestic saga with modern multicultural stylings, the novel tracks three generations of a family as they work out their strange American fates. Cunningham knows his genre's compulsory moves: The sins of the father must come around to haunt him, the children must suffer and struggle to forgive, and history must roll on in the background. What's meant to be new is the focus on sexuality, particularly gay male sexuality.

The plot clock starts in 1935 with Constantine, an ambitious Greek peasant boy. He immigrates to New Jersey, weds a woman named Mary, and amasses a postwar fortune building cracker-box suburban tract homes. The reader soon sniffs an ideological frame-up. What's being prepared for isn't just a story but a multicultural morality play. Lusty, passionate, bearish Constantine is a stock-footage monster of ethnic hetero rage. His virile loins and hairy-chested outbursts beget a quaking, sensitive son named Billy, who clings to Mary's long pre-feminist skirts. Filling out this unhappy family are Susan, the good girl, and Zoe, the wild child.

As the action moves through the sixties and seventies, what unfolds is a kind of alternative-nation official history; it feels as rigged and simplistic as the old version. Standing in for Manifest Destiny as the irresistible cosmic force is sexual liberation. One by one, Cunningham strains his characters through standard cultural filters. Meek Mary becomes dissatisfied keeping house and starts popping Valium. Stalwart Constantine embarks on an affair. Nice Susan marries a tight-assed Wasp lawyer who can't be bothered to stimulate her clitoris, while bad Zoe shacks up with a druggy black stud. And Billy, of course, discovers his strong gay self at Harvard.

Lifestyle shift by lifestyle shift, the Age of Aquarius realigns everybody's planets. Cunningham works these familiar transformations in scenes of lavish fluency. He can write circles around most young novelists, so that's what he does. Quite often, they're perfect circles, such as this description of Constantine's adultery: "The obviousness was part of what he loved. He was banging his partner's secretary in a motel room on his lunch hour. It was a tryst right out of the funny papers, and he felt as if he'd joined a club, a national fraternity with its own rites and history." Indeed, my favorite sections are the ones told from Constantine's point of view. His macho terseness trims things some, reining in Cunningham's taste for Latinate regalia. The author shows great affection for this brute, who at least is honestly sensual. (The novel's other straight white male, Susan's nincompoop Yalie husband, is bloodless and pleasure-hating and a threat.)

When Cunningham enters Billy's head or one of the women's, he dons the golden crown of sensibility. His purplish flourishes multiply. He likes to describe the same things twice, frequently three times, loading his lines with commas and dying falls. "Ben held his grandfather's hand and walked along the outer edge of the garden and he was filled with a flushed buoyancy, a large unfocused desire made of his grandfather's smell and the remembered heft of the tomato in his hand, its fullness and shine, the fat irregularities of its flesh." Sometimes it seems as though

Photographs: top, Sigrid Estrada; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

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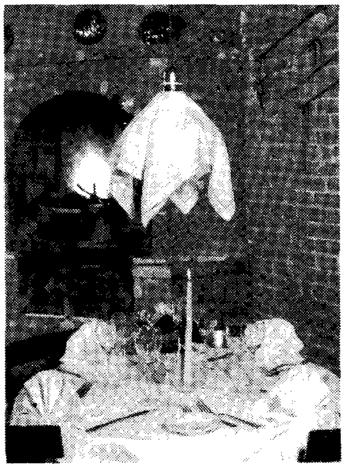

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Cunningham intends to present every object in all three states: as solid, liquid, and gas, as in this image of a model spaceship: ". . . she could smell it, the hard new plastic odor, the unliving sweetness." Elsewhere, Zoe spots a drag queen: "She looked at the man in the wig, who stood like a crazy goddess of propriety and delusion." I sense rare truth here, but my brain locks up trying to combine the abstract nouns.

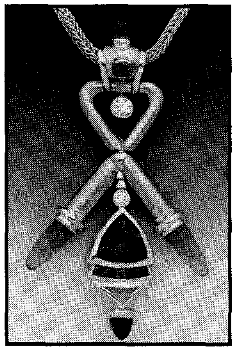
The drag queen in question, Cassandra, is *Flesh and Blood*'s good angel, its battered glam heroine. She's a present-day near-cliché, the transvestite with a heart of gold. "Cassandra was the guardian spirit of the new world. He believed in sex, but he believed in safety, too." (Quite prescient for 1972.) Cunningham loves his winged creation and pushes hard for us to love her also. Most of her lines are witty applause lines. She has an endearing vice, shoplifting, and an altruistic calling: warning young girls in clubs and bars about the more predatory male regulars. Only a meanie wouldn't be charmed.

Mainly, the wondrous Cassandra teaches by example. When Zoe bears a mixed-race son out of wedlock, Cassandra helps raise the child, teaching it tolerance, humor, and self-acceptance. So caringly does she parent little Jamal that he becomes a p.c. junior paragon, scolding his bratty rich-kid cousin, Benjamin, for making fun of a homeless man. And Jamal is not only the ultimate liberal city kid (he hardly blinks when Zoe develops AIDS); he's Benetton-ad beautiful. Benjamin, who's secretly gay, falls helplessly in love with him, and it sets the stage for the story's great catastrophe. It's a tragedy with a clear moral: self-loathing equals death. I don't dispute it. What's harder to go along with is the pious canonizing.

You'd think that the inclusion of gay characters would be a win for realism in such a family drama. But in this book it seems more a win for the soapiest old conventions. There's something too perfectly upside-down about this world: wise transvestites, monogamous gay marrieds, and single-parented little angels. The unbelievable melodramatic elements have been switched around, not changed. Virtue triumphs just as surely, evil fails as utterly. Good guys are rewarded (with satisfying sex) and bad guys punished (with pleasureless isolation). Order, justice, and certitude haven't fled the world; they've just put on funky new outfits.

Old forms, progressive attitudes. When Will (the grown-up Billy) tells his devoted doctor-husband Harry about a visit to Susan's Republican home, Cunningham's words pop out like an op-ed piece: "He felt like an anthropologist trying to record the rites and rituals of an ancient culture that was beginning to collapse under the weight of its own accumulated history, its insistence that it was possible to live and not change." Ironically, the art of *Flesh and Blood* is stuffy, weighty, and traditional, too. ■

Only The Best!



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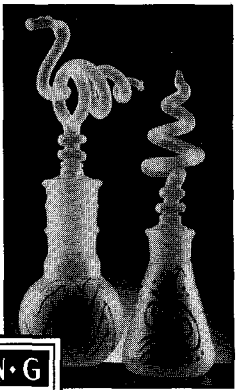

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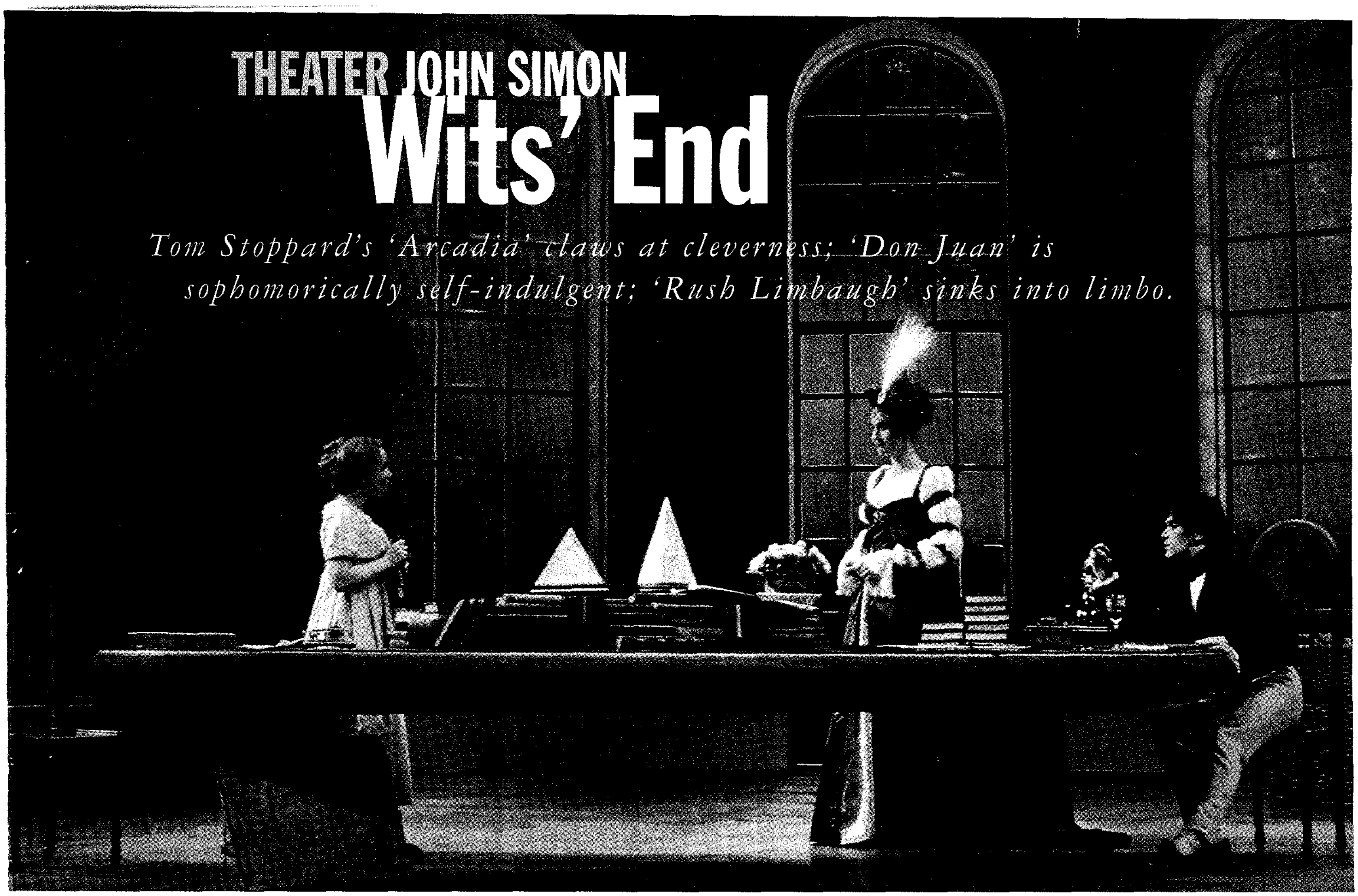
Tom Stoppard's 'Arcadia' claws at cleverness; 'Don Juan' is sophomorically self-indulgent; 'Rush Limbaugh' sinks into limbo.



***Arcadia* then (1809) and now: Above, Jennifer Dundas, Lisa Barnes, and Billy Crudup; opposite, Blair Brown and Robert Sean Leonard.**

'ITS INGENUITY IS STUPENDOUS," WROTE HAROLD Hobson in the London *Sunday Times* about Tom Stoppard's first hit, and so is that of his latest, **Arcadia:** stupendous and sometimes, I'm afraid, stupefying. To say that Stoppard is the cleverest playwright active in English is probably a platitude. But cleverness engenders its own problems: It is almost as hard for a clever playwright to create an unclever character as it is for a plodding playwright to create a clever one.

But some characters, even in a Stoppard play, cannot be clever. The only way the author can manage this is to make them into fools or near-mutes. There is nothing in between, where most of the real world situates itself. This, to be sure, is also true of Oscar Wilde, Stoppard's inspiration; there are passages in *Arcadia* that are distant but distinct echoes of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Wilde, however, did not cheat: He would not have an Englishman in 1809 use the Yiddishism *tush,* or have two characters—including the 13-year-old Thomasina—interpret Poussin's famous *Et in Arcadia Ego* ("I too have lived in Arcadia") as being spoken by Death, i.e., the skull in the picture, a theory first proposed by Erwin Panofsky a century and a half later.

Arcadia takes place—first alternatingly, then simultaneously—in 1809 and today. The constant is a garden room at Sidley Park, the Derbyshire manor of Lord and Lady Croom. Their daughter, Thomasina Coverly, is being tutored by a young scientist, Septimus Hodge, a classmate of Lord Byron, who is visiting at Sidley Park. Lady Croom, whose other child is the tongue-tied Augustus, is witty and imperious, and has a yen for the handsome Hodge. Also present are Richard Noakes, the landscape architect (who is striving to convert the classically natural gardens into picturesque Gothic), and Ezra Chater, the resident poetaster (who is married to a beautiful flirt with whom Hodge, like Captain Brice, Royal Navy, her ladyship's brother, has an affair).The catch is that we are shown some of the less interesting characters (the foolish Chater, the brainless Brice) but not some of the more promising ones (Mrs. Chater, Lord Byron).

In the modern scenes, we get the three young Coverlys of today: Valentine, a mathematician in love with Hannah Jarvis, the author of a book about Lady Caroline Lamb, Byron's mistress; his younger brother, the autistic Gus, also taken with Hannah; and their sister, Chloë, a flighty young woman with a crush on Bernard Nightingale, a literary don doing research on Byron at Sidley Park. And we get Hannah herself, doing research for her next book on the life of the mysterious hermit of Sidley Park, and thus on the entire Coverly clan.

There are all kinds of parallels and divergences between the "old" story and the "new"; also some curious misreadings of the past by the present-day researchers, which contrast with the true story as we see it unfurl. The concinnity with which the two stories correspond or don't (with interesting insights into the triumphs and fiascoes of scholarship), and the way past and present—even if only figuratively—finally intermingle, are almost fiendishly crafty. But in the end, Stoppard—who never went to university and has an autodidact's infatuation with his homemade erudition—overdoes it: There are goodly chunks of the play that seem to have been written for the delectation of graduate students in literature and science, and you often wish Stoppard would rein in his parade.

Take this, for example: "English landscape was invented by gardeners imitating foreign painters who were evoking classical authors. The whole thing was brought home in the luggage from the grand tour. Here, look—Capability Brown doing Claude, who was doing Virgil. Arcadia! And here, superimposed by Richard Noakes, untamed nature in the style of Salvator Rosa. It's the gothic novel expressed in landscape." And then all those

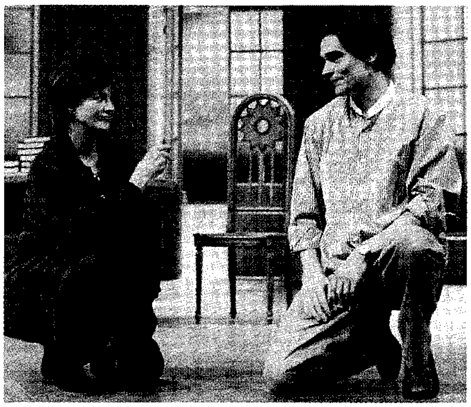
Photographs by Joan Marcus.

references to Francis Jeffrey and *The Edinburgh Review,* Southey's verse epics, Fermat's last theorem, iterated algorithms, etc., etc.—some of which was cut from the New York production, but much of which remains *pour épater les bourgeois.* Stoppard may end up like the man, cited by the physicist, philosopher, and wit Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, who "had so much intellect [*Verstand*] that he could be put to almost no earthly use."

In the London production, the much finer English cast (having, moreover, no problems with accents) just about managed the almost impossible task of making these distilled, volatile words become flesh; under the same canny director, Trevor Nunn, the American cast finds it a lot harder to cope. Blair Brown, Robert Sean Leonard, and Peter Mahoney hold their own, and Billy Crudup, as Hodge, is a revelation—even better than his British counterpart, Rufus Sewell. But Lisa Banes, Victor Garber, and Haviland Morris attitudinize horrendously, and as the delightful Thomasina, Jennifer Dundas is a grotesque disgrace.

Mark Thompson's set and costumes, Paul Pyant's lighting, and Jeremy Sams's music continue to coruscate, and no sophisticated theatergoer will feel that he has wasted his time here; but I actually think that, at least in New York, *Arcadia* makes better reading than seeing.

DAVID IVES, THE AUTHOR OF THE ENCHANTING sextuple bill of zany vignettes *All in the Timing,* can surely not be the same David Ives whose full-length play **Don Juan in Chicago,** a piece of sophomoric self-indulgence, has just hit New York. Treading on dangerous territory—some of the greatest geniuses have given us works about Don Juan—this pseudo-Ives proffers a pretentious harlequinade fraught with second-rate wordplay and deliberately awful doggerel that proves doggedly mirthless, with a plot and characters about as salable as snowshoes on the equator.



We have here an average Joe of a virginal Juan who, one night in Seville, conjures up a remarkably effete Devil (Peter Bartlett) and strikes a bargain whereby he can live forever until the day he fails to seduce his daily woman (no repeaters); Doña Elvira, who pursues him, strikes a complementary bargain; Leporello's immortality is subsumed under his master's. All of them, Devil included, end up in Chicago, where a bored and exhausted Juan continues to seduce away on the apparent assumption that hell would be a worse fate. Even Leporello, played by Larry Block as a Borscht Belt comic from hell, improbably prefers Chicago. In Ives's words, "It's come, or kingdom come"; but, never fear, Elvira and Juan, true lovers at last, go to Heaven, a would-be Shavian—but not very close-Shavian—ending.

The level of humor is "Gather ye gonads while ye may" and "Is that a hard-on?/ I beg your pardon." The level of dramatic invention is commensurate. Simon Brooking turns Don Juan into a fellow who couldn't win a woman with a whole management team of devils pimping for him, and the actresses who portray his victims seem to have been chosen to make seduction indistinguishable from charity. Under Robert Stanton's helpless direction, the play leaves us in the audience nursing any available laugh like a barfly his last drink at closing time. It would seem, on the evidence of *All in the Timing* (delectable) and *Don Juan in Chicago* (deplorable), that Ives is a miniaturist—a fine thing to be until one confuses it with being a muralist.

CHARLIE VARON, WHO IS BOTH THE AUTHOR and the cast of **Rush Limbaugh in Night School,** seems to have grown up listening to radio, and has performed much of his comedy about and on the radio. Perhaps this explains why he thinks that doing a lot of voices without ever looking like anything more than a bargain basement Alan Arkin is theater enough. Rush Limbaugh is certainly ripe for satirizing, but is this painfully spun- (or strung-) out fantasy about R.L. studying Spanish in night school and having an affair with a fellow student a satire? The student is a former Weatherman desperately sought by her affluent Connecticut parents; is this satire? And is Limbaugh's playing Othello in Central Park for the Shakespeare Festival really the stuff of satire, especially when he emerges as a hero in the end?

I regret to say that not even as an impressionist does Mr. Varon, out on a rash limb, impress. Only his impersonation of Spalding Gray directing that *Othello* is at all amusing; the rest is collegiate humor as envisaged in high school.

Miami Stories, AT THE AMERICAN JEWISH THEATRE, unites a one-acter by Saul Bellow that should never have been revived, a short story by Bernard Malamud that should never have been adapted, and a comedy by Lawrence Klavan that should never have been produced. ▬

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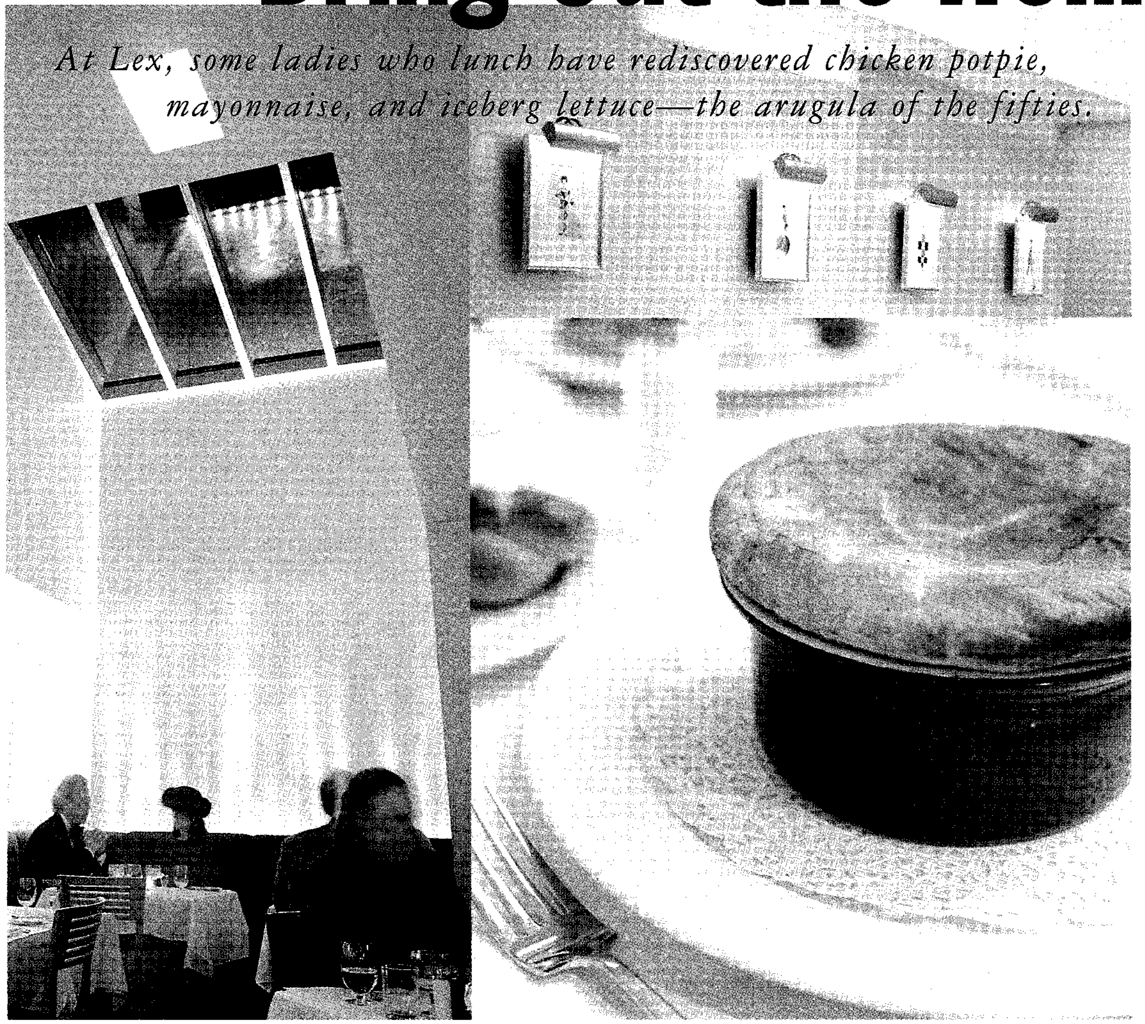
FRIENDS IN DEED

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Bring Out the Hellmann's

At Lex, some ladies who lunch have rediscovered chicken potpie, mayonnaise, and iceberg lettuce—the arugula of the fifties.



Above and top right: In Lex's dining room. Bottom right: You can smell the butter in the potpie's crust.

MY FRIEND VICKI STRUTS AROUND WITH A street-smart, take-no-prisoners chakra. But I never dreamed **Lex** would provoke such venom. She is wild-eyed, clearly revved up, and about to hit the ceiling when she finally notices me parked at a table across the way from her own. "I've been waiting here for twenty minutes," she cries. "I told them my friend is never late."

I, too, have been waiting, just past her line of vision. "They told me you weren't here yet," I say before turning to the maître d'. "Don't you check the name off on the reservation list when you seat someone?" Instead of apologizing, he explains how it wasn't his fault. Three times.

"And what is this?" fumes Vicki, flipping a derisive thumb at the twisted roll on the bread plate.

"It's a throwback to the fifties." I take a bite. "Sort of stale too."

"Is this the Estrogen Replacement Café?" she asks, relishing her own nastiness. "There's enough hair spray in this room to hold the building erect without mortar. Amazing. I just climbed up out of the subway. Where am I? I feel like I'm in Peck & Peck." Well, she's certainly tripped up a truth. Lex gets the ladies who lunch. And the fresh spring luminance from the skylight that kisses them with an unreal dewiness is kind to the room, too. The sponged pastels of the walls that get lost at night glow by day: pale blue, lettuce green, lemon chiffon. "We're here because I kind of like this Eisenhower-era food," I explain, "especially at lunch."

If one of the cooks hadn't strolled through the narrow dining lane lugging an industrial-size bottle of Hellmann's mayonnaise, I would have assumed all that lovely mayo I'm tucking away today is homemade. But that's no cavil. I use Hellmann's myself. I used to add an egg yolk, some lemon, and a hit of Dijon so I could pass it off as my own. Now of course, there's nothing but Hellmann's Light and Kraft Free in my fridge. Which is why I'm in heaven here.

Love that sticky club salad, salty though it is, with chicken, Black Forest ham, cabbage shreds, bits of egg, and carrot strings. Love the Gotham salad, more chicken and ham but this time with Gruyère, tomato, beets, bacon, hard-boiled egg and iceberg lettuce in Thousand Island dressing. Oh, memories of my Detroit childhood. Iceberg and Thousand Island. Love the Roquefort chicken salad with cabbage, apples, and walnuts, too. And even the smartly contemporary shrimp-black-bean-and-avocado salad in a chili-lime barbecue sauce.

The smoked-turkey-ham-and-Gruyère sandwich with more Thousand Island on thin slices of rye looks like something Mrs. Cleaver might have stashed in Beaver's lunch box. Chicken breast, bacon, and avocado identically dabbed, similarly thinnish on pumpernickel, has a nice retro feel, too. And the coleslaw smacks of Hellmann's. Of course, there's a burger for the occasional guy and the gutsier babes—served with caramelized onions and garlic-roasted potatoes. Also pasta, chicken potpie, and vegetable chili. "Isn't the chili wonderful?" the waiter gushes. "I was afraid to try it because I'm a meat person and it's vegetarian." I close my eyes, trying to discourage further confession.

"You don't like this chili?" says Vicki, noticing my vague annoyance. "It's not very chili, but I love it."

I want the waiter to go to the kitchen and cut out his tongue. It's not just him. It's all waiters with résumés and preferences they can't keep a secret. A few nights later, it is an overexuberant waitress who wears me down. As one

Photographs: clockwise from left, Kenneth Chen; Fernando Bengoechea (2).

of my guests observes: "Forced merriment is so exhausting." Actually, dinner can be pleasant, too, if this is your crowd (or you don't mind trespassing into what feels like the meeting of a co-op board that probably wouldn't have you in the building).

There's room in our town for this tame, straightforward old-fashioned cooking: fillet of lemon sole meunière with tomato Provençal, barbecued chicken breast, creamed spinach, and shrimp and rice with curried fruit sauce (alas, minus the chutney). Salad of lobster, crab, avocado, and frisée in brandy-chive dressing or sensational sweet-pea soup will propel you into the Twilight Zone at dinner. Or begin with warm potato tart hidden under baby lettuces and flavored with prosciutto and Roquefort. Farfallini (itsy-bitsy bow ties) escape being mistaken for baby food thanks to a zesty spinach pesto and bits of prosciutto again. Those are nice little crab cakes, and you can smell the butter in the flaky crust of a rather sedate potpie. Deprived of its skin, the chicken breast becomes dry and tough, but we can't stop eating those potato skins. Tuna is tough, too, and not rare as requested. Both the pork and the rib steak are overcooked (just like Mom's), but the creamed spinach is as good as Stouffer's—a compliment, believe me.

The waiter dispenses whipped cream from a crock, but that's all that's special about the undistinguished tarte Tatin. The blueberry crumble can be overthickened; the lemon-meringue tart, slightly soggy. But a thick cut of time-honored chocolate cake makes you want to order a glass of milk, and the brownies are properly fudgy.

"The woman to your right told me this is some rich man's vanity restaurant," Vicki tells me.

There's some truth in that. Even before he sold his successful Pasta & Cheese business to Contadina, Henry Lambert's pedigree and investment portfolio meant he didn't need to risk the bruises of the bumpy restaurant business. But it must have been a blow when he was jilted by Bergdorf Goodman and lost his feeding franchise there. A longtime fan of the Old Denmark, he simply moved his Hellmann's to its old townhouse. At dinner, they nod and wave and toss kisses to one another across the room, proper young whippersnappers and musty moguls too.

It's worth dusting off the headband and digging out that proper blazer. After all, it's exhausting to spend every night gasping at exquisite still lifes and toppling architectural cuisine, dizzy from hot-pepper bombardment and endlessly wandering the Pacific Rim. Wednesday's beef stew with spaetzle, Thursday's turkey with chestnut stuffing, Friday's baked halibut at Lex will calm frazzled senses and prove you can go home again (even if it's not your era or your ambit).

Lex, 133 East 65th Street (744-2533). Lunch, noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. A.E., M.C., V. ■

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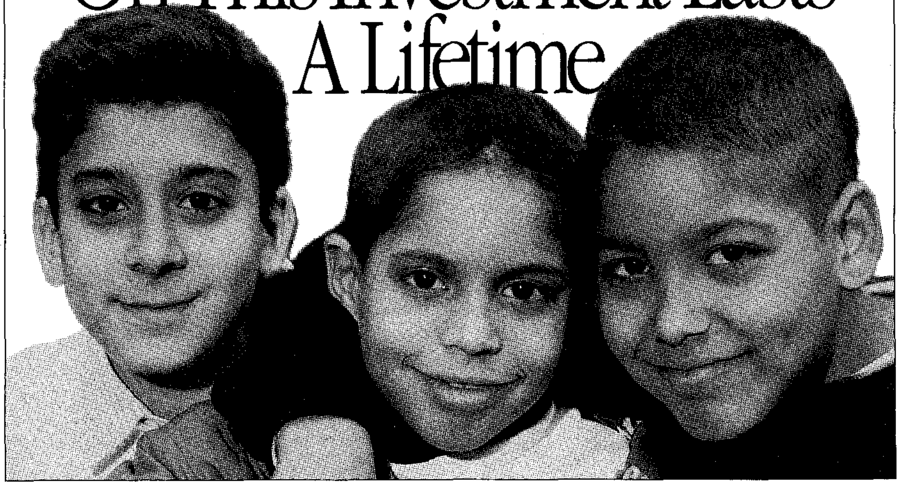


LEONORE FLEISCHER APRIL 10, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

Designing women: from Vera Wang's wedding gowns to Renee DuMarr's spring suits to Bess Schulyer's ceramic cats.

Bridal Wave

THIS ONE-DAY SALE FEATURES A LARGE selection of one-of-a-kind try-on samples of wedding gowns by famous designers. Most of the gowns are in sizes 6 or 8, but some are size 10. There are also some overruns of gowns in sizes 4–14—now 50–75 percent off retail—as well as samples (in sizes 4, 6, and 8) of eveningwear. For example: SaraSusa white silk-taffeta size 8 off-the-shoulder wedding gown with full skirt and beaded bodice, trimmed with hand-rolled silk roses around the collar, was $3,600, now $1,250. Vera Wang white satin gown, size 8, with sweetheart neckline; full skirt; illusion yoke, sleeves, and back; and beaded trim at neckline, was $3,900, now $950. Vera Wang size 8 white silk-crêpe bridal sheath with satin trumpet cuffs and illusion yoke, sleeves, and back, was $1,900, now $800. Vera Wang eveningwear includes size 8 long black satin sheath with train, sheer illusion sleeves and back, and beaded trim, was $3,375, now $1,050; long black silk-crêpe sheath, size 8, with sheer illusion midriff, sleeves, and back, was $1,175, now $750. Everything is sold as is; no alterations; A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Vera Wang Sale, Skytop Ballroom, eighteenth floor, Ramada Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., across from Madison Square Garden (628-3400); Sat., 4/8, 9 a.m.–5 p.m. for bridalwear; noon–5 p.m. for eveningwear.*

Subacchinal

THIS MANUFACTURER MAKES CUSTOM FURNITURE for the design trade only, but now has about 70 one-of-a-kind floor samples in its factory basement to sell to the public. For example: a gray *faux*-marble lacquered cocktail table, manufacturer's suggested list $2,800, here $750; writing/library table with burl veneer top and lacquered black legs, mfr's. sugg. list $3,500, here $1,200; gray-stained mahogany Chinese-look dining table with two leaves, mfr's. sugg. list $9,200, here $2,000; high-gloss-lacquered black-and-gray-banded contemporary armoire with five drawers, mfr's. sugg. list $7,500, here $2,000; *faux*-marble card table, mfr's. sugg. list $2,000, here $800; large, high-gloss mahogany server, mfr's. sugg. list $8,200, here $2,250. Checks accepted as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; no credit cards; all sales final; delivery at additional cost; everything sold as is, but touch-ups, refinishing, and polishing are available at additional cost. *Subacchi Furniture, Inc., 46–24 28th St., Long Island City (718-361-0551); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Heeling Power

THE NINA AND DELMAN SHOWROOM IS HAVING a sale on women's dressy and casual shoes in sizes 6–10M. The Delman shoes, selected styles in 4–12M and 7–11N, include suede gum-bottomed loafers, retail $145, here $75; two-tone high-heel ankle-strapped shoes with contrasting or matching toe cap, retail $145, here $75; mules in plain or metallic leather with coordinating quilted-leather toe caps, retail $142, here $75; unlined nubuck flats, retail $110, here $60; high-heeled slides in patent or metallic leather, retail $145, here $75. The Nina selection includes the Blondie slide in patent brights, retail $55, here $39.99. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Nina/Delman Showroom Sale, the Crown Building, 730 Fifth Ave., near 57th St., eighth floor (399-2323); Tues. and Wed. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. noon–6 p.m.; 4/4–7.*

Catty Corner

FOR ONE DAY ONLY, THIS GALLERY-SHOWN artist will sell her whimsical ceramic works out of her studio. The pieces that are in perfect condition are about 50 percent off retail; those with slight imperfections are much less. For example: a new series of cats on chairs, settees, or chests of drawers, retail $50–$75, here $25–$50; relief plaques depicting farmers' markets, pastry shops, or façades of cast-iron buildings, retail $100–$200, here $50–$100; and a wide variety of ceramic animal sculptures, retail $50–$150, here $15–$50. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Bess Schuyler, 246 W. 16th St. (255-4611); Sun., 4/9, 10 a.m.–5 p.m.*

Haute Springs Eternal

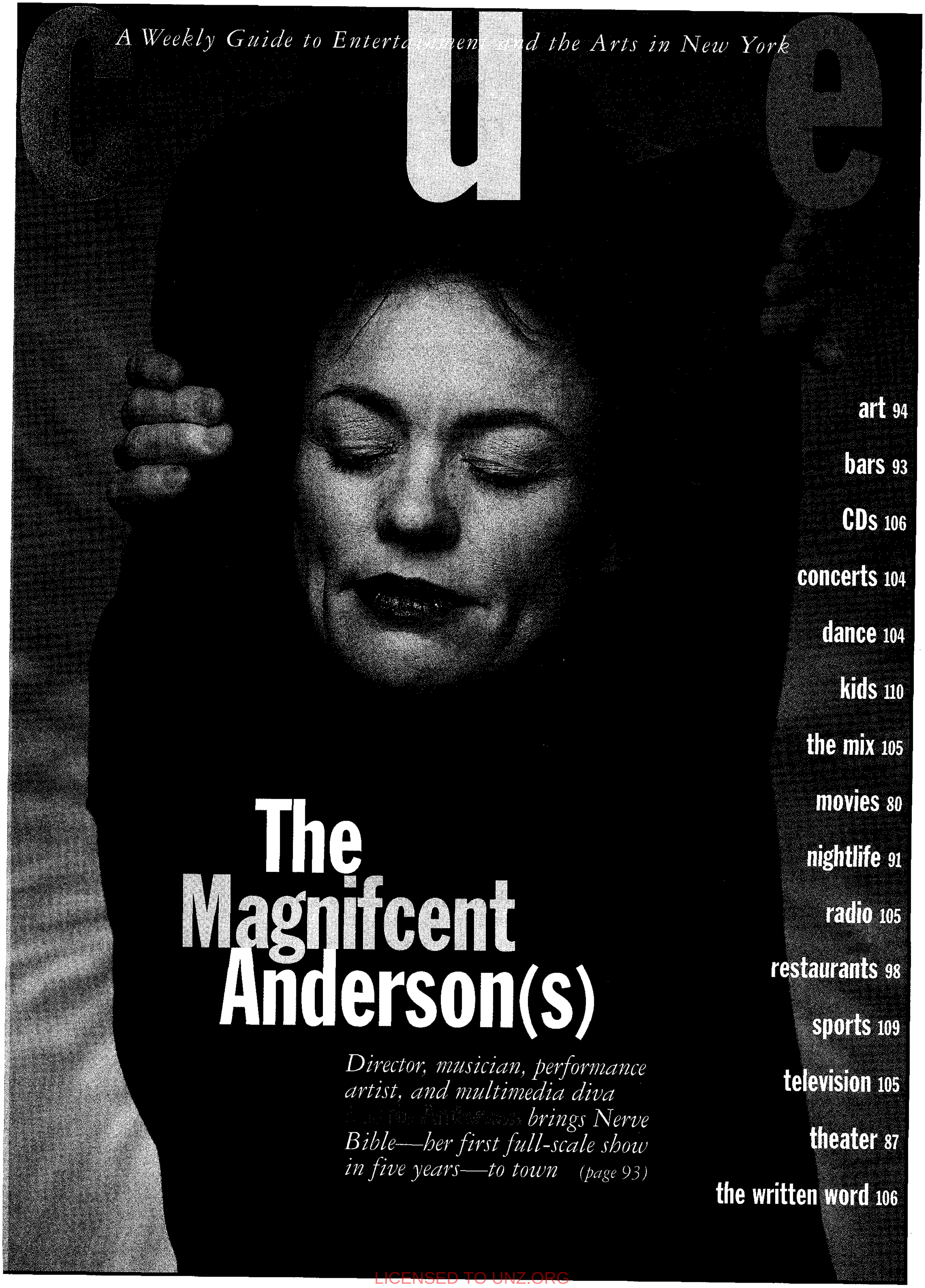
THIS DESIGNER IS HAVING A SHOWROOM SALE of women's spring wool suits in a variety of styles (sizes 4–14) with slim matching skirts, retail $225, here $110; suits featured in a national designer catalogue come in silk bouclé or tweed with pleated rayon skirts, retail $395, here $185; triacetate jackets with short-sleeved dresses, retail $385, here $150; triacetate overcoats with dresses and chain belts, retail $395, here $165; A-line dresses, retail $125, here $55. A.E. accepted; men admitted by appointment only; all sales final. *Renee DuMarr, 530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., seventh floor (768-3734); Thurs. and Fri. 5–8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–3 p.m.; 4/6–8.*

Pine de Siècle

THIS TINY SHOP IS CRAMMED WITH REPRODUCTIONS of Shaker and country-style furniture. Much of the selection is now on sale, including tilt-top dining tables that convert to benches, 6 ft. long, was $1,250, now $595; 5 ft., was $1,000, now $495; one-piece country hutches, 40 in. wide, 18 in. deep, 72 in. high, were $1,500, now $495; Shaker-style lift-top coffee tables with inside storage, were $750, now $295; pine bookcases made of barn wood, 84 in. high, 24 in. wide, 12 in. deep, were $495, now $295, two for $495; deacon benches with lift-up seat for storage, were $495, now $250. A.E., checks accepted, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost. *Pine Tree Lodge, 234 Mulberry St., near Spring St. (941-6370); noon–7 p.m. seven days a week; while stock lasts.*

Scents of a Woman

THIS LITTLE SHOWROOM HAS FEW-OF-A-KIND women's wear in sizes 2–14, as well as fragrances and costume jewelry. For example: Julie and Leonard rayon-crêpe long dress with slit front and crystal shoulder buckles, retail $400, here $99; Wayne Clark poly-chiffon cocktail dress, retail $690, here $149. Fragrances by L'Artisan include about a dozen scents in numerous sizes, retail $20 for 15-ml. bottle of toilet water, here $10; $80 for 100-ml. bottle, here $40. Handmade Austrian-crystal costume jewelry, 22-karat gold-plated, is at least 50 percent off retail: Austrian-crystal spiral-twist bracelet, retail $230, here $110. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *Blair Delmonico, 990 Sixth Ave., at 37th St. (695-0479); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. noon–5 p.m.; through 4/14.*



A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Cue

The Magnificent Anderson(s)

Director, musician, performance artist, and multimedia diva Laurie Anderson brings Nerve Bible—her first full-scale show in five years—to town (*page 93*)

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movies

Bulletproof Heart...Naughty Nun

New Films

Amateur—Having a well-known star like Isabelle Huppert appear in his latest film is hardly a shocking case of sellout for director Hal Hartley. Still, it's telling that it should occur in his weakest movie in years. Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas (Martin Donovan). He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But the irony isn't thick enough, with too much time spent on surprisingly straightforward plot developments. One keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Retrospective
A Passage to India

India produces more films than any other country, and its greatest director is the late Satyajit Ray, who stunned the world with *Pather Panchali* (pictured) and other looks at daily Bengali life. Nine of his best movies will be shown during an exceptionally ambitious revival at Lincoln Plaza (two weeks per film through August 11). See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Bar Girls—Like last year's indie hit *Go Fish*, this is a comic drama focusing on women who are falling in and out of love with other women. Men put in token appearances and angst—thankfully—doesn't even merit a cameo. While *Go Fish* had a strong script but a generally weak if game cast, *Bar Girls* has a more pedestrian girl-meets-girl story delivered by a stronger cast (and stronger tech credits) all around. Written by Lauran Hoffman. Directed by Marita Giovanni (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

★**Before the Rain**—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. The first story is set in a monastery high in the mountains of Macedonia, where a slender, handsome young monk (Grégoire Colin) with wide-open eyes and a trusting face—a boy happy in his piety—walks into his room and discovers a frightened girl. The next morning, Christian militia from a nearby village turn up, looking for the girl: She is both a Muslim and an Albanian, and they insist she killed a member of their family. In the London section, Anne (Katrin Cartlidge, from Mike Leigh's *Naked*), another hurt, wary woman, works in a news-photo agency; her lover is the agency's star combat photographer (Rade Serbedzija, a bearded, shaggy, full-bodied man who looks like he's been around). He quits his job and tries to take Anne home to Macedonia with him. In the third section he returns home—and home, of course, is the same mountain village that the Albanian girl and the militia are from. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph.In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Village Theater VII; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Blue Sky—The last movie directed by Tony Richardson is like Tennessee Williams without the poetry, imagination, or sense. In the early sixties, an American military wife, Carly (Jessica Lange)—too much woman, too big for her restricted role—is going crazy with boredom. She's good-hearted and would never intentionally hurt anyone, but she's also promiscuous and slightly crazy, and she keeps making scenes, humiliating her patient and loving army-major husband (Tommy Lee Jones) over and over. The actors are both strong, and Richardson brings some heat to the material, but the script is too lame to sustain serious interest. With Chris O'Donnell. (Denby; 9/26/94) (1 hr. 41 min.; PG-13) *Sony Village Theater VII; Tower East.*

Born to Be Wild—A boy and his gorilla. 'Nuff said. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd St. W. Triplex; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

The Brady Bunch Movie—Here's the story of a lovely . . . oh, you know the story. And if you went, don't complain when they make the sequel. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4; Manhattan Twin.*

Bulletproof Heart—See essay. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Waverly; Murray Hill Cinema; 86th St.; 86th St. East; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

Bye Bye, Love—On a busy weekend, three ordinary guys (Matthew Modine, Randy Quaid, Paul Reiser)—all divorced fathers who don't understand their own feelings or anyone else's—take custody of their kids, and all their problems with children, wives, and other women come to a head. Cutting back and forth among the three, director Sam Weisman gets some decent comic momentum going near the end—for a scene or two, the movie lifts itself out of sitcom ordinariness. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Murray Hill Cinemas; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 62nd and Broadway.*

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. Based on the novel by Maeve Binchy. Directed by Pat O'Connor. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; Baronet; 84th St. Six.*

Dolores Claiborne—Kathy Bates plays a widow who lives on an island off the Maine coast—Dolores, the island bitch, the one kids throw stones at. Dolores is

"Cue" cover photograph by Edward Gajel.

MARLON BRANDO JOHNNY DEPP FAYE DUNAWAY

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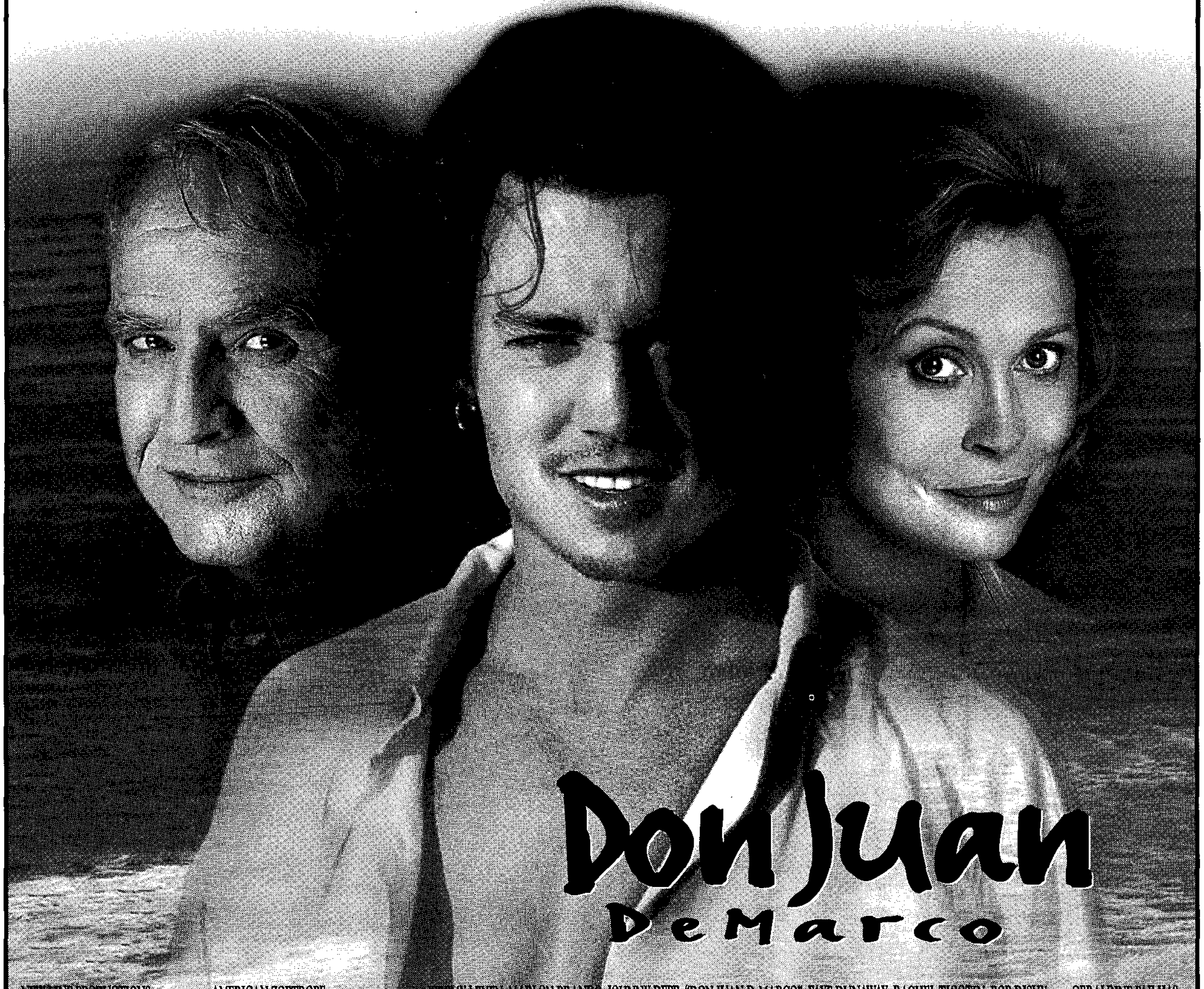
– Jan Wahl, NBC-TV, SAN FRANCISCO



NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS AN AMERICAN ZOETROPE PRODUCTION A FILM BY JEREMY LEVEN MARLON BRANDO JOHNNY DEPP "DON JUAN DeMARCO" FAYE DUNAWAY RACHEL TICOTIN BOB DISHY AND GERALDINE PAILHAS CASTING BY LYNN KRESSEL MUSIC BY MICHAEL KAMEN COSTUME DESIGNER KIRSTEN EVERBERG FILM EDITOR TONY GIBBS, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER SHARON SEYMOUR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RALF BODE, A.S.C. CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ROBERT NEWMYER, BRIAN REILLY AND JEFFREY SILVER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RUTH VITALE AND MICHAEL DE LUCA PRODUCED BY FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, FRED FUCHS, PATRICK PALMER WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JEREMY LEVEN

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NEW LINE CINEMA

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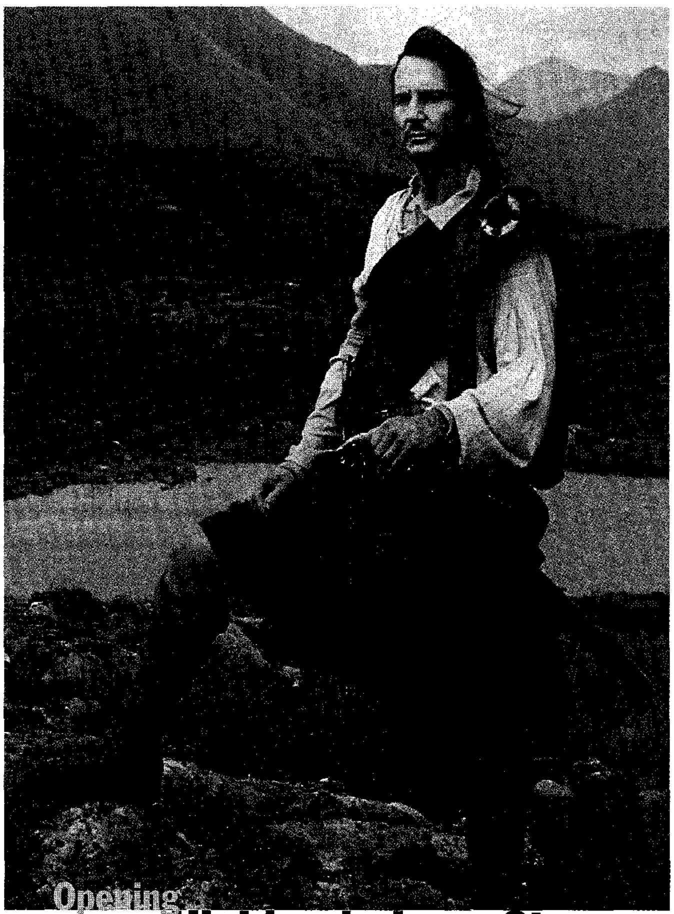
* DOLBY STEREO

believed to have murdered her vicious, alcoholic husband years earlier, and now she's in trouble again, suspected this time of doing away with the wealthy old termagant (Judy Parfitt) she took care of for years. In the midst of all these swirling suspicions, Bates has a fascinating neutrality. She suggests the reserve and patience of Americans from small towns or trailer parks, conventional in all outward appearance but powerfully individual inside. She might have had a triumph if the director, Taylor Hackford, had not cut up her performance into so many pieces; Hackford revels in the cheap movieishness of author Stephen King's dreadful material. As Dolores's daughter, a hardbitten New York journalist, Jennifer Jason Leigh is lethally bad, all tics and slit-eyed misery. With Christopher Plummer. (Denby; 4/3/95) (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando (out of semi-retirement yet again) is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. With Faye Dunaway as Brando's wife. Written and directed by Jeremy Leven. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Village Theater VII; 19th St. East; Murray Hill Cinema; Orpheum; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan, who is of Armenian descent but was raised in Canada and continues to work there, sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Murray Hill Cinemas; 68th St. Playhouse; 84th St. Six.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli (Stéfano Dionisi) in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi (Enrico Lo Verso), a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. The two travel around Europe, and Carlo performs music Riccardo writes for him—soulless virtuoso junk, with much ornamentation and floridly empty "runs." The collaboration goes further. After the performances, the women who go to bed with the great Farinelli discover that Riccardo, by prior arrangement, slips into his brother's place at a certain point and completes the act. Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée, *Farinelli* is emotionally violent but nevertheless irresolute and arbitrary. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*



Opening:

Highlands Love Story

Kilts a-flying, Liam Neeson's Scottish drama *Rob Roy* rushes into theaters, getting a jump on the upcoming spate of period-costumed contenders (Mel Gibson's three-hour *Braveheart* and Richard Gere and Sean Connery's *First Knight*) as well as capitalizing on co-star Jessica Lange's Best Actress Oscar. Opens April 7.

★**Forrest Gump**—The Oscar winner for everything in sight. Haven't you seen it already? (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Guild 50th St.; Gemini Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Funny Bones—First he makes a splash on Broadway, then he stars in a new comedy. Can sitcoms and a book deal be far behind for Jerry Lewis, the once and future king of comedy? Directed by Peter Chelsom (*Hear My Song*), it depicts the travails of a hapless comic (Oliver Platt) forever in the shadow of his famous dad (Lewis). After the son bombs in Vegas, he goes to Blackpool—the Catskills of England—in a desperate attempt to find out what's funny. (2 hrs. 8 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

A Goofy Movie—Not every Disney animated flick is a box-office steamroller, knocking down all family-film competition in its path. Presented without the usual full-court press of publicity, this is Goofy's first feature of his own. Can the 63-year-old comic (reportedly a major influence on Jerry Lewis) still appeal to the kids? Well, regardless of how he does in the theaters, *Goofy* is sure to score dependably when it comes out on home video. (1 hr. 16 min.; G) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Guild 50th St.; Sutton; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Gorilla Bathes at Noon—Yugoslavian-born director Dusan Makavejev premieres his latest feature just as a retrospective honoring him takes place at the American Museum of the Moving Image (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.") Employing the structurally inventive collage technique typical of his early work, Makavejev plunges into post-Cold War Berlin, where a Russian army officer decides to stay after his entire unit deserts. He wanders through the city, taking in the Berlin Zoo, the black market, an attractive German woman (though not her jealous Turkish boyfriend), and prison. In German and Russian. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Joseph Papp Public Theater.*

A Great Day in Harlem—This is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Editing. An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *23rd St. West Triplex.*

Jefferson in Paris—The latest exercise in stuffed shirts from Merchant Ivory, which from all appearances is a return to form—but, unfortunately, a return to the form of *The Bostonians* and *The Europeans,* not the form of *Howards End* or *A Room With a View.* In it, Thomas Jefferson (Nick Nolte!) spends time in Paris witnessing the birth of the glorious French Revolution, being wooed discreetly by the Anglo-Italian Maria Cosway, and bedding his young slave girl Sally Hemmings. That last bit isn't historically accurate, according to serious Jeffersonian scholars; neither does it add any dramatic excitement. The Coen brothers should have told them the perils of a large budget and big stars. Written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, naturally. Directed by James Ivory. (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Last Good Time—Director Bob Balaban, best known for his wickedly black-humored cult film *Parents* (rent it if you haven't seen it), returns with quite a change of pace. This is a gentle, quiet story about an elderly man (Armin Mueller-Stahl), who has retired from the violin and apparently romance (he doesn't take up the friendly advances of neighbor Muareen Stapleton). All seems static until a young woman (Olivia d'Abo) shows up on the old man's doorstep looking for help and stirring up desires he thought were gone forever. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *68th St. Playhouse.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton; 84th St. Six.*

Losing Isaiah—Jessica Lange gives all of herself, every breath and stray hair. Her Margaret Lewin, a Chicago social worker, adopts an abandoned black baby—a boy dumped into the garbage—and then refuses to give him up when his natural mother, repentant and shipshape, wants him back. Somewhat estranged from her husband and daughter, Margaret latches on to the baby as her salvation (as well as the baby's salvation); and Lange makes the woman stiff and will-driven and not always intelligent, with a streak of righteousness approaching fanaticism. Halle Berry, as the crack-addicted mom who goes straight, doesn't have as interesting a role to play, but she's skillful and moving, too. Screenwriter Naomi Foner and director Stephen Gyllenhaal don't soften anything; they examine the conflicting claims, and they discover that both women are right, both wrong. It's a decent, upright piece of work. You won't be entertained, exactly, but at least you won't be insulted.

Photograph by Tom Collins/United Artists Pictures.

With Samuel L. Jackson. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. Showplace; Embassy 1; Manhattan Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—the flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; First and 62nd St. Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Major Payne—Damon Wayans plays a hard-bitten soldier who has to turn a motley crew of Junior ROTC cadets into a respectable fighting unit. Directed by Nick Castle, fresh off *Dennis the Menace.* Based on the book *The Private War of Major Benson.* (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th St.; First & 62nd St. Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Regency.*

Martha and I—Marianne Saegebrecht is a formidable talent who rarely finds movies that can showcase her unique charm. While this World War II–era love story isn't particularly noteworthy, at least it gives her a dramatic role of substance. Saegebrecht is Martha, the German maid of a prominent Jewish doctor in Czechoslovakia. When the doctor's lovely wife dallies with another man, he divorces her and turns to the rather plain and submissive Martha as an easy substitute. Martha's poor family is properly delighted by her rich catch while his is shocked at having to socialize with the help. Their easy compatibility turns to love just as the encroaching Third Reich turns the doctor's role as protector into one of liability. With Michel Piccoli. Written and directed by Jiri Weiss. In German. (1 hr. 47 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Metal and Melancholy—A witty and insightful documentary that looks at the taxicab drivers of Lima, Peru, providing a sharp and telling look at its society as a whole. Since virtually everyone seems to have two or three jobs to make ends meet, most of the people profiled are also government officials, teachers, and so on. When one cab is stopped by a policeman who wants to check on the film crew's credentials, he turns out to be a cabdriver on his off-hours as well. ("Do you want to photograph me?" he asks hopefully.) The constant stream of street-side vendors, the revealing anecdotes (one man tells of his true love; one woman breaks down when speaking about her estranged father), the amusing ways in which people try to rig their autos so they can't be stolen, have a cumulative power. Though it makes brief, unsuccessful forays away from the cabs and into more direct social commentary, *Metal and Melancholy* generally sticks to the road mapped out for it with fine results. In Spanish. (1 hr. 20 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is a heavyset girl from the Australian resort town of Porpoise Spit, an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P. J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. Another lonely young woman (Rachel Griffiths), a spike-haired toughie with no fears, takes up with Muriel, becoming her one true friend. As in *Boys on the Side,* this bonding is followed by a tragic turn of events. Women can do without men, apparently, but they have to be punished in some way. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th St. East; Beekman; Lincoln Plaza.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife (Rena Owen) adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-

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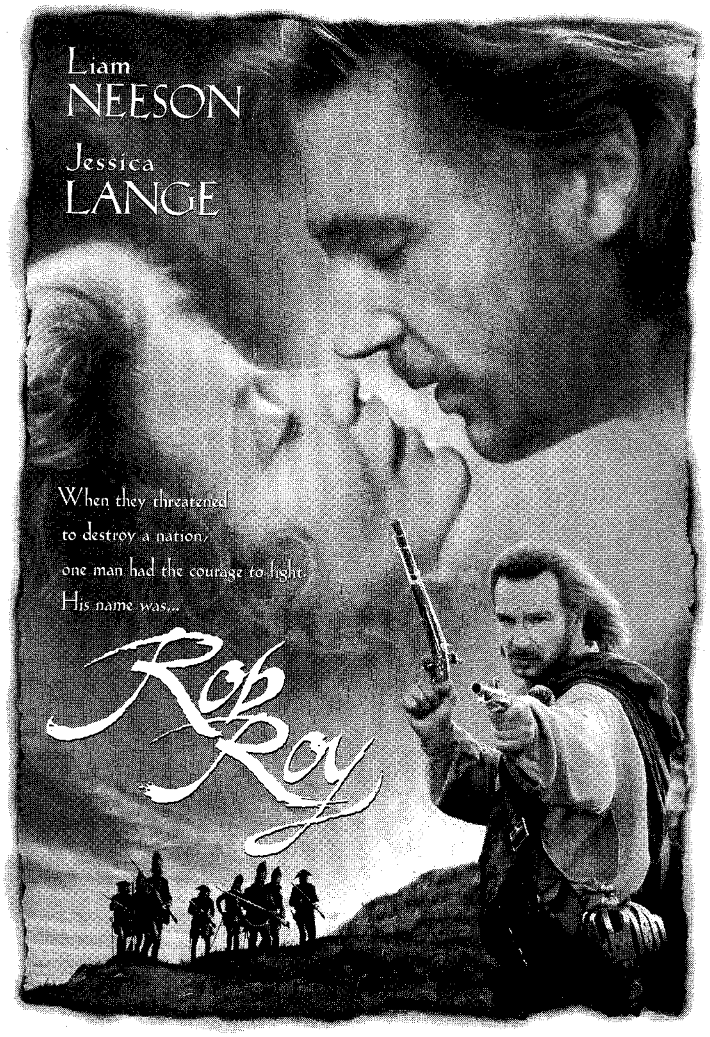
– Mike McKay, CBS-TV (Charlotte)



UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES PRESENTS A TALISMAN PRODUCTION A MICHAEL CATON-JONES FILM "ROB ROY" JOHN HURT TIM ROTH ERIC STOLTZ BRIAN COX MUSIC BY CARTER BURWELL CO-PRODUCER LARRY DeWAAY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL CATON-JONES SCREENPLAY BY ALAN SHARP PRODUCED BY PETER BROUGHAN AND RICHARD JACKSON DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CATON-JONES

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Previews

Isabelle Huppert plays a former nun who works as a pornography writer and describes herself as a nymphomaniac (though she is, in fact, a virgin) in 'Amateur,' the latest quirkfest from director Hal Hartley. Opens April 7.

drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. Jake is little more than an unreachable brawler, and he's unnecessarily diminished when his self-hatred as a Maori is used against him to explain why he beats up the woman he loves. Director Lee Tamahori seems split in his feelings about this, but split in an interesting way. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Outbreak—A tiny monkey that may be a host animal for a deadly virus is taken to the U.S. and innocently let loose in the Northern California redwoods. What follows is an initially convincing horror story. Somewhere in the middle, though, the movie falls off a cliff and becomes a lamely conventional melodrama, and all its terror fades. (Denby; 3/20/95) (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Priest—Young, handsome Father Greg (Linus Roache) is tortured by self-doubt and shame for several reasons. His superior makes no attempt to hide a very physical attachment to the housekeeper that serves them both. A young girl has used the confessional to tell him that her father is sexually abusing her, but won't give the priest permission to act on that knowledge. And Father Greg takes "loving thy neighbor" all too literally (and his vows all too lightly) by cruising the local gay bars. He can deal with his transgression through self-flagellation and shame . . . until he finds himself falling in love. More earnest than effective, the movie hinges on the moral dilemma of the abused girl that seems none too compelling (clearly she was crying out for help). But Roache is a talent to watch. Directed by Antonia Bird. (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—It's win for Best Original Screenplay was certainly predictable (no Orson Welles-like treatment for a $100 million blockbuster) but it was also the most deserved of the evening. (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker—The opening-night feature for New Directors/New Films at MOMA. In this Hong Kong feature set in the early 1900s, the female heir to a fireworks factory must supress her feminine side, wear men's clothing, and learn the role of master to keep the family fortunes intact. She does so until a wandering artist senses her burning desire and woos the "Master" ardently and all too successfully for the comfort of those she is supposed to order around. Directed by He Ping. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 51 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Rob Roy—Liam Neeson hopes to prove his bankability with this sweeping saga about the legendary Robert Roy MacGregor, an eighteenth-century Scottish man who fought back against tyrannical leaders when his need to borrow money to help the MacGregor clan survuve a harsh Highland winter turned him into a pawn of lesser men. With Jessica Lange, John Hurt, Tim Roth, and Eric Stoltz. Directed by Michael Caton-Jones (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magical realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Shallow Grave—The movie's Edinburgh yuppies—a doctor (Kerry Fox), an accountant (Christopher Eccleston), and a tabloid journalist (Ewan McGregor)—behave in a way so utterly hostile that no one would possibly have anything to do with them. Infantile and sarcastic, like sophomores having a sugar fit, they dump on everyone. The three share a comfortable flat, and they advertise for an additional roommate, insulting every applicant who dares come to see them. When they finally accept someone—a rather diffident fellow—he promptly dies, leaving a suitcase filled with cash in his room. Soon they are betraying one another. From the beginning, the filmmakers go in for arch dialogue and off-center readings. But a swinish manner is not the same as style. Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

The Shawshank Redemption—A return engagement for this slow-moving drama in the wake of its multiple Oscar nominations. (2 hrs. 22 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Olympia Cinema.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. In Cuban. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

Tank Girl—In the future according to *Waterworld,* land is a precious commodity that people will kill for. In *Tank Girl's* crystal ball, the future looks positively parched, with water subbing as the Holy Grail. Perhaps if Tank Girl Lori Petty and the gilled Kevin Costner mated, their children (and us) would be able to enjoy a world with a saner ecological balance. As for this movie, the biggest buzz so far is for the soundtrack, which was overseen by Courtney Love. But then again, nobody was talking up *Stargate* either. Directed by Rachel Talalay. With Malcolm McDowell and Ice-T. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Tommy Boy—Chris Farley must save the family business from the machinations of Rob Lowe and Bo Derek, with the excitment presumably centering on whether he can outsmart them. It could be close. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

Too Outrageous Animation—A collection of 27 shorts that revel in the bawdy and scatological. Masturbation, drunkenness, animal torture, and rock and roll are just some of the naughty bits covered here. Titles like *This is Your Brain on Animation; Liver, Lust, or Louie;* and *Tampon* make clear what animation buffs can expect. If you thought the elephants wearing tutus in *Fantasia* were a bit risqué, stay away. (1 hr. 28 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Strawberry and Chocolate; Exotica; Priest.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Tommy Boy; Major Payne.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) Through 4/6: "First-Run Film Festival (see "Museums, Societies, Etc."). Opening 4/7: *Bulletproof Heart.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Through 4/4: *Ballet.* Opening 4/5: *Metal and Melancholy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) *Gorilla Bathes at Noon.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Forrest Gump; The Shawshank Redemption; Candyman; Tank Girl.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Red; A Great Day in Harlem; Too Outrageous Animation; Martha and I.* Opening 4/7: *Bar Girls; Too Outrageous Animation.*

illage East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Just Cause; Muriel's Wedding; Heavenly Creatures; Born to be Wild; Funny Bones; Tall Tale; Farinelli*. Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

illage Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Last Seduction; Before the Rain; Shallow Grave; Blue Sky; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak; Losing Isaiah*. Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Bullets Over Broadway; Circle of Friends; Tommy Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Forrest Gump; The Shawshank Redemption; Pulp Fiction; Dolores Claiborne; Tall Tale; Losing Isaiah; Priest; Major Payne.* Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pulp Fiction; Exotica; Bye Bye, Love; Muriel's Wedding; Bullets Over Broadway.* Opening 4/7: *Don Juan DeMarco.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Circle of Friends; Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding; Funny Bones; Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.* Opening 4/7: *on Juan DeMarco.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Hoop Dreams; Bye Bye, Love; Born to be Wild*. Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Dolores Claiborne.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Outbreak; Losing Isaiah; Tommy Boy.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) Through 4/4: *Heavenly Creatures.* Opening 4/5: "Avignon Film Festival (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Tommy Boy.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Red; The Sum of Us.* Opening 4/7: *Bar Girls.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Tom and Viv; Priest; Funny Bones.* Opening 4/7: *Don Juan DeMarco.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Little Women.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Dolores Claiborne; Just Cause; Born to be Wild; The Walking Dead; Hideaway; Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love; Tank Girl.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Bye Bye, Love.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Losing Isaiah.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Man of the House; The Brady Bunch Movie; Tall Tale.* Opening 4/7: *Forrest Gump.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Legends of the Fall.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Forrest Gump.* Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Losing Isaiah; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Major Payne; Candyman; Outbreak; Hideaway; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) The *Quick and the Dead; Major Payne.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Tall Tale; Roommates.* Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Interview With the Vampire; Disclosure; Star Trek—Generations; Billy Madison; Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle; Dumb and Dumber.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *The Shawshank Redemption*. Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Muriel's Wedding.* Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Bullets Over Broadway; Major Payne.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Bullets Over Broadway; Tall Tale.* Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; The Madness of King George; Bullets Over Broadway; Major Payne; Tank Girl.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Born to be Wild; Forrest Gump.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *The Shawshank Redemption; Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love; Born to be Wild; Dolores Claiborne; Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.* Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco.*

Talent
***Bulletproof* Charm**

Anthony LaPaglia plays a nihilistic hitman in *Bulletproof Heart* (opening April 7), another role seemingly tailor-made for the actor who first came to attention as an Italian hood in *Betsy's Wedding.* Except LaPaglia isn't from Brooklyn, as most people assume; he was born and raised in Australia. "Meryl Streep does an accent—everybody falls down," he jokes. "I play Brooklyn, and there's no credit for that at all." But someone's paying attention: LaPaglia has three more movies coming out this year (*Empire, Nowhere Man,* and *Lucky Break,* a small Australian film in which he plays, yes, an American). He's also in rehearsals for a Broadway revival of Tennessee Williams's *The Rose Tattoo* with Mercedes Ruehl, at Circle in the Square starting April 21. *Bulletproof,* a tough, smart film noir, follows his character during the course of one evening, an evening during which he falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill (Mimi Rogers), only to realize that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. (*Faithful,* starring Cher and Chazz Palminteri and due out this summer, has a similar plot but a far lighter tone.)

In a career filled with small gems (*29th Street*) and studio misfires (*Mixed Nuts; One Good Cop*), LaPaglia seems to have stumbled onto a winning streak. Still, LaPaglia sees room for improvement. "Doing theater, you have to work about ten times harder than when you're doing a film," he says. "I find myself in the middle of rehearsals thinking, 'God, I have to call my agent and tell her to get me a movie, because I need a vacation.' "

MICHAEL GILTZ

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Exotica*. Opening 4/7: *The Last Good Time.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Blue Sky.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Losing Isaiah; Forrest Gump.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Exotica; Circle of Friends; The Last Seduction; Pulp Fiction; Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.* Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Strawberry and Chocolate; Window to Paris; Before the Rain; Mina Tannenbaum; Muriel's Wedding.* Opening 4/7: *Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Dolores Claiborne; The Secret of Roan Inish; Just Cause; The Wild Bunch; Outbreak; Farinelli; Losing Isaiah; Priest; Born to be Wild; Forrest Gump; Once Were Warriors; Funny Bones.* Opening 4/7: *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Bullets Over Broadway; Outbreak.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Born to be Wild; Tank Girl.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Major Payne; Tank Girl.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Shawshank Redemption; Tall Tale; Candyman.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Major Payne.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Bye Bye, Love.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sankofa.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Pulp Fiction; Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Man of the House; Just Cause; The Walking Dead; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne; Tank Girl; Tommy Boy; Born to be Wild.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Man of the House; Born to be Wild; Tommy Boy; Tank Girl.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Outbreak; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild; Major Payne.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Muriel's Wedding; Bye Bye, Love; .*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Outbreak; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; Man of the House; Hideaway; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne; Tank Girl; Tommy Boy; Born to be Wild.*

Brooklyn

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Muriel's Wedding; Losing Isaiah; Pulp Fiction; Bullets Over Broadway; Forrest Gump; Man of the House; Born to be Wild; Tank Girl; Tall Tale.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Pulp Fiction; Quiz Show; Bullets Over Broadway; The Madness of King George; Roommates.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Tommy Boy; Major Payne; Tall Tale.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; The Secret of Roan Inish; Born to be Wild; Major Payne; Funny Bones.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Tank Girl; Major Payne.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St.

(238-4200) *Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Candyman; Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Candyman; Major Payne; Losing Isaiah; Tank Girl.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Tank Girl; Major Payne; Tall Tale.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Pulp Fiction; Candyman; Outbreak; Tommy Boy; Tank Girl.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Man of the House; Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; Born to be Wild.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Outbreak; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild; Bye Bye, Love.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Candyman; Major Payne; Losing Isaiah; Tank Girl.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild; Tommy Boy; Dolores Claiborne.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *Tall Tale; Tommy Boy; Muriel's Wedding.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Outbreak; Losing Isaiah; Hoop Dreams.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Candyman; Outbreak; Man of the House.*

Preview

Lover? Fool? Both?

Johnny Depp goes from playing a sexually suspicious weirdo (in 'Ed Wood') to a heterosexually ambitious weirdo in 'Don Juan DeMarco,' opening April 7. Depp is a distraught young man claiming to be the world's greatest lover.

Queens

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Tommy Boy; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild; Major Payne; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Muriel's Wedding; Man of the House; Born to be Wild.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Candyman; Outbreak.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Circle of Friends; Major Payne; Tank Girl; Funny Bones; Candyman; The Shawshank Redemption.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Tall Tale; The Madness of King George.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Outbreak; Circle of Friends; Exotica.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Major Payne; Tommy Boy; Candyman.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Hideaway; Tall Tale; Man of the House; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Candyman; Tall Tale; Losing Isaiah; Tommy Boy.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Muriel's Wedding; Dolores Claiborne.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Tommy Boy.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Outbreak; Tank Girl; Major Payne.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Tommy Boy; Major Payne; Born to be Wild; Outbreak.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Bye Bye, Love; Forrest Gump; Born to be Wild; Major Payne.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Exotica; Dolores Claiborne; The Madness of King George; Tommy Boy.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Tank Girl.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Secret of Roan Inish; Exotica.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Tank Girl; Born to be Wild.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love; Born to be Wild.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Outbreak; Major Payne.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Tank Girl.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Just Cause; Roommates.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Forrest Gump; Outbreak; Tall Tale; Major Payne; Tommy Boy; Tank Girl; Born to be Wild.* Opening 4/7: *A Goofy Movie.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Tall Tale; Muriel's Wedding; Born to be Wild; Tommy Boy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Circle of Friends; Tank Girl; Candyman.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 4/9: "Mysteries of the Organism: The Films of Dusan Makavejev." 4/8: *Sweet Movie* (1974) and *Innocence Unprotected* (1968). 4/9: *Montenegro* (1981) and *The Coca-Cola Kid* (1985). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Avignon/New York Film Festival—4/5–4/11: Features more than 30 films and 20 shorts from France and the U.S., including tributes to Samule Fuller, Roger Corman, Alain Corneau, and Jean-Pierre Melville. Incldues sixteen New York premieres, highlighted by *Marie-Louise ou la permission,* by Manuel Flèche, the documentary *Picasso Would Have Made a Glorious Waiter,* and *Reflections on a Crime,* with a typically terrific performance by Mimi Rogers. An extensive screening schedule, seminars, and other events scheduled. *Angelika 57 Cinema, 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); $8 for individual films; inclusive passes available.*

Film Forum—Through 4/20: *I Am Cuba* (1964), *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965), and *Mamma Roma* (1962). Through 4/21: "A Production of the Archers," a tribute to Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. Highlights include *I Know Where I'm Going* (1945) and *A Canterbury Tale* (1944) on 4/5 and 4/6. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—4/7–5/4: "A Promise, A Dream . . . Films of the Glasnost Era." A provocative, wide-ranging look at films during the era of openness, including daring works made at the time (*Taxi Blues*), bold documentaries (*Is it Easy to be Young?*), genre films, and even previously banned movies that were seen for the first time during Gorbachev's reign or presidency or whatever one chooses to term it. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

First-Run Film Festival—Through 4/8: NYU's annual showcase of student shorts (more than 88 in all) is at Cinema Village through 4/6 and Town Hall on 4/7 and 4/8. Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363), and Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." Ashakara. 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 4/11: *Last Tango in Paris* (1973). Bernardo Bertolucci's masterpiece, still shockingly frank, returns in a new, pristine print. See also "Movies." 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Satyajit Ray Retrospective—4/7–8/11: One of the great directors, Satyajit Ray has never fallen out of critical favor . . . but he simply hasn't been seen much. Sporadically available on video, his films have existed for years only in poor-quality prints that are rarely seen. Now, Merchant Ivory Productions and Sony Classics have teamed together to restore nine of his most significant works—including, of course, the Apu Trilogy that brought him to the world's attention—and are giving each a two-week theatrical run. All in Bengali. 4/7–4/20: *Pather Panchali* (1955), the first of the Apu films and certainly the point where the uninitiated should begin. Lincoln Plaza, 30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway between 62nd and 63rd St. (757-2280); $8.

reene...David Rabe...Samurai Love

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. This production, directed by Charles Repole, originated last summer at the Goodspeed Opera House; Tony Randall's National Actors' Theatre is its New York sponsor. Opens 4/10. $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at 100 years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Opens 4/6. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's *Les Parents Terribles,* a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translaton by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. In previews for a 4/25 opening. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opens 3/30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

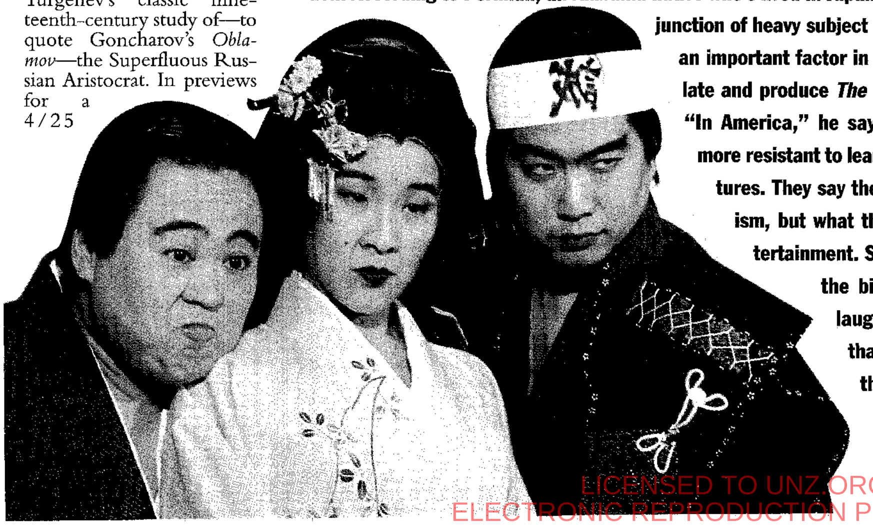
Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. "For the first few minutes, Lewis cuts a rea-

Onstage

Blazing Samurai

It's generally accepted that samurai movies are the Japanese film industry's equivalent of Hollywood Westerns. In that case, the staircase scene in *Shinsengumi,* an often-dramatized true story about 1860s-style heroism, corresponds to every time you've seen Wyatt Earp shoot it out at the O.K. Corral. And Tsuka Kohei's *The Fall Guy,* to continue the comparison, suggests the take on the whole thing offered by *Blazing Saddles.* Beginning performances Saturday at Playhouse 91, Gary Perlman's English-language adaptation of Tsuka's 1980 black comedy *Kamata Koshinkyoku,* one of the most popular plays in recent Japanese theatrical history, tells the story of two actors. The producer of a new *Shinsengumi* movie starring Ginshiro (Andrew Pang, right), a leading man whose big scene depends on finding someone to take a fall down several dozen concrete (but traditional) steps at the climactic moment, assigns the job to Yasu (Keone Young), Ginshiro's hapless stuntman. The latter finds himself caught between traditional notions of the deference owed to superiors and a not-unreasonable reluctance to part with chunks of his skull. Although it's all played in robust low-comedy style, the conflict keys—again as in Westerns—off serious themes considered inherent in the national character: The problems of someone encouraged to take irrational hard knocks for the good of The Group is a subject much on the minds of today's younger Japanese generation. According to Perlman, an Alabama native who's lived in Japan since 1980, the conjunction of heavy subject and light manner was an important factor in his decision to translate and produce *The Fall Guy* in New York. "In America," he says, "people are a lot more resistant to learning about other cultures. They say they want multiculturalism, but what they really want is entertainment. So I thought this filled the bill on both counts: a laugh-out-loud comedy that also gets you asking the right questions."

Randall Short



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

sonably saturnine figure with a glum petulance about him that doesn't displease. But he's a comic whose trademark shtick consists of reverting, sometimes predictably, sometimes arbitrarily, to spoiled, jeering, sarcastic brathood. At these moments, the fans go wild, the rest of us merely numb. Although the old faithfuls, led by Linda Stephens, Jarrod Emick, and Dick Latessa, have as much heart as ever, there are certain theatrical events an adult can enjoy only if he brings a child to the show. To enjoy Jerry Lewis, you may have to bring along a Frenchman." (Simon; 3/27/95) $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100).*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 5 and 8; Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial* CAVEMAN*).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the most devastating failure of his career with his single, disastrous foray into dramatic writing, would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

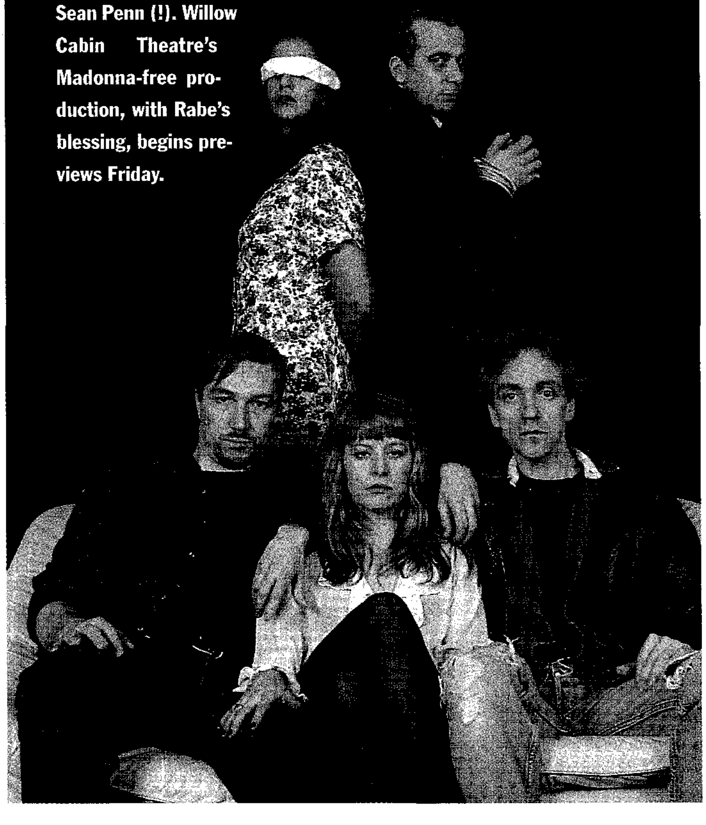
An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Revival

Underworld Fantasy

The first (1982) staging of David Rabe's   at the Public Theater was disavowed by the author, and the play's been seen just once since, in a five-performance Lincoln Center workshop featuring Madonna and Sean Penn (!). Willow Cabin Theatre's Madonna-free production, with Rabe's blessing, begins previews Friday.



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone (who replaces Nathan Lane on 4/7), John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh.

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St.*

James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Translations—A revival of Brian Friel's 1981 play, featuring Michael Cumpsty as a young British officer assigned to stamp out Gaelic in Ireland during the occupations of the 1830s and Dana Delany (*China Beach*) as the colleen who causes him to have second thoughts. Directed by Howard Davies. "*Translations* is one of the most beautiful plays written in this—or perhaps either—half of the century, but it must, like all fragile, precious things, be handled with delicacy and care. Dana Delany—devoid of grace, beauty, and talent; gravel-voiced and all surface—and Brian Dennehy, who transmogrifies Hugh, the soddenly egocentric schoolmaster, into a bearish clod, are equally disastrous. The Broadway *Translations*, had Stoppard not pre-empted the title, might better be called *Travesties*." (Simon; 4/3/95.) $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play—not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Fall Guy—$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Special preview performances 4/10 and 4/11 at 8; no show 4/14. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St., bet. First and Second Aves. (307-4100).*

A Language Of Their Own—$25. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite*, has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale*, on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opens 4/9. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Seduced—Sam Shepard's hallucinatory take on an eccentric billionaire named Henry Hackemore (read: Howard Hughes), which presents the thinly disguised character as a haunted, near-insane control freak. Paul D'Amato stars as Hackemore/Hughes; directed by Frank Licato. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sat and Sun. at 3. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (332-0727).*

Travels With My Aunt—$27.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Tues.–Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on . . . well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 7. Recently extended—yet again!—through 4/22. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Until 4/17, Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3; after that date, Sat. shows change to 6 and 9, a Mon. show is added at 8, and everything's dark on Thurs. $35 Tues.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dancing on Moonlight—A play by Keith Glover about growing up in Harlem in the fifties. Howard Rollins, Anna Maria Horsford, and Andre De Shields share star billing with an original score by Max Roach. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/30. *The Public Theater (Anspacher), 475 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Don Juan in Chicago—In this clever retelling of the Don Juan story, described by its author as a "metaphysical farce," David Ives (*All in the Timing*) applies his distinctive brand of intellectual wit to add a new twist to the tale: In exchange for immortality, the Don must sleep with a different woman each day. After 400 years or so that lead him from Renaissance Seville to 1990s Chicago, this regimen loses its initial charm in a big way. With, among others, Simon Brooking, Peter Bartlett, Nancy Opel, and J. Smith Cameron; directed by Robert Stanton. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. $30 Tues.–Thurs.; $32 Fri.–Sun. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Onstage

Words, Words, Words

B. D. Wong stars in Singaporean playwright Chay Yew's 'A Language of Their Own,' in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. At the Public.

Photograph by Bob D'Amico.

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War*) by director Barry Kyle. Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 E. 10th St., 2nd floor (533-4650).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Luck, Pluck & Virtue—Playwright and director James Lapine has adapted *A Cool Million*, the novelist Nathanael West's savage 1934 slapstick satire of Horatio Alger–style American superpatriotism, into a stage piece suggestive of Brecht as he might be played by the Three Stooges. Featuring Neil Patrick Harris (*Doogie Howser, M.D.*) as optimist and dismemberee Lester Price. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Man Who—Peter Brook's stage adaptation of Oliver Sacks's *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, a collection of essays about neurological disorders. "Are case histories from a neurologist's files suitable material for the stage? Peter Brook and Jean-Claude Carrière think so, and have truncated Sacks's book into a continuous 100-minute round-robin of examinations and experiments that bleed into one another. Some of this is morbidly interesting—less prurient if quietly read in a book rather than watched as a communal orgy—some of it is boring; and none of it is my idea of theater." (Simon; 3/27/95.) $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 4/9. Majestic Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100).

Measure for Measure/Titus Andronicus—The most problematic of the Shakespeares in repertory with the most bloody. Directed by, respectively, Jared Hammond and Lester Shane. $12. Times and days of week vary; call for a detailed schedule. Through 4/16. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

Miami Stories—A trio of Jewish-themed one-act plays by Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, and Laurence Klavan. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Mrs. Warren's Profession—A daughter and mother come to know each other for the first time in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of George Bernard Shaw's groundbreaking (1902) look at the then-radical notion that women might have something to say about their place in society. Directed by Alex Dmitriev. $20–25. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat at 5 and 9. Through 5/7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's "Frasier." $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. On 4/10, there's a special Mon. performance (all seats $40); no show 4/14. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Three Viewings—Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. With Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; Through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Varla and the Man Who Got Away—This one-woman show written and performed by Varla Jean Merman—who claims to be the illegitimate daughter of Ethel Merman and Ernest Borgnine—is the story of a schizophrenic with male and female personalities who is addicted to junk food. Any surprise to learn that the producer is Suzanne Bartsch? $20. Thurs.–Sat at 8. *The Music Hall at Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Watbanaland—Primal desire, from Africa to Ozone Park. Doug Wright's new comedy features David Chandler, Lisa Emery, Ken Garito, Dion Graham, Susan Greenhill, and Emily Skinner. $25. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Off-Off Broadway

Gilgamesh—The ancient Sumerian epic, in a stage adaptation by the Common Ground Stage & Film Company, featuring music, dance, and puppetry. $15. 4/6–8 at 8. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (388-8100).*

Gin and Bitters—A comedy by Susan Cinoman about a pseudo-marriage between a gay writer and his actress roommate. With John Augustine, Geneva Carr, Chris Hury, and Kay Walbye. $10. 4/5–10 at 8. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (388-2772).*

Goose and Tomtom—$15. Beginning 4/7, Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, with a special performance 4/9 at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *28th Street Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (886-1889).*

Juilliard Spring Repertory—The Drama Division's 1995 graduating class presents, successively, *All's Well That Ends Well* (4/7–9 at 8; 4/10 at 2); Schnitzler's *Undiscovered Country* (4/21, 22, 24 at 8; 4/23 at 2); David Rudkin's *Ashes* (4/27 and 28 at 8; 4/29 and 30 at 2); and *She Stoops To Conquer* (5/4–6 at 8; 5/6 at 2). All performances $10; TDF accepted. *Juilliard Drama Thater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406).*

Ladies' Night—Nine short plays by and about women, from the Red Earth Ensemble. $12. 4/7–23; call for schedule. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St., bet. Broome and Grand (777-4327).*

Laura Dennis—The fourth and final production of the Signature Theatre Company's Horton Foote season is a world premiere of the playwright's newest script. Set in a small Texas town in 1938, the play follows the trials of three families as their children make the difficult passage into adulthood. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/9. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St., bet. Lafayette and Bowery (279-4200).*

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie's classic murder mystery, the longest-running play in history (43 years to date and counting), in a production by the Yorkville Repertory Company. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, 4/8 at 2. Through 4/8. *St. Stephen of Hungary Church, 414 E. 82nd St. (737-7289).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

The Players Club—The response of Premium Bob, a comedy team a.k.a. Paul Boocock and David Latham, to the Republican Contract With America. Sat. at 10:30, through 5/20. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).*

The Red Doors—The politics of Judaism, the Kathie Lee–ization of femininity, and Charlie Rose's sex appeal are just a few of the themes of Jennifer Farber's new play. Directed by Tim Cunningham. $10. 4/5–9 at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St., bet. Church and Broadway (334-9594).*

Roberto Zucco—A new play by Bernard-Marie Koltes based on the true story of a patricide and serial killer in France and his through an increasingly garish underworld. With Elina Lowensohn and Kirk Acevedo; directed by Travis Preston. $15; students $10. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/21. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. (966-8596).*

The Secret Warhol Rituals—Is there material in the downtown Manhattan performance-art scene ripe for irreverent satire? Do fat men eat pie? Stephen DiLauro's "post-pop costume comedy" follows a troupe of alternative performers during and after the death of Andy Warhol. $10. Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 4/12. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371)*

Preview

Greene Scenes

Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel 'Travels With My Aunt' at the Minetta Lane Theatre.

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Belly...Faithfull...Tokyo Noise

Performance

Saint Joan

Joan Baez (upper right) records her new album with a little help from her girlfriends: (clockwise from bottom right) Mary Black, Mary Chapin Carpenter, and Indigo Girls, among others—at the Bottom Line, April 10, 11, 16, and 17.

Concerts

Belly—In the Throwing Muses, she was the *90210*-worthy blonde to dark sister Kristin Hersh. In the Breeders, she was a sorority girl to wayward punk Kim Deal. In Belly, Tanya Donnelly has finally found a stable family unit. The catchy, occasionally surprising alterna-pop that Belly slings on the new *King* comes from three of the band's four corners, with guitarist Tom Gorman—brother to drummer Chris—contributing four of the songs. The mix is occasionally moody and even a little frightening at times, for all of the newfound stability. They play with Chapel Hill's power-pop stars Superchunk. 4/8 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland. (307-7171). $15.50–$17.*

“Ear Rings”—The intriguing avant-accordionist—yes, accordionist—Pauline Oliveros presents another one of her decidely Marin-worthy holistic musical experiences: a “ceremonial piece for instruments and voices,” with cello, vocals, djembe, conch, and “voice through a nine-foot pipe.” For the uninhibited only. 4/6–4/7 and 4/8–4/9 at 9 P.M. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829). $8.*

Laurie Anderson—The high priestess of quirky performance art presents her newest multimedia excursion, *The Nerve Bible.* 4/6–4/9 at 8 P.M. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $45–$65.*

Marianne Faithfull—Fresh from a recent gig with the Chieftains—where she proved quite capable of morphing from sixties rock icon to seasoned song stylist—the captivating Ms. Faithfull tackles the Weill/Brecht songbook, material that's already earned her some heavy acclaim worldwide. She appears here in tandem with the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, performing Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* (in English) on 4/7 at 8 P.M. and samples of Kurt Weill, from Berlin to Broadway on 4/9 at 2 P.M. *Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette, Brooklyn (718-636-4100). $15–$30.*

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater, whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of “Memories” being sung a few blocks away. 4/12: The Cult. Show at 7:30. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 4/7: Tony Cuffe plays Scottish songs on guitar and harp. *43 Murray (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Recently celebrating its twentieth anniversary, this top-notch venue has been giving folk, country, and rock artists one of the best presentations New York has to offer. 4/4: Mike Stern leads a torqued-up jazz trio. 4/5: John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers. 4/6: Dan Hicks and the Acoustic Warriors. 4/7: From Good Homes. 4/8: Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue. On 4/10, 11, 16, and 17: Joan Baez records a live album here with special guests Mary Chapin Carpenter and the McGarrigle Sisters (4/10), Mary Black and Janis Ian (4/11), the Indigo Girls and Mimi Farina (4/16), and Tish Hinojosa (4/17). The show will include material Baez has performed throughout her career as well as previously unrecorded material. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite a cozy little dive, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 4/3: Chris Knox; Cake Kitchen. 4/4: Cherokee Sex Workshop. 4/5: I Love Everybody, with Maggie Estep. 4/6: The mighty, metabolically-challenged men of Tad hold forth, bringing us hard stuff from the Pacific Northwest that's not always pretty. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 3/30–4/1: N.Y.U. Independent Music Fest. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 4/4: “The Egg,” a night of ambient D.J.-driven music. 4/10: Keiji Haino, Ikue Mori, and other stars of the Tokyo “noisecore” underground. 4/12: The exciting funk-rock-jazz combo Lost Tribe. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Jimmy Keyes and the Chords—purveyors of the fifties hit “Sh-Boom”—sing a special “Doo-Wop Night” on 4/5. 4/6: Mingus Big Band. 4/7: Kate Jacobs; the Schramms; George Usher. 4/8: Although “The Loser's Lounge” usually features hackneyed lounge classics winningly mangled by smirking local rockers, this week's guest can handle the stuff with a lot more authority—taste, even. Little Jack Melody and his Young Turks—doubtless Denton, Texas's greatest cabaret *spiel* combo—control the Lounge at midnight. With tuba, clarinet, saxophones, harmonium, and truly accomplished vocalizing, the band works a magic with the wistful Brechtisms on their own wonderful records. Lord knows what they'll do with covers. They already do a ripping version of Beethoven's Ninth. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize, bi-level rock venue that's a bit of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a pre-show *aperitif.* Through 4/5: Post-punk standard-bearer Ian MacKaye leads D.C.'s Fugazi, the staunch bureau of indie-rock morality for a good eight years now. Expect impassioned, drop-to-your-knees punk believers and a cruelty-free mosh pit. They're joined by Slant 6 and Cakelike on 4/4 and Unwound and Lois on 4/5. 4/11: The powerhouse bass, sax, and drum trio Morphine hold forth, playing music from their excellent new record—a mix of noirish atmospherics, deep, yearning vocals, and the spacey Beat witticisms of leader Mark Sandman. Saturday nights, the trendily decadent party “Grey Gardens” fills the hall with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day, “Savoy Sundays,” a weekly swingfest of dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—4/5: John Zorn's Xu Feng. 4/6–4/8: “TOKYONOISECORE.” 4/6: Shizuka; Altered States; Ground Zero. 4/7: Keiji Haino; Tenko; Thurston Moore, group improv. 4/8: Fushitsusha; Ikue Mori. 4/9: Mark Dresser plays an original score to the film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari;* Skankin' Pickle. 4/10: David Murray Big Band. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—The frenetic Moby, god of techno, celebrates the release of his new record *Everything Is*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photographs: top left, Michael Halsband; bottom left, Caroline Greyshock.

Wrong here on 4/4. Wednesday nights it's the B&T dance fever ward, "Disco 2000." *Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, there for Ladies Night. 4/5: Tab Benoit. 4/7–4/8: Little Mike. 4/10: Mo Holmes and the Pioneers. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 4/4: Magnetic Fields; Chris Knox; Lois. 4/6: Girls Against Boys; Bailterspace. 4/7–4/8: Del Amitri. 4/9: Pull My Daisy; Gina Font. 4/10: 24-7 Spyz. 4/11: Satchel; The Lupins. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the most happening venues for nowish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots on MTV. 4/4: Magnetic Fields; Chris Knox; Lois. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Nightingale Bar—A dingy little East Village blueserie, frequented by collegiates. Tuesday nights this month, the house band is a fairly well-known group of tie-dyed funk-blues specialists. *213 Second Ave. at 13th St.* (473-9398). *$.*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, presenting impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Avenue A. 473-7373).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 4/5: Bettie Serveert; Love Battery. 4/6: Catherine; Letters to Cleo; the Gravel Pit. 4/7: Jason and the Scorchers; Beat Farmers; Guitar Guys From Hell. 4/8: the Jayhawks; Jennifer Tryin'; Cellophane. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—Four floors of disco inferno, plus a café. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 4/7–4/8: Dwayne Burno Quintet. 4/9: Vibraphonist Chiasson Quartet. 4/10: Valerie Litchfield. 4/11: Elsa. 4/12: Mike Logan. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Djakarta), charges accordingly. 4/4–4/9: Nancy Wilson. 4/11–4/16: Maynard Ferguson; Big Bop Nouveau. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 4/4–4/9: George Coleman Quartet, the great tenor saxophonist who had the unhappy task of replacing John Coltrane in Miles Davis's mid-sixties band, leads a quartet that features the dynamic pianist Harold Mabern. 4/11–4/16: The wonderful singer Marlena Shaw, whose first recording session was spent cutting her hit version of "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy." *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and regular host to smoothed-out jazz musicians. 4/7–4/8: Howard Prince and the Music Coalition. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Every Monday, a surprising mix of guitar heavies—Larry Coryell, Jack Wilkins, Vic Juris, David Gilmore, Russell Malone—plays the music of Mingus, backed by his own mighty big band's rhythm section. 4/4–4/9: "Soul-jazz" pioneer and hip-hop/jazz precursor Lou Donaldson leads a quartet, playing music off his excellent new record *Sentimental Journey.* 4/11–4/13: The avuncular bassist and photographer Milt Hinton—seen most recently reminiscing in the Oscar-nominated *A Great Day In Harlem*—leads a trio here, celebrating the release of his new record, *Laughing At Life.* Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—David Murray, one of the most volcanic saxophonists (and bass clarinetists) currently blowing, leads his Big Band here on 4/3, with the able conducting of Lawrence "Butch" Morris. 4/9: Bassist Mark Dresser plays an original score to the film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.* 4/10: David Murray Big Band. 4/11: Slide guitarist David Tronzo Trio; saxophonist Mark Whitecage leads a forward-thinking trio. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Talent

Hold Your Ears

John Zorn, the globe- and genre-trotting saxophonist who brought us thrash-jazz, klezmer-bop, and other odd hybrids, presents the very latest in avant-garde exotica: "Tokyo Noisecore" (Knitting Factory, April 6–8). Part music, part performance art, part instant migraine, the new Japan-based scene includes Tamio Shiraishi, a saxophonist specializing in "kamikaze songs"; guitarist Haino Keiji (pictured); and Ikue Mori, a drummer whose electronic pads trigger chimes and breaking glass.

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 4/7–4/8: The delightful singer Bob Dorough, author of the witty satirical song "I'm Hip," has already reached a new generation—via his songwriting, singing, humming, and scatting on *Multiplication Rock.* He holds forth here, doing all of the above. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 4/5–4/6: Angela Bofill. 4/10: Ray Barretto, with Adalberto Santiago. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 4/9: Dewey Redman Quartet. 4/11–4/13: John Clark Nonet, with Robin Eubanks, Billy Harper, Bobby Previte, Jerome Harris, and other heavies. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 4/4–4/16: DIVA, all-woman big band, backs up the Brooklyn-born Canadian jazz vocalist Ranee Lee. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. This month, the major jazz labels are helping the Vanguard celebrate its sixtieth anniversary by booking the prides of their rosters 4/4: The mighty tenor saxophonist Joe Lovano, who cut his teeth here in the Monday Vanguard Jazz Orchestra, leads an equally impressive trio with bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Al Foster. 4/11–4/16: Ron Carter Quintet. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and good, surprisingly *avant*-jazz guests. 4/5: Victor Lewis. 4/11: Carla White Quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

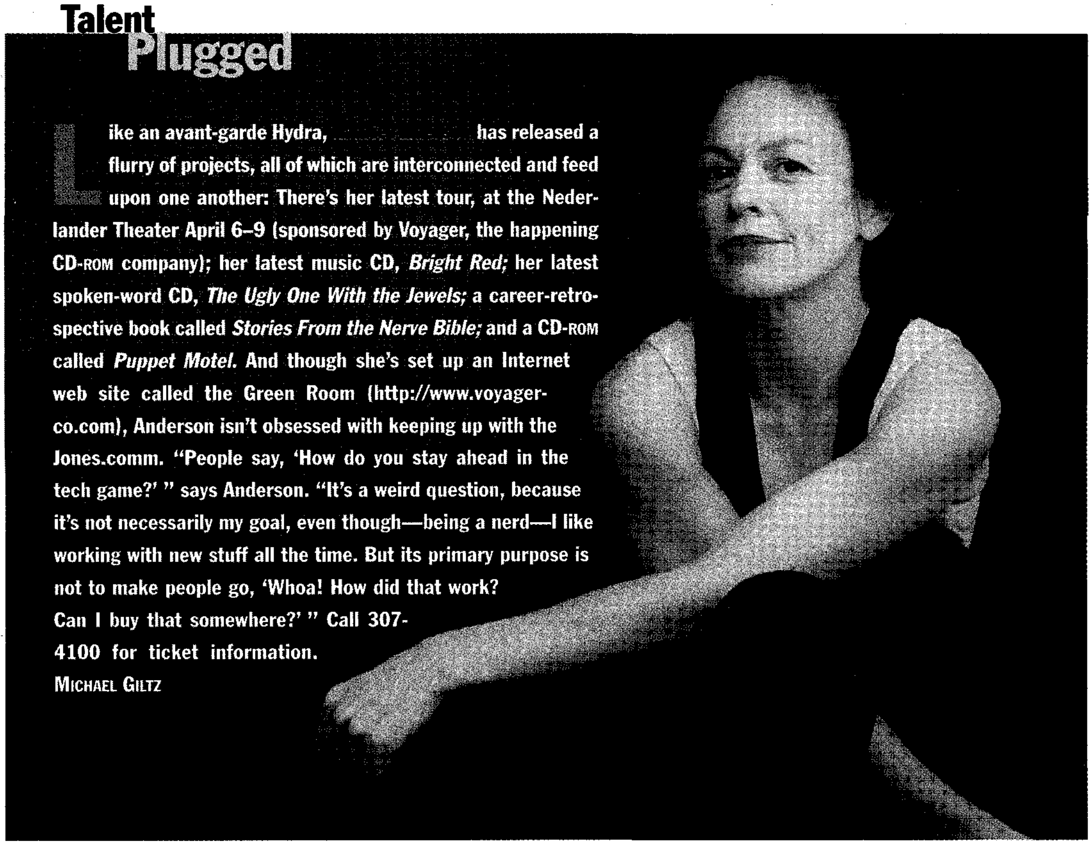
Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 4/5–4/9: Judy Gold. 4/11: "Hot 97 Phat Comedy," with hosts Ed Lover and Doctor Dre. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. 4/10–4/16: Jeff Ross; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Kevin Brennen; William

Photograph by Viviane Oh.

Talent Plugged



Like an avant-garde Hydra, has released a flurry of projects, all of which are interconnected and feed upon one another: There's her latest tour, at the Nederlander Theater April 6–9 (sponsored by Voyager, the happening CD-ROM company); her latest music CD, *Bright Red;* her latest spoken-word CD, *The Ugly One With the Jewels;* a career-retrospective book called *Stories From the Nerve Bible;* and a CD-ROM called *Puppet Motel.* And though she's set up an Internet web site called the Green Room (http://www.voyager-co.com), Anderson isn't obsessed with keeping up with the Jones.comm. "People say, 'How do you stay ahead in the tech game?' " says Anderson. "It's a weird question, because it's not necessarily my goal, even though—being a nerd—I like working with new stuff all the time. But its primary purpose is not to make people go, 'Whoa! How did that work? Can I buy that somewhere?' " Call 307-4100 for ticket information.

MICHAEL GILTZ

Stephenson. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

mic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

ngerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/9: Tom Whitely; Johnny Lampert; Mike Robles; Al Romero; Mark Unger; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 4/10–4/16: Mike Robles; Brian McFadden; Rich Ramirez; Quentin Heggs; Mark Unger; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

ne's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 4/8: Gary Greenberg; Larry Jean Crames; Barbara Dworkin. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

w York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 p.m. 4/8: Eric Kornfeld; Sam Greenfield; Chris Cooney; Rich Voss. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

and-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 4/7–4/9: Eric Kornfeld; Frank Santorelli; Tom Hertz; Greer Barnes. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

gonquin Hotel—Julie Wilson emphasizes the sassy, highspirited side of cabaret in her new show, "Are You Having Any Fun?" Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

fe Carlyle—Barbara Cook, spreading her acidulous wit through 4/8. Beginning 4/11, Eartha Kitt takes over the place through 4/29 with that throaty purr.. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

fe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

nny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

n't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

hty-Eight's—On 4/5, Marilyn Volpe sings the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So," at 8. $12, with a two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

ichael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tues.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Beginning 4/4, Liliane Montevecchi and David Staller do the romantic-French-boite thing in "April in Paris." $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, singer Dan Tramon sits in on "A Salute to Harold Arlen." No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacoveli and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened a playroom for themselves and their elegant and oversexed young trendies—some of whom (for fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though unnecessary, oysters are served until 3 A.M., or until they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine St. (675-2638).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Holiday Cocktail Lounge—There is a spellbinding young woman who is married now and has a beautiful towheaded son, and who, in what she called her wild years—though she was recently stopped by the police for driving her motorcycle, topless, down Avenue A—would hunt men in this basement barroom. She would sit at the end of the dimly lit, semicircular bar and write in her journal, indifferent to the gaggle of suitors who gathered around her. Once bored of the young men's feigned nonchalance, overenthusiastic laughter, and lame efforts to read over her shoulder, she would look up and—her mind long since made up—take one for the night. *75 St. Mark's Place (777-9637).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Montero's—A longshoremen's bar sans stevedores, but their stuff is strewn all over the place. Tragically drunk old men kept honest by the toughest female bartenders you'll ever come across. On weekends, there's a gate, and you won't get buzzed in if you're too pretty. *73 Atlantic Ave., nr. Hicks St., Brooklyn (624-9799).*

Mooney's Pub—Yes, an Irish bar worth a damn on upper Flatbush. Alas, the only one. The regular crowd is a pleasing mix of old-timers, midlifers, and punk kids. The Guinness is always good. *353 Flatbush Ave., nr. Carlton Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-9085).*

ñ—The bar formerly known as Prince. Dual bars prompt double vision in this highly stylized haunt. A great sherry selection, responsibly limited tapas offering, and a bartender who will take a stab at recommending a glass of wine. Shouldn't that sink be in the bathroom? *33 Crosby St., nr. Spring St. (219-8856).*

Oak Bar—The perfect place to take your parents, unless you're paying. What are those bird-legged ladies talking so intently to those round old men about, anyway? Jackets aren't required, but you'll feel naked without one. *Plaza Hotel, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (546-5320).*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn't be caught dead in a suit after hours and other Gramercy Park natives who get dressed down before going out. A pool table up front and a dartboard in back and a gaggle of "Make yourself comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th St. (777-6158).*

Shenanegans—If the help wasn't dominated by anorectic, downtown, art chicks and buffalo girls from the boroughs, the seedy elegance of this thread-bare basement club would make it one of the best strip bars in the city. In fact, you wouldn't be at all surprised to find Jimmy Hoffa handing out hundred dollar bills from a booth in the back. *125 E 47th st. (978-0000)*

Spring Street (Shark) Lounge—Takes low tech to new heights—with the notable exception of the top-of-the-line pinball machine. *Mulberry St. and Spring St. (226-9347).*

otograph by Annie Leibovitz.

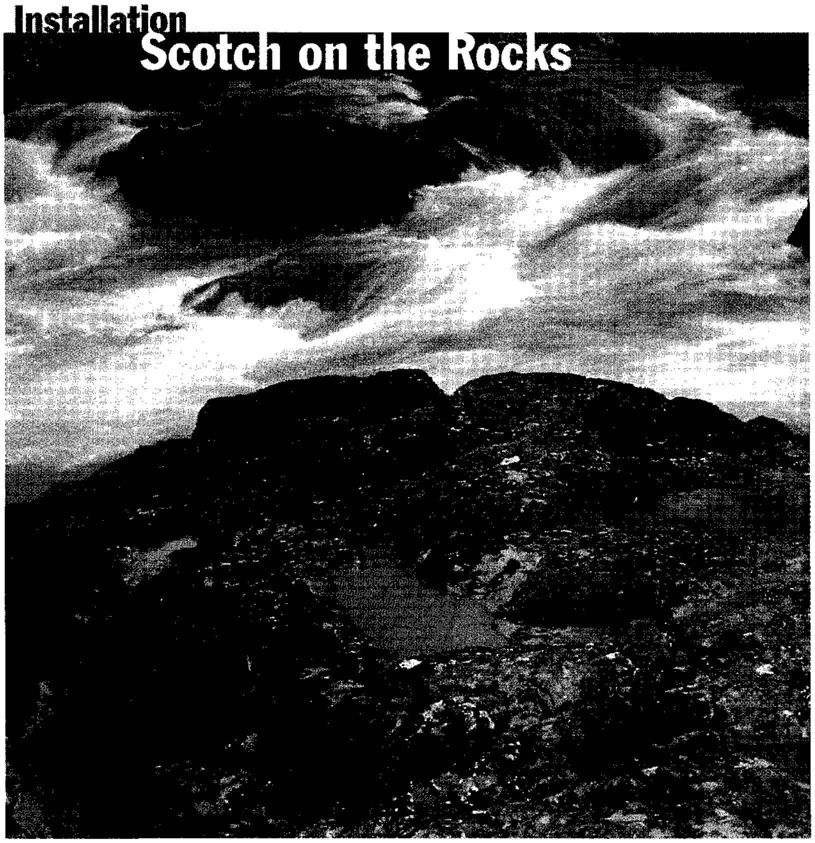
Susan Crile...Scanning New York

Openings

Matthew Barney's latest video, *Cremaster*, is set on the Isle of Man. As usual, the artist is the central figure, this time implicated in a tripartite narrative in which a conflict between desire and restraint lead him on a mythic journey (opens April 8 at Barbara Gladstone, 99 Greene St.; 431-3334).

Installation

Scotch on the Rocks



Andy Goldsworthy's meditative indoor "pool" sculptures draw on his more dramatic outdoor site-specific works like 'Black Stones Red Pools' (above), created near his home of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. At Galerie Lelong.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

David Armstrong/Peter Cain—Large-scale silver-gelatin prints taken in Europe and America over the past two years./Paintings, graphite drawings, and cibachrome photographs that depict truncated and/or abbreviated views of cars. Through 4/25. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Robert Baribeau/Diana Moore—Gestural abstract paintings./Sculptures of the human figure cast in concrete and steel. Through 4/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Pamela Butler—All completed during the past two years, these narrative drawings range thematically from a homecoming following the artist's return from travels in Central Asia and Tibet to a feminist recasting of the *Little Red Riding Hood* tale; through 4/15. De Montebello, 9 E. 84th St. (472-1496).

Susan Crile—These panoramic canvases, executed in an intense palette of blacks and oranges, yellows and lavenders, continue "The Fires of War," a series begun four years ago and inspired by the artist's firsthand experience of the burning oil fields in Kuwait; through 4/22. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Larry Poons—The artist's new paintings are created by hurling buckets of paint onto thick, textured undersurfaces of gel and lightweight construction materials; through 4/29. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Peter Paul Rubens—Paintings and oil sketches on religious and mythological themes and portraits by the Flemish master (1577–1640); through 5/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—Evoking sepia-toned photographs, the artist's latest paintings combine his earlier landscapes with his more recent horse images and continue his method of "carving" through an outer layer of dark paint to the original gessoed surface; through 4/15. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Donald Baechler—Large-scale works on paper from 1984 to the present that incorporate the artist's signature techniques, compositional devices, and textures, such as staining with black coffee and collaging drawings and pieces of printed paper or cloth; through 5/20. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Andy Goldsworthy—An exhibition titled "Black Stones Red Pools" that includes two installations—a cone made with green slate from Vermont, and pools created with rocks from Scotland and filled with water stained with rubbed red sandstone—plus photographs of work made last winter in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where the artist lives; through 4/22. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Sidney Goodman—Recent figurative works on paper; through 4/29. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

Al Held/Dorothea Rockburne—In Held's recent paintings, the spatial concepts of his previous works have been merged into centrally organized, hangarlike spaces; through 4/22./Recent monoprints and related small paintings based on the chaos theory; through 4/29. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Dan McCleary—Los Angeles is the setting for these paintings depicting couples enigmatic scenes and theat ushers at work; through 4/2 Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th (664-0907).

Louis Monza—Allegori paintings and terra-co sculptures by a self-taug artist (1897–1984); throu 5/13. Ross, 50 W. 57th (307-0400).

George Negroponte—Lyri abstract paintings from t past three years in which pi ments are thinned to a wat colorlike transparen through 4/22. McCoy, 41 57th St. (319-1996).

Giuseppe Penone/Dan Graham—Recent glass and tree scul tures by this Arte Povera art whose core ideas are dra from humankind's interacti with nature./A video install tion titled "Opposing Mirr and Video Monitors on Ti Delay" (1974), in which m rored walls present the view to him or herself in the act viewing while a video pl the same viewer's activity time delay. Through 4/2 Goodman, 24 W. 57th (977-7160).

Antonietta Raphaël—The arti who was Lithuanian a raised in England, became o of the principal members the Scuola Romana af moving to Rome in t twenties. This exhibit inclu examples of her sculptures carved wood, plaster, and c from the thirties through t fifties and her expressionis paintings from the sixti through 4/15. Baldacci, 41 57th St. (826-4210).

George Segal—Installation pieces that integrate t plaster figure with life-size and oversize photogra of the urban landscape; through 4/29. Janis, 110 57th St. (586-0110).

Joel Shapiro—New painted wood sculptures and cent drawings; through 4/22. Pace Wildenstein, E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Susan Sharp—Recent abstract paintings based on lan scape; through 4/28. Kohn, Pederson, Fox, 111 57th St. (977-6500).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Carl Andre—New sculpture; 4/6–29. Cooper, 1 Wooster St. (674-0766).

John Beerman/Elena Sisto—New paintings of imagin landscapes./Recent works on paper. Through 4/ Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alighiero e Boetti—Ten embroideries with Italian a Sufi poetry, the artist's last embroidered map of t world from 1989, and a bronze fountain that is a s portrait of the artist dressed in a suit; through 4/ Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors of architectural interiors the South of France; through 4/19. Hoffman, 429 Broadway (966-6676).

Anne Chu—Sculptures that combine realistic and fa tastic images, and found objects and handmade m

Photograph courtesy of Galerie Lelo

terials, to create parodies of generic, popular iconography; through 4/22. TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Raoul De Keyser—Abstract paintings that are based on images from everyday life, such as a chalk line on a football field, scraps of a torn-up drawing, or the memory of a tree's structure; through 4/29. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

tan Douglas—Two early 16-mm. film-loop installations and a group of recent color photographs related to the artist's new film, *Sandman,* which is currently on view in the Whitney's 1995 *Biennial;* through 4/29. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Spencer Finch/Christian Schumann—Works that deal with perception, memory, and the experience of time, among them a group of drawings of the artist's eyes in various stages of opening; fresco paintings that depict views of the ceiling in Freud's house in Vienna as seen from his couch at different times of day; and a spoon and five painted shadows of failed attempts at bending the spoon by telekinesis./An 8-by-14-foot painting on paper incorporating imagery derived from comic books and fanzines. Through 8/22. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Audrey Flack—A twenty-year survey of her photorealist paintings of as well as her most recent sculptures of mythological deities; through 4/29. Meisel, 141 Prince St. (677-1340).

Maureen Gallace—More disquieting than the American naïve and modernist paintings they evoke, these intimately scaled paintings depict pared-down landscapes punctuated by trees and by windowless and doorless houses; through 4/22. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Douglas Gordon—The Scottish conceptual artist's first solo show in New York consists of three mural paintings of images drawn from the closing frames of Hollywood films; through 4/15. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Rodney Graham—In *Doctor No,* one of the artist's two recent video-based works, a looped segment of the James Bond film is accompanied by a soundtrack of the artist's own voice; through 4/8. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

oseph Grigely—A work titled *Figures of Speech,* which consists of notes written to the artist, who is deaf, on paper napkins, envelopes, receipts, and odd scraps of paper in the course of daily communication—each accompanied by a card written by the artist describing the circumstances that produced it; through 4/15. AC Project Room, 558 Broome St. (226-7271).

Michele Harvey—Reductive landscape paintings; through 4/22. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Kevin T. Kelly—Paintings that draw on Pop Art; through 4/22. Lewin, 136 Prince St. (431-4750).

Samm Kunce—The artist has suspended vertical felt sacks from the ceiling that are stuffed with sterile growing medium and grass seed; the grass is nourished by a nutrient solution circulated through a pump system, and gro-lights encircling the gallery allow for photosynthesis; 4/1–29. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192.

Willi Kopf—A floor sculpture that comprises 1,260 individual terra-cotta parts; through 4/29. Stark, 560 Broadway (925-4484).

Kevin Larmon—New paintings; through 4/22. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

une Leaf—Candid and poetic, these paintings, drawings, and sculptures draw on the ongoing relationship the artist has with her immediate surroundings: the barren landscape of Nova Scotia in contrast with hard realities of day-to-day life in New York City; through 4/22. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Barry Le Va—Drawings that explore a connection to the classical forms of Japanese lacquerware, and examples of lacquerware by six Japanese artists; through 4/29. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

Mary Lucier—A video installation titled "Last Rites (Positano)," based on interviews with the artist's mother and those who knew her; through 4/22. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Fabian Marcaccio—An installation of paintings titled "Paint Zone" in which paintings act both as separate works and as a collective wall installation; through 4/22. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Allan McCollum/Sol Lewitt—Colored hydrocal casts of dinosaur footprints found in the coal mines of central Utah./Working drawings. Through 4/22. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Bruce McGrew/Vernon Reid—Recent landscape paintings of the desert and mountain wilderness in Arizona, Colorado, and Mexico./Photographs of images encountered during his travels as the founder and guitarist of the rock group Living Colour. Through 4/15. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Melissa Miller—A survey of paintings from 1986 to the present in which animals are symbols for humans in classical narratives of good and evil, hope and despair, and life and death; through 4/22. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Frank Moore—*Paintings that depict a surreal, or more* intensely experienced, version of a place or scene; through 4/22. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Blinky Palermo—A retrospective of editioned graphic works by this German artist (1943–1977) who saw abstraction as an inquiry into the philosophy of phenomenology; through 5/6. Alexander, 476 Broome St. (925-2070).

Merl Pekarsky—Drawings of the desert executed over the past three decades; through 5/26. Einstein, 591 Broadway (226-1414).

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Paintings that use iconographic imagery and clippings from magazines and newspapers to comment on contemporary Native American life; through 5/3. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Jessica Stockholder—Mixed-media sculpture; through 4/29. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Julian Trigo—Monochromatic paintings on which the artist draws figures of children involved in mysterious activities; through 4/22. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Michel Verjux/Fariba Hajamadi—This young French artist creates installations by projecting light forms; concurrent with this exhibition, he has made site-specific projections on the buildings housing the Guggenheim Museum SoHo, the New Museum of Contemporary Art, and indoors at the French Cultural Services./An installation consisting of four interconnected rooms displaying panels of photomontages with underlying themes of violence and eroticism. Through 4/22. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Robert Whitman—The artist's first show with the gallery since 1967 consists of a site-specific installation titled "Backtrack"—an environment in a constant state of flux, in which liquid drips, falls, and spouts; through 5/6. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Trevor Winkfield—In his recent paintings, the artist continues to combine fragments of imagery to suggest traces of actions that occurred before the "fixed moment" of the scene depicted; through 4/22. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Thomas Woodruff—A series of paintings titled "The Secret Charts," in which images of scrolls, pastoral landscapes, and disturbing theatrical characters combine to create a carnival-sideshow atmosphere; through 4/22. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Other

Kay Rosen—Puns, palindromes, and other plays on letters and words in graphite on white paper; through 4/23. Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Rigoberto Torres—A survey of the Bronx artist's life-size figurative sculptures cast in plaster and fiberglass, relief paintings, and wood sculptures; through 5/3. Lehman College, Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave., Bronx (718-960-8731).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

C & M—45 E. 78th St. (861-0020). Paintings from the fifties and sixties by Johns, Kline, Pollock, Rauschenberg, Rothko, Still, others; through 5/13.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "Looky Loo," with sculptures that explore excessive curiosity by Bovasso, Dikeou, Finch, Harrison, Horowitz, Knight, LeKay; through 4/30.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). A retrospective view of the groundbreaking Surrealist exhibition *Exposition Internationale du Surréalisme,* with works by Breton, Duchamp, Cornell, Ernst, Magritte, Oppenheim, Seligmann, Tanguy, others; through 4/22.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-life paintings by Francis, Heade, O'Keeffe, J. Peale, R. Peale, Sheeler, Stella, others; through 4/29.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). An exhibition that originated at Wellesley College, "Modern Hieroglyphs: Gestural Drawing and the European Vanguard," includes drawings by Kirchner, Klimt, Léger, Pechstein, Rodin, Schiele, others; through 5/6.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael

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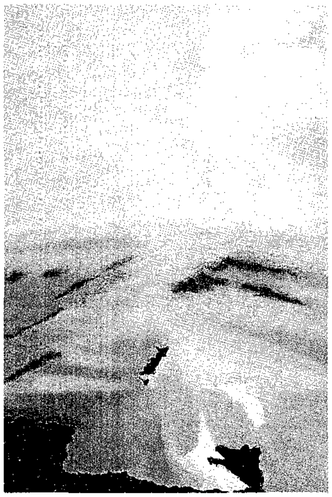
Talent

The Fire This Time

Nearly four years ago, having found it almost impossible to paint images of the Gulf War from what she could pick out on her television screen, artist Susan Crile packed her bags and flew to Kuwait to witness the burning oil fields firsthand. Last year, "The Fires of War," a series of paintings she based on the catastrophic event, traveled to the Saint Louis Art Museum *and the University of Hous*ton's Blaffer Gallery. But Crile's most recent paintings and works on paper, now on view at James Graham & Sons (1014 Madison Avenue), are less about the Gulf War than fire as a sym*bol of turbulence in the* nineties—whether in Los Angeles, Waco, Kobe, or the rain forest. "The further I've gotten away from the experience of Kuwait, the more involved I've become in the metaphoric quality of what that meant," says Crile. "There *was something about those burning oil wells that felt like* such an assault on mankind."



Despite the destruction they imply, Crile's paintings are intensely beautiful. Shifting perspectives pull the viewer into conflagrations of lavenders, oranges, yellows, and blacks. Even the ground pumice she uses to build areas of gritty texture has an oddly delectable quality. Such dichotomies, Crile says, come with real life, too. "Walking the line between horror and beauty is central to the human condition," she says. "And there's that mechanism in us to make even the most horrible things acceptable."

Edith Newhall

Photograph courtesy of James Graham & Sons.

and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art"; through 4/14.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "On the Brink 1900–2000: The Turning of Two Centuries," with works by Azaceta, Beckmann, Corith, Ensor, Finster, Fischl, Mann, Panter, Schiele, Sherman, others; through 5/26.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Works in various media that explore an obsession with self; by Barney, Belcher, Close, Harris, Hashey, Mann, Mellyn, Wray, others; through 5/6.

Auchincloss—558 Broadway (966-7753). "Mediated Images," with works by Barr, Campus, Nauman, Rovner; through 5/6.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Split Level," with works by Bieber, Giovinco, Halle, Lins, Pervin, others; through 4/29.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Works by the self-taught artists Bessie Harvey, Kevin B. Sampson, and Gregory Van Maanen; through 4/22.

Cristinrose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). An exhibition of abstract paintings by Chow, Haynes, Hudson, Olivas, Solomon, curated by Pat Steir; through 4/22.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). "Action and Edge: 1950s–60s," with abstract paintings by J. Ernst, Ferren, Greene, Held, Mitchell, Pace, Resnick, Vicente; through 5/3.

Roeder—545 Broadway (925-6098). Paintings by Julia Jacquette, drawings by Yvonne Puffer, and sculpture by Joseph Rhone; through 4/29.

Other

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues., Wed. Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 11–8:30; $2, $1 seniors "Arthur J. Stone: Master Silversmith"; "English Silver: Masterpieces by Omar Ramsden From the Campbell Collection"; through 5/14.

Baruch College—17 Lexington Ave. (387-1138). "Painting in Poetry/Poetry in Painting: Wallace Stevens and Modern Art" takes a look at the influence of art on Stevens's poetry and vice versa, with works by Avery, Bartlett, Gross, Hartigan, Hockney, Johns, others; through 4/27.

Deutsches Haus—Columbia University, 420 W. 116th St. (280-3964), Mon.–Fri. 1–6. An exhibit of collaborative works between artists and writers, among them Norman Bluhm and Frank O'Hara, Cheryl Donegan and Kenneth Goldsmith, Edouard Prulhiere and Raphael Rubinstein, and Archie Rand and John Yau; through 4/28.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). A survey of works by artists who have exhibited at this gallery over the past twelve years, among them Bacher, Faust, Heilmann, Pierson, Taaffe, Trockel; through 5/7.

P.S. 122—150 First Ave. (228-4249). Paintings, sculpture, and mixed-media works by the first ten artists to request free slide documentation through the Archive Project's recently started services for artists with HIV/AIDS; through 4/23.

Photography

Bernd and Hilla Becher—New photographs of industrial façades; through 4/15. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Marjorie Content—Portraits and photographs of Washington Square, nudes, western landscapes, and still lifes by this photographer (1895–1984) who was a friend, confidante, and muse to Alfred Steiglitz, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Jean Toomer; through 4/29.

Lynn Davis—A twenty-year survey of photographs, including images of icebergs, nudes, landscapes, and ancient architectural monuments; through 5/13. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; through 4/30.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Floris Neusüss/Marcel Broodthaers—The photographer, who lives in Kassel, Germany, has dedicated his career to the making and study of photograms./Photographs by the Belgian conceptual artist (1924–76). Through 4/29. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).

Florence Paradeis—Diptychs and single prints depicting interior scenes of familiar situations and common, everyday activities; through 4/22. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Color fashion photographs from the sixties to the present, by Bourdin, Kane, Moon, Sokolsky, Turbeville, others; through 4/29.

Laura Stein—Electronically altered photographs of animals; through 4/22. I. C. Editions, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Ted Victoria—The artist has constructed a freestanding house in the gallery; each of its three rooms contains an installation piece composed of photographic projections of furniture, objects, and windows with views beyond; through 4/22. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9877).

Brett Weston—Black-and-white portraits of his father, Edward Weston, as well as prints from the portfolios *Alaska* and *Oregon;* through 5/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Television **For those who can't take the gallery-rounds circuit, a subscription to *Scanning New York Art* is a fine substitute. Each half-hour video covers up to 30 New York shows a month and includes interviews with contemporary-art collectors. A demo cassette can be sampled by calling 800-578-2466 ($25 deposit required).**

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper from the 1950s." 4/11–8/27. . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories Fro the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . "Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Desig er." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Styl Dutch Modernism and the Applied Art 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (86 6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $ $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232 Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realist European Drawings From the Stanford Universit Museum of Art." Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (28 0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students an seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Throug 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/1 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423 3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sa 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Anto Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's painting to appear in the United States sinc 1977, with works dating from 194 through 1991. Through 4/23. 57 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. an Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $ students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissarr Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic caree from his early works made on th Caribbean island of St. Thom through the last years of his lif Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423 3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 studen and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"R. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Throug 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The A of Horace Pippin." An exhibition o paintings by the black folk arti (1886–1946) that was organized b the Pennsylvania Academy of th Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Pa Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins an Selections from the Collection. 4/7–7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Ar 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Throug 6/4. . . . "Ancient Peruvian Mantles, The Earl Works." Through 4/14. . . . "American Still Lif 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "Luci Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "The Kileng of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dar 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82n St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:1 Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 childre and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923 3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 betwee October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." 4/6–8/27. . . . " Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." Through 5/7. . . . "The Painted Page: Itali Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550. Through 5/7. . . . "The Aldine Press 1495–199 An American Homage." Through 4/9 29 E. 36th S (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Su noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of African Art—"Animals in African Art: Fro the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 59 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sa and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and senior

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Work by 34 Latino artists paired with works they select from the museum's permanent collectio 4/7–8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Su 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Photograph courtesy of Bossert and Compan

seum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through /23. . . . "Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian rtist's monumental "Composition" paintings and elated works on paper executed between 1910 and 939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts frican-Americans' post–World War I flight from he rural South to the industrial cities of the North. hrough 4/11. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." hrough 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A election From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . 'Recent Acquisitions: Photography." Through 4/11. . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by ony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, nd others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the oster." Through 6/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); at.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Ved. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., :30–8:30, pay what you wish.

seum of the City of New York—"All the Frills Upon It: ew York Bonnets on Parade." Through 5/14. . . . 'Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayr." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of truggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary hotographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: mporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 ifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, un. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

tional Academy of Design—"170th Annual Exhibiion." Through 4/2. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature nterpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape rawings and Watercolors from The National Acadmy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Deign Museum, Smithsonian Institution." 4/7–6/13. 083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. to); free.

w Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska oares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 roadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, at. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

w York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of he French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos or operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . 'Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "e e cummings @100: An nniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central esearch Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

mu Noguchi Museum—An exhibit of rarely seen works by the sculptor celebrates the tenth anniverary of the museum, joining the sculptures, models or public projects and gardens, elements of dance ets designed for Martha Graham, and Akari lanterns n display in this converted factory building that was Noguchi's studio. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Isand City (718-204-7088); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6; $4, 2 seniors and students.

itney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 tudents and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

itney Museum at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 2nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to :30; free.

Auctions

ristie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 4/5 at :15 and 4/6 at 10 and 2: "Photographs." On view rom 4/1. 4/10 at 2: "Fine European and Oriental arpets." On view from 4/6. 4/11 at 10 and 2: "Imortant Silver, Objects of Vertu, and Russian Works f Art." On view from 4/6.

ristie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 4/3 at 1: '20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from /30. 4/4 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." n view from 3/31. 4/11 at 10 and 2: "Fine Jewely." On view from 4/7.

yle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/5 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture, Decorations & Paintings." n view from 3/31.

theby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/5 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Paintings." On view rom 3/31. 4/7 at 6:30 and 4/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Photographs." On view from 4/1. 4/10 at 2 and 4/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 4/5.

ann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/4 at 10: "Photographs." On view from 4/1.

With U.S. Savings Bonds, the more you give, the more you receive.

Every day, we pass a little of ourselves on to the next generation. Why leaves change colors, what makes a noun different from a verb, how to add fractions, where to find Alaska on the globe. The knowledge that we give stays with them forever. And we hope we've made their lives a little richer for the learning.

Giving U.S. Savings Bonds also passes an important lesson on to the future generation. Bonds can teach our children how to save, how interest grows and how a small investment can help make their dreams come true.

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A public service of this magazine

restaurant

A Naughty Tuscan...A Beer Barn...Jazz Upto

Cesare Dell'[illegible], Pino Luongo, and Cesare Casella

A Leg Lift

I need a spot to be naughty.

The racy women's legs on the wall at Amarcord that Pino Luongo loved and almost everyone hated are coming down. The chef has gone back to Emilia Romagna and Coco Pazzo's Caesare Casella is stewing a new menu for what will soon be Il Toscanaccio (The Naughty Tuscan). He's adding new down-home Tuscan dishes every day—luscious fried eggs in herbed tomato sauce, garlicky eggplant with pasta butterflies, octopus in a spicy sauce on toasted garlic bread. Stop by for a seat at the evolution. By the time Amarcord closes April 15 (to reopen with a new accent on the nineteenth), the metamorphosis will be complete. Expect lower prices and a separate lounge for smokers installed below, with murals of Catherine di Medici, Sophia Loren, and Dante dining together. At 7 East 59th Street.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' Connecticut farm, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he has given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course menu dégustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., bet. Hudson and Greenwich Sts. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen; recommended are the seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the guilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—f fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (i AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with museum upstairs that's a must for your historica minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Bro St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Llo Wright–ish dining room in the World Financ Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But the the Hudson River figures prominently in so ma ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses produce fro Hudson River Valley farms to reinvent traditior American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-150 (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in tl its chefs are students from the French Culinary I stitute. Special three- and five-course menus a available, so come with either an empty stomach a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *4 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, D MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cu sine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breat taking view of the Hudson River. Host-own Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC,*

Le Pescadou—This inovative Provençal bistro serv fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oi Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh on Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining roo every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-343 (M) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corn comfort-food port like this one, most of us wou never leave home. So we travel to this muted roo with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly-busin types, and family-night-outers who flock to fe like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Su van St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, h young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has a rived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tast Japanese cooking like this—unless, of cour they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *1 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over aga with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room g everyone from the banker, his wife, and their year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted bi deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 9 spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoH neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on ta

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworth restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among ther The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follow (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and u der per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating a ceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Dine Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedi V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Chris Toliv

for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

South Street Seaport

afe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

arbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

iberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley,* moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

acmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

orth Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

edro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

oebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

equoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Baby Jake's—If hipster food isn't grilled, it's fried. Try the po'boys. Innovative booth deployment in the front of the room gives you a window view. *14 First Ave., nr. 1st St. (254-BABY). (M) AE only.*

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M). ($)*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best-prepared, if least imaginatively presented, fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($)*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Moscone—Peter Moscone and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck, as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show* (with David Letterman) crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to be thanked for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

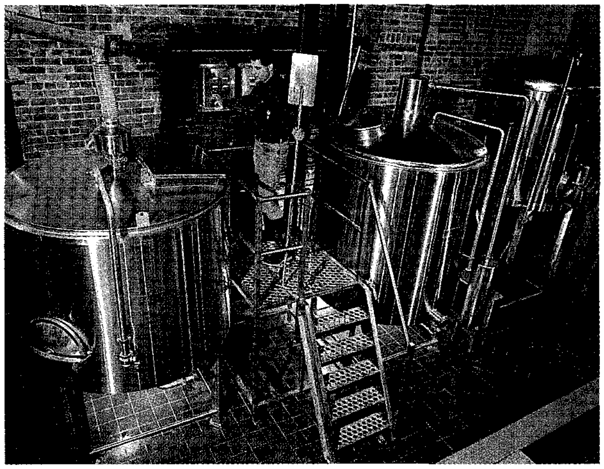
City Crab—Trying hard to be mistaken for Baltimore, and at times succeeding, this seafood canteen is worth a stop if you're in the neighborhood. *235 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (529-3800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—As the name promises, this restaurant

Preview

Brand-New Nostalgia

Back when Jon Bloostein was an investment banker, he'd take frequent business trips to the Northwest, where he became enamored of the region's celebrated microbrew pubs. "They were so comfortable and laid-back out there, and after a while I found myself looking for excuses to go back," he remembers. He also found himself increasingly uncompelled by LBOs and M&As. "I got to a certain frustration level with investment banking," he says, sounding understandably pleased with himself in the way people who make drastic career shifts so often do, "and just packed it in." On April 20, Bloostein opens his own *faux* Seattle pub, the Heartland Brewery, at 35 Union Square West. The cheery banker turned barkeep has created a tidy showcase for his love for our country's mythic rural past. Amid the Americana murals (one of which traces our beer-making history) and just-so beer-hall accessorizing, Bloostein's master plan includes a floor show starring celebrated brewer Jim Migliorini from Boston's Commonwealth Brewing Company (pictured). Front-row seats are bar stools smacked up against glass walls, behind which Migliorini, suited up in appropriate beer-maker gear, ministers to the three great stainless casks that dominate the room.



While he puts finishing touches on a beer barn that will seat 250, consults the muralist about the precise color of the green on a billboard-size logo mural, and tweaks an emphatically American menu with executive chef Sam Hazen (late of Quatorze and the Terrace), Bloostein's giddy dream remains rooted in sober bottom-lining. "The expense of this operation is prohibitive and limits competition," he says, repositioning his Samuel Adams baseball cap. "The mass-market beer business is flat, but the microbrew business is really taking off."

MANNY HOWARD

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

features a large fountain in the center of its dining room, with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., bet. 15th and 16th Sts. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant—A tiled vault tucked into a corner of the city's commuter hub serves the widest variety of oysters and the first soft-shell crabs of the season. Avoid the crush: Wait until the commuters have returned to their offices or homes. *Grand Central Terminal (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—A neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Silk—A delightful fusion of East and West prepared by chef Kimiaki Kageyama and a soothing room made regal by host-owner Henry Tao make this one of the best-kept secrets in the neighborhood. The curved bar—warm wood and ambient light—makes a great refuge. *378 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (532-4500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge are what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sundays. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies, and many of those same moguls are still deciding the fate of Third World countries—and that of the *Times* best-seller list—over Perrier and paillard. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

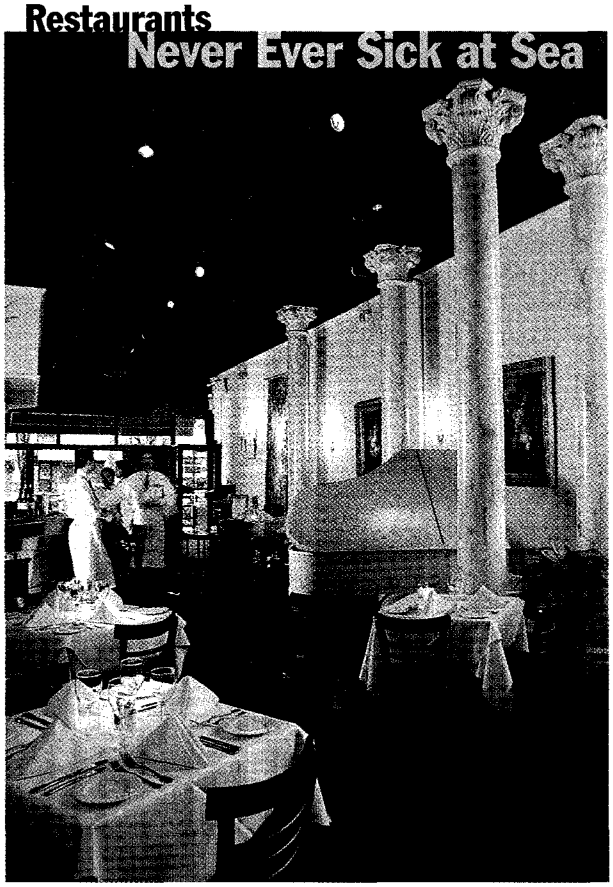
Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people-watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef

Restaurants

Never Ever Sick at Sea



Well before Privé ran aground in January, Chef David Pasternack had jumped overboard. He has resurfaced at La Folie (1422 Third Avenue, near 81st Street), another foundering venture, where the owners hope his clean, Frenchified American offerings will set things right.

Photograph by Warren Salowe

Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 49th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming; reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces that will make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. *502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more un-

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usual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and chef Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292) (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare such as jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant was sometimes overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out an eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave. at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Velvet Room—Late-night kitchen open until 4 A.M.; garden out back starts hopping on Wednesday and doesn't stop till Sunday. *209 E. 76th St (628-6633). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open

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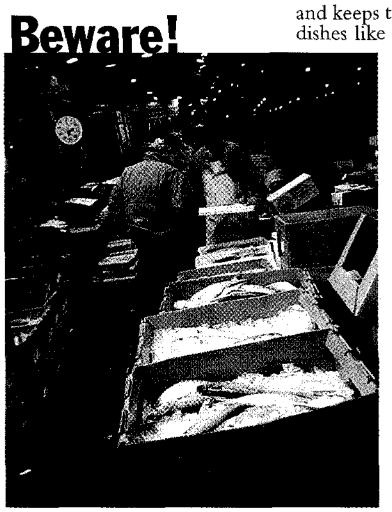


Photograph by Warren Salowe

There's nothing wrong with paying a premium price if you're getting premium food, but the next time you go to one of our city's finer restaurants and pony up for a $15 appetizer and a $28 entree, consider the per-pound price of some very common *haute* ingredients. Food costs are unbelievably capricious: Aside from the rent, they're the cash outlay that torments restaurateurs most. In these austere times, chefs make every effort to cut costs where they can. So when prices for red snapper are actually *low* at $4 a pound, and filet mignon goes for about $8, top chefs don't think twice about serving fish like mackerel—not too long ago considered only good enough to be canned as cat food.

Food	Price Per Lb. From Purveyor
Chicken	$0.50
Denver rib	$0.50
Squid	$0.95
Mackerel	$0.95
Mussels	$1.25
Lamb shank	$1.90
Skate	$2.05
Hangar steak	$2.50
Short ribs	$2.90

Preview **"Ever since I came to New York seven years ago, I've wanted to cook for this room," says chef Charles Kiely (formerly of Dakota Bar & Grill and the Abby) of the once charmed, and more recently jinxed, space at One Fifth Avenue where Vince & Linda at One Fifth has just opened. The dining room has been de-renovated—the famous portholes are back—and everything on the contemporary American menu is affordable; it's hard to spend more than $19 for an entrée.**

and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. *200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Carmine's—Imagine your itsy-bitsy dream restaurant in Little Italy. The one with the pictures of Mama on the wall, with everybody drinking Chianti and having a good time . . . only ten times larger. The wait (no reservations) can be a killer at this family-style restaurant specializing in enormous portions of red-sauce favorites. Nothing fancy, but lots of it. *2450 Broadway, bet. 90th and 91st Sts. (362-2200). (M) AE only.*

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among upper west siders. *467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.*

Hi Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411).* Also *Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Ruppert's—A neighborhood hang that's open late enough to host the unofficial after-hours party of all the other restaurants on the strip. *269 Columbus Ave., bet. 72nd and 73rd Sts. (873-9400). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don't come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($)*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation. When pressed, Louis Russo wil tell you he cooked it. *2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($)*

Primorski—Gangland hospitality straight from the steppes of Russia. Do not order the special banquet (in fact, appetizers will be more than enough), and if you're going to drink, for God's sake don't order the Stoli—the locals all drink Absolut. *282-B Brighton Beach Ave., at 2nd St. (718-891-3111). (E) ($)*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Totonno—Open only Thursday through Sunday. The family tradition of making only one batch of pizza dough each week is faithfully carried on by the owner's son-in-law. When the dough is gone, you're out of luck. The family shrine in the vestibule for Saint Anthony, patron saint of children, gives new meaning to family dining. Yes, that was Lou Reed. *1524 Neptune Ave., at 16th St. (372-8606). (M) ($)*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($)*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. *44th Drive at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Schlitz—Cop lunch spot: cold beer and great roast pork. Remember Newman's local in Fort Apache, the Bronx? *1209 138th St., at Bruckner Blvd. (no phone). (I) ($)*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966) (I) ($)*

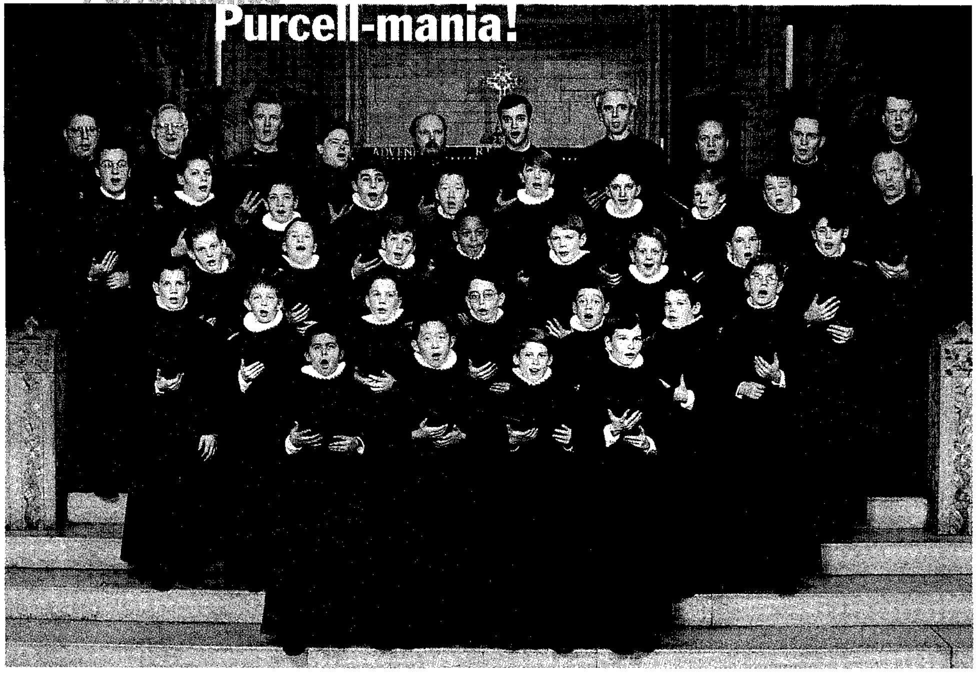
Photograph by Steven Freeman.

in concer

The Ghosts of Versailles...DecaDance

Performance

Purcell-mania!



The reestimation of the deeply likable composer Henry Purcell—dead these 300 years and far more revered in Great Britain than here—continues with an evening of his work by the St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys on April 4. See listing for details.

Classical Music

Monday, April 3

Philadelphia Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducts Haydn and Prokofiev. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$45.*

Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra—Riccardo Chailly conducts pieces by Berg, Stravinsky, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$35.*

Tuesday, April 4

Only Heaven—The poems of Langston Hughes scored for a four-piece orchestra by Ricky Ian Gordon and sung by Sherry Boone, Theresa Hamm-Smith, and Michael Lofton. Through 4/9. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Theatre Row, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200); $27.50.*

St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys—Performs an all-Purcell program. *St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. and 53rd St. (757-7013), at 7:30; $15–$35.*

Wednesday, April 5

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Beethoven and Shostakovich. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

Barbara Giancola—The dramatic soprano performs. *Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.*

Thursday, April 6

Bachanalia Festival Orchestra—Performs five pieces composed and first performed by Jewish musicians in the Terezin concentration camp, as well as selections by Bach and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $15–$25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/5.

Friday, April 7

BBC Philharmonic—Sir Peter Maxwell Davies and Yan Pascal Tortelier lead the orchestra in its debut tour of the U.S., marking its sixtieth anniversary. *Lehman Center for the Performing Arts, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. W., Bronx (718-960-8833), at 8; $20–$25.*

New York Pops—Joined by pianist Roger Williams in a program of Edward Elgar and Henry Mancini. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/5.

Saturday, April 8

Yoshie Kubota—The pianist performs Mozart. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.*

BBC Philharmonic—See 4/7. *Brooklyn Center of the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College, one block from the intersection of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. (718-951-4500), at 8; $25–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/5.

Sunday, April 9

Elly Ameling—Sold out. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 3.*

BBC Philharmonic—Sir Peter Maxwell Davies conducts his own Symphony No. 5. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $18–$38.*

Pinchas Zukerman—The violist performs. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$40.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—4/3 and 4/7 at 8 Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles.* 4/4 at and 4/8 at 1:30: Debussy's *Pelléas e Mélisande.* 4/5 and 4/8 at 8: Verdi's *L Traviata.* 4/6 at 8: Puccini's *Madam Butterfly. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincol Center (362-6000); $22–$110.*

New York City Opera—4/4 at 8: Wallace an Korie's *Harvey Milk.* 4/6 and 4/8 at 8 Verdi's *La Traviata.* 4/7 at 8 and 4/8 a 1:30: Lehár's *The Merry Widow.* 4/9 a 1:30: Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaz (870-5570); $15–$63.*

Brooklyn Academy of Music—Peter Brook' *The Man Who.* Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3 Through 4/9. *BAM, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $35–$50.*

Dicapo Opera Theatre—4/7 and 4/8 at 8 4/9 at 6: Floyd's *Susannah. Dicapo Oper Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438) $17.50.*

I Giullari di Piazza—4/6–4/8 at 7:30 an 4/9 at 9: John La Barbera's *Stabat Mater Donna de Paradiso. Cathedral of St. John th Divine, Amsterdam Avenue and 112th St (924-0077); $15.*

Juilliard Opera Center—4/5 and 4/7 at 8 4/9 at 2: Jules Massenet's *Werther. Juilliar Theater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406); $10.*

Manhattan School of Music—4/3 and 4/5 a 8: A semi-staged performance of Handel' *Deidamia,* the composer's last opera. *Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122n St. (749-3300); $10–$15.*

Dance

Cellicion Traditional Zuni Singers—4/7 at 8: The Zuni New Mexico, troupe is joined by Lakota dance and flute player Kevin Locke, Cherokee storytelle Gayle Ross, and others for an evening of Nativ American music, dance, and storytelling. *Symphon Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), at 8; $18.*

DecaDance—4/8 at 8; 4/9 at 3 and 8: Daniel Tinazzi' troupe performs *Afternoon Death* (set to music fro Miles Davis), *Runaway Highway* (set to music b MC 900 Ft. Jesus), and others. *Florence Gould Hall 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160), at 8; $18.*

Doug Elkins Dance Company—Performs *The Impoten of Being Earnest.* 4/6–4/8 at 8, 4/9 at 3; 4/13–4/1 at 8, 4/16 and 4/22 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.*

Feld Ballets/NY—Performs several premieres based o the piano music of Satie and Reich. Tues.–Sat. at 8 Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 4/9. *Joyce Theater, 17 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Linda Gold—4/6 at 8: The choreographer/dance combines experimental video with dance in a evening of pieces including *Death of Pierrot, Désire* and others. *Clark Studio Theater, seventh floor, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (924-0077); $12.*

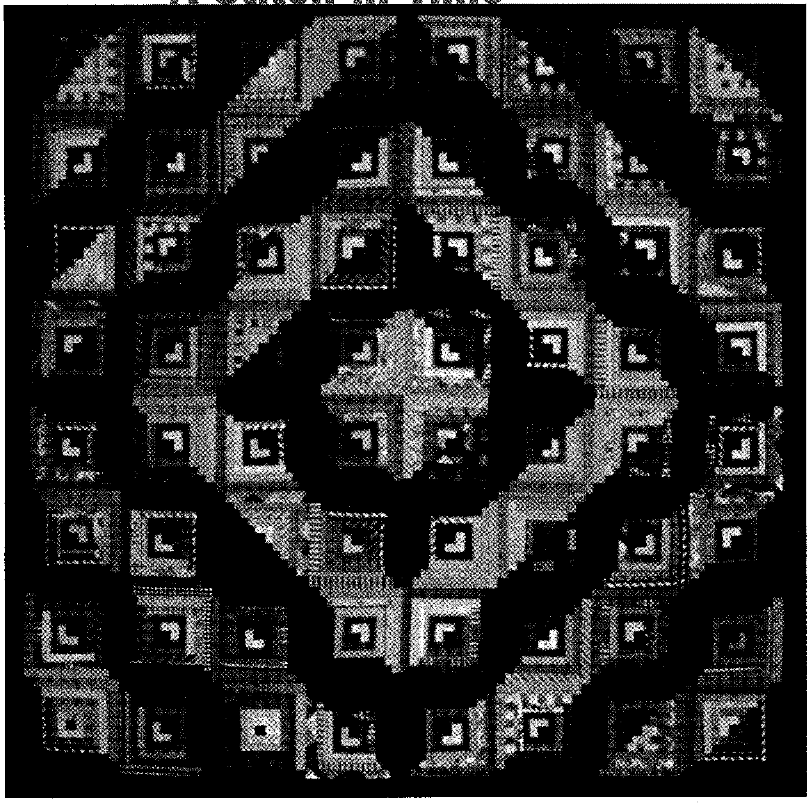
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Family Circus...*Seeing New York*

On View

A Stitch in Time



Cool antipathy or indifference to the noisy neo-Victorians does not preclude admiration for their predecessors' handiwork. The Museum of American Folk Art exhibits all manner of decorative arts, including the most ornately embroidered quilts, in Victorian Vernacular. (On view from April 8; see listing.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

ivided Memories (*Frontline,* 4/4 and 4/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is documentarian Ofra Bikel's absorbing and exhaustive inquiry into the anguishing debate about repressed memories of childhood sexual abuse and the various therapies (reparenting, age-regression, hypnosis) claiming to "recover" those memories. Like Frederick Crews in *The New York Review of Books,* Bikel has her doubts, obviously acquired in the course of her award-winning *Frontline* reports on the Edenton, North Carolina, child-molestation case. But she talks to everybody, listens as carefully as a Kuralt, and lets the camera wince or shrug. Nobody in these four hours suggests that there isn't an appalling incidence of incest and other forms of abuse in our troubled family pasts. But the evidence also indicates a degree of confabulation, encouraged by the therapists and embroidered by their unhappy patients, that may end up ruining more lives than it saves.

ay Goodbye, Norma Jean, and Other Things (4/4 and other dates; 10 P.M. to midnight; VH-1) is the centerpiece of a week-long "Elton John-a-Thon" on the cable music channel, a British-made 1973 portrait of the artist as a 26-year-old that's so heavy-breathing and self-important, so overwritten and overwrought, that you'll long for *This Is Spinal Tap* in the middle of "Rocket Man."

he Sounds of Discovery (*New Explorers*, 4/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) sits correspondent Bill Kurtis down in a nuclear sub for a deep-sea eavesdrop through Cold War "hydrophones" on the "acoustic signature" of whales. It is impossible not to be heartened by the redeploying of this Red October technology (Integrated Undersea Surveillance System) to listen for this eerie singing instead of a Soviet enemy.

Horse for Danny (4/8; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) stars Robert Urich as a horse trainer, Leelee Sobieski as his "track rat" niece, and Ron Brice as a groom. All three have a green dream of a three-year-old with a champion's heart, which Leelee will finance with her shrewd bets. But in Kentucky, the underclass is not supposed to stand in the Winner's Circle.

homas Jefferson: A View From the Mountain (4/9; 2 to 4 P.M.; Channel 13) dragoons Edward Herrmann, Sissy Spacek, Danny Glover, and Robert Prosky into off-camera readings from the record; burrows thoughtfully into letters and archives; spends a leisurely time at Monticello; interviews a hackle of historians and Barbara Jordan, too; and generally demystifies our third president, whose own ambivalence about slavery seems as much a part of the nation's shadowy sinew as his Declaration of Independence. About Sally Hemings, according to producer Martin Doblmeier, we'll never know for sure.

Intimate Portrait: Mary Magdalen (4/9 and other dates; 10 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) insists on saving the Bible's "Bad Girl" from a fate worse than patriarchy: popular culture. Producer Charles Stuart and writer Sarah Payne Stuart argue that the "other" Mary, steadfast through the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, "apostle to the apostles," probably wasn't a prostitute at all, much less a "second Eve" and gaudy femme fatale, certainly not according to the Gospels. And Jesus would appear to have treated women as equals, a lesson lost on his Church after Augustine. Gregory the Great is mostly to blame, as he was for Gregorian chanting. Besides looking at the lurid art, we listen to a bit of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and talk to a distraught Martin Scorsese.

A Perry Mason Mystery: The Case of the Jealous Jokester (4/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) kills off Dyan Cannon, the unpleasant star of her own TV sitcom. Because his niece, Susan Diol, is accused of the murder, Hal Halbrook once again leaves the ranch to impugn the motives of Dyan's husband (Tony Roberts), her co-star (Tina Yothers), her business manager (David Rasche), and her studio-audience warm-up act (Victoria Jackson). A subplot involving a supermarket tabloid proves to be the hypertext after all. Where's Perry? So long dead he's gone to the World Court.

Shimmer (American Playhouse, 4/10; 9–11 P.M; Channel 13) brings to the small screen John O'Keefe's autobiographical play—really a monologue—about growing up in the fifties in an Iowa home for juvenile delinquents. Two boys, Marcus Klemp as the O'Keefe stand-in "Spacy" and Elijah Shepherd as his bullied friend Gary, attempt to escape from the home, both literally and figuratively—the figure being a "shimmer" of magical thinking, the freedom of the imagi-nation. Mary Beth Hurt plays Spacy's mother. John Hanson (*Northern Lights*) directs with his heart as much as his eyes and ears.

Radio Highlights

"Documentaries and the News"—On the 4/9 airing of "On the Media," host Alex Jones discusses the topic with Judy Crichton (executive producer of PBS's *The American Experience*), Steve Glauber (senior producer of CBS's *Who Killed JFK: The Final Chapter*), and Pam Hill (vice-president/executive producer of CNN *Special Assignment*). At noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

"Selected Shorts"—4/9: Michael Genet reads Larry Brown; Carrie Nye reads Edith Wharton. At 4 on 93.9 FM; at 6 on 820 AM (WNYC).

"Soundprint"—The effects of long-term alcohol abuse on a 61-year-old man are examined in this documentary. 4/3 at 7:30; WFUV; 90.7 FM.

"Around New York With Steve Sullivan"—4/3: Pianist Gerson Silber plays live in WNYC's studio. 4/6: cellist Nathanial Rosen, also performing live. At 2; 93.9 FM.

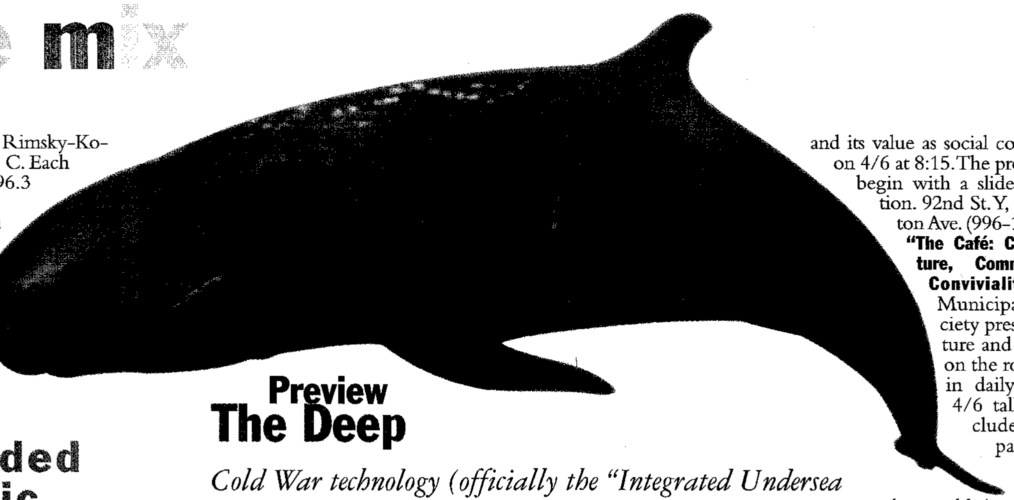
"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—4/9 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—4/3: Castelnuovo-Tedesco's Guitar Concerto No. 1 in D and Scriabin's Piano Concerto in F-sharp. 4/4: Heinichen's *Serenata di Moritzburg* and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in e. 4/5: Spohr's Violin Concerto No. 5 in E-flat and Roussel's Symphony No. 4 in A. 4/6: Beethoven's *Fidelio Overture* and Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 3 in a. 4/7: Khachaturian's *Triumphal Poem* and Schumann's Symphony No. 3 in E-flat. 4/10: D'Albert's Symphony in F. 4/11: Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and Brahms's Symphony No. 2 in D. 4/12: Beethoven's *The Consecration of the House Overture* and Schubert's Symphony No. 2 in B-flat. 4/13: Vivaldi's Viola

hotograph courtesy of the Museum of American Folk Art.

d'amore Concerto in d and Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphony No. 3 in C. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—4/8 at 1:30: Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande.* With Frederica von Stade, Marilyn Horne, Dwayne Croft, Victor Braun, and Robert Lloyd. Conducted by James Levine. WQXR, 96.3 FM.



Preview

The Deep

Cold War technology (officially the "Integrated Undersea Surveillance System") is engagingly redeployed in PBS's 'The Sounds of Discovery,' an oceanic eavesdrop on the acoustic signatures of whales. (See listing.)

Recorded Music

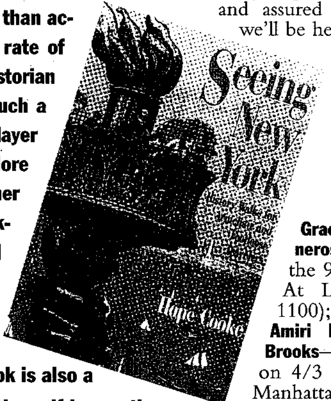
Faith No More *King for a Day Fool for a Lifetime* (Slash/Warner)—Although they exploded five years ago with the gigantic, aptly titled *Epic,* San Francisco's funk-metal art rockers Faith No More show little interest in wooing back the moshheads. Catchier than they have any right to be, songs like "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and "Cuckoo for Caca" still aren't likely to get much airplay. And, typical of a band that did a perfect note-by-note remake of the Commodores' AM classic "Easy," FNM is having too much fun getting baroquely, nightmarishly weird here—jumping from Gothic metal to smoothed-out R&B to shrieking spazzcore—to worry about crafting an MTV-worthy single. When he's not gibbering maniacally or howling like Linda Blair, Mike Patton shows the soaring, muscular vocalisms of a could-be glam pop star. But if he were one, he couldn't sing choruses like "Don't look at me, I'm ugly in the morning," "Don't let me die with this stupid look on my face," and "It's always funny until someone gets hurt/And then it's just hilarious." And that would be a shame. CHRIS NORRIS

James Carter *The Real Quietstorm* (Atlantic)—The most ferocious of the new young lions, 26-year-old reedsman James Carter shows his gentle side here, with a wisely chosen, masterfully played collection of ballads and blues. Exactly the opposite of what you'd expect from the title, *Quietstorm* mines the sound of pre-boppers like Ben Webster and Lester Young—*not* R&B fusioneers—and brings an extended post-bop concept to the oldest-sounding saxophonics. Like early-seventies Archie Shepp, Carter finds the blues, roots, and warmth in typically "avant-garde" gestures like wails and shrieks. And with classic material like Monk's "'Round Midnight" and Basie's "Eventide" (as well as two convincing originals), the bass clarinetist, flutist, and multisaxophonist executes gorgeously rhapsodic and lyrical readings of this music without sounding particularly "trad." The softer side to his new, more explosive showcase *Jurassic Classics* (on his former label Columbia), *Quietstorm* proves Carter has the poise and sensitivity to go with his incredible chops and assured swing. He's someone we'll be hearing from for decades. C.N.

In Print

Native Intelligence

"We are eager to leave New York, which is now absolute hell," Edmund Wilson wrote in his last letter to Vladimir Nabokov. "I don't know whether I can bring myself ever to come here again." As inevitably as cunning young things move to New York to watch their art blossom, their heroes announce the city's quite timely demise. Such disillusionment is then explained (the coots are just cranky) or dismissed (it's morning in New York). But what daunts us more than actual or imagined decline is the city's rate of change. Edith Wharton, notes urban historian Hope Cooke, thought New York "as much a vanished city as Atlantis or the lowest layer of Schliemann's Troy." Cooke agrees. More than two decades ago, in response to her fragile sense of the city, she started taking walking tours. Then she started leading them. Now, in *Seeing New York* (Temple University Press; $49.95), she has published them.



Useful as it is for the visitor, the book is also a gift to the resident pedestrian. Cooke herself is a native, but grew up in a "geographic bubble." Adults often do no better, becoming intensely familiar only with our subway line, our corner deli, our doorstep. Walking through the city as if for the first time can be, Cooke realizes, embarrassing. "When people ask what I've been doing, I usually say, 'Er, I've been working on a spatially pegged history of New York,' not 'I've been writing a guidebook.' " *Hope Cooke will read from* Seeing New York *on April 18 at Books & Co.* **LINDA HALL**

The Written Word

Grace Paley and Sandra Cisneros—A joint reading at the 92nd St. Y on 4/3 at 8. At Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Amiri Baraka and Gwendolyn Brooks—A reading presented on 4/3 at 7:30 as part of the Manhattan Theatre Club's Writers in Performance series. 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

"The Poet Tree"—Sunday-afternoon readings by poets, as well as occasional open readings and book raffles. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—The artist discusses his work as personal disclosure and its value as social commentar on 4/6 at 8:15. The program wi begin with a slide presentation. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16

"The Café: Coffee, Culture, Communicatior Conviviality"—Th Municipal Art Society presents a lecture and discussio on the role of café in daily life. Th 4/6 talk will include a comparison c café aroun the world (as well as a exploration of how th café's organization and activity reflect a nation culture) by New Yorl scholars. Jonathan Mor Barr, SoHo. Reservation are required; call 935-3960. $9.

"The Writing of Colette"—Joan Juliet Buck, Francois Gilot, Malcolm McLaren, Mary McFadder Lawrence Osborne, and Judith Thurman conside her reputation and worth at the fourth Randon House literary breakfast. 4/16 at 8:30 A.M., mad. 61 10 E. 61st. St. (in Barneys uptown store). Call 691 8543 for tickets; the $35 price includes breakfast.

"Jews and Blacks"—Subtitled "Let the Healing Begin," this 4/11 discussion features Cornel West an Michael Lerner examinining what it would take t re-establish an alliance between Blacks and Jews (The two have just co-written a book together. Synod House, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St. At 7:30; call 219 2527 for more information. $12.

"Edwin Newman: Then and Now"—The NBC correspondent and author of *I Must Say* speaks about hi 35 years in the news business on 4/6 at 8. 92nd St Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"Hearing the Dance: Adding Music to Dance on Silen Film"—The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts presents this 4/6 panel discussion witl editor Robert Gottleib, Madeleine Nichols (curato of the library's dance collection), Edward Villell (artistic director of the Miami City Ballet), and Ro Honsa (producer/director of Pensa Communications). Techniques and reasons for adding synchronized music tracks to rare and silent dance films wi be considered, and newly restored clips—includin one of Balanchine's *La Valse*—will be screenec Bruno Walter Auditorium, 40 Lincoln Center Plaz (870-1671), at 6:30; $5 in advance; $7 at the door.

Fairs and Festivals

The Greater New York Orchid Show—A panel of judge from the American Orchid Society selected th orchids and other flowers that will be exhibite this week at the World Financial Center Winte Garden in Battery Park City. Also on hand will b leading international growers, hobbyists, floral designers, and works by painters, illustrators, an graphic artists. Plants from commercial grower will be available, too. 4/6 through 4/8 from 1 A.M. to 7 P.M.; 4/9 from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Call 945 0505 for information; free.

Tours

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on Sidewalks c New York's guided tour of *Godfather* land. Ca 517-0201 for schedule information and meetin place; $10.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll throug the late Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood, with stop at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

"Pre-Passover Jewish East Side"—A special holida walking tour through more than a century and half of Jewish history, celebrating kosher-for Passover food. This tour will emphasize loca shops that supply goods for the holiday. Stops in clude the Eldridge Street Synagogue, and *The Jewish Daily Forward*. 4/9 at 1; $9. Call 439-1090 for meeting place.

Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—See the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists as well as their gathering places and sites made famous in their work. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

vernor's Island—4/9 at 1: Take in more than 350 years of history on this tour of the largest Coast Guard installation in the world. You'll visit a nineteenth-century fort and see the home of U. S. Grant. Call 439-1090 for meeting place; $12.

Benefits

onte Carlo Masquerade Ball—The third annual Business and Professional Division's Ball benefits the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of America and features dancing, gambling, and an unprecedentedly large number of giveaway trips and prizes. It's at the Racquet & Tennis Club, 370 Park Ave., bet. 52nd and 53rd Sts., on 4/8 at 8. Call 679-1570 for further information and reservations.

Exhibitions

ictorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt"—Beginning 4/8, the Museum of American Folk Art places decorative textiles and other home furnishings in a context of the Aesthetic interiors movement of the nineteenth century. Columbus Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). Hours: Tues. through Sun, 11:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. Closed Mon. Admission is free.

piders!"—The American Museum of Natural History's new exhibition shows you how spiders travel, hunt, and reproduce, and examines their impact on popular culture. Games, videos, photographs, and interactive components are used to help the viewer understand how the spider uses its senses and perceives the natural world. The centerpiece of the show is a display of twelve live tarantulas from North America, South America, and Africa. Through 6/4, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5310). Call the museum for information on upcoming special programs held in conjunction with the exhibition.

ody Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum"—The museum's collection of jewelry includes approximately 1,000 pieces, ranging from ancient Egyptian artifacts to work produced just recently. Built up through bequests from personal estates as well as donations from living designers, the collection is one of the few resources in the country for the study of the art of jewelry. This exhibition charts the links between jewelry and anatomy and documents changing societal attitudes toward the human body and jewelry design. Through 9/3 at Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 for seniors and students; free on Tues. after 5.

"I Believe in Agitation"—The Morgan Library, in recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Frederick Douglass, presents a selection of his letters. The documents on display are from the Gilder Lehrman collection as well as the library's own holdings. Through May 14 at 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008).

"Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments"—Shopping in the 1880s has been re-created by the Museum of the City of New York. The area bounded by Union and Madison Squares from Broadway to Sixth Ave. was the center of New York's fashion and social worlds from the late 1860s to the turn of the century. Using objects and images drawn from the museum's own collection, the exhibition brings back the clothing, accessories, and ephemera of the area's department stores, shops, restaurants, and theaters. Among the articles on display: a shirt belonging to Diamond Jim Brady, a gown worn at President Rutherford B. Hayes's inauguration, a little boy's suit from Best & Company, and combs, fans, jewelry, purses, and silver from Tiffany & Co. The museum is located at Fifth Ave. and 103rd St. (534-1672).

Sports

Basketball

The Knicks host Detroit on 4/8 at 8:30. The Central Division's basement-dwelling Pistons will still be competing for that eighth playoff spot, though one can't help but wonder if they really want it. On 4/11 at 7:30, New York goes up against the young guards of Miami. As playoff season looms, the Heat are looking to improve upon last year's startling upset first-round victory over Atlanta. Glen Rice is growing into his small-forward position, still squeezing out the points as he did against Boston at the end of March.

Hockey

The Rangers face off against the Islanders in Madison Square Garden on 4/7 at 7:30.

Talent "I was born and raised in the show," says heir to father Gunther's animal-training empire. *Only* the Big Top can hold Dad's trademark tigers *and* the pachyderm prince. Will subsequent generations learn to crack the whip, too? "I would be honored if they would follow in my footsteps," says Mark. (See "Kids" listing.)

Solutions to last week's puzzles

■	V	■	C	■	F	■	Y	I	E	L	D	I	N	G
T	E	R	R	O	R	■	O	■	X	■	E	■	E	■
■	R	■	I	■	E	■	U	P	P	E	R	C	U	T
C	O	M	P	O	S	E	R	■	O	■	M	■	T	■
■	N	■	P	■	C	■	S	■	S	T	A	R	R	Y
T	A	I	L	S	O	F	F	■	U	■	■	■	O	■
■	L	■	I	■	■	■	A	T	R	O	P	I	N	E
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Kids

Ringling and Cirque…

Children's Events

Big Top—For their 125th anniversary show, **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey** perform more than two and a half hours of quick-changing don't-try-this-at-home razzle-dazzle antics, including a daredevil Day-Glo motorbike act, trained tigers, and somersaulting over pachyderms. Through 4/30 at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50.

"The Radio City Easter Show"—See the Rockettes high-kicking on an enormous revolving turntable to unbeatable tunes like "Put a Little Spring in Your Step" and Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade." Shows are 4/8 through 4/22. Call for schedule. **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave.; call 247-4777 for information, 307-7171 for tickets. Tickets are $25 to $38.

"Cirque du Soleil"—Bring children who are ready for contortionists and clowns with a dark, ironic side—along with breathtaking aerial feats and hard-blowing paper snow. The big yellow-and-blue circus tent will be pitched in Battery Park City through at least mid-May. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30; Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Place, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

Ground Rules:

◍ = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Grandmother Earth—A larger-than-life puppet grandmother leads musicians, goddesses, and garden visitors in a celebration of "Hug the Forest Weekend." Make forest-animal masks, musical instruments, and animal calls. 4/8 and 4/9 from 11 to 4. **The New York Botanical Garden,** 200th St. and Southern Blvd, the Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission for adults is free, for children $1.●

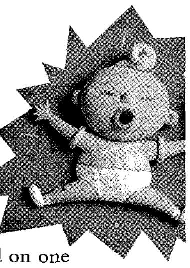
Dance Movements—Excerpts from *Memoria* and *Revelations*, both choreographed by **Alvin Ailey,** are performed by the dance group for children 8 and up and their families. 4/8 at 2. Tilles Center for the Performing Arts, C. W. Post Campus, Long Island University, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100). Tickets are $15.●

"Babes in Toyland"—**The Little Orchestra Society** performs Victor Herbert's operetta, adapted for 5-to-12-year-old children from the 1903 Broadway hit. 4/8 at 11 and 1. A lunch party after the later performance benefits "Chance for Children" disadvantaged youngsters. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, 65th St. and Broadway (721-6500). Tickets are $15 to $32. Tickets including admission to the benefit are $125.●

By George—"Myths of American History: Beyond the Cherry Tree" at the **Fraunces Tavern Museum** lets children see themselves in a Washington-family portrait and in a Revolutionary battle slide show. Through August 26. Museum hours are Mon. through Fri. 10 to 4:45, Sat. noon to 4. 54 Pearl St., at Broad St. (425-1778). Children under 6 free, students $1, adults $2.50.

Wanna Be Best Friends ?—A lively program of shorts on the theme of Best Buddies includes "Kaboodle: The Cure," from Australia, and "Tiger," from the Netherlands, in the 12:15 program; "The Wrong Trousers," a claymation from the United Kingdom, is part of the 1:45 program. **The International Children's Television Festival** at the Museum of Radio and Television, 25 West 52nd St. (621-6600). Admission is $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, and $6 for adults.

Tell Me Another—Actor Steve Buscemi reads from *Stallaluna,* by Jannell Cannon; Griffin Dunne reads *John Henry* as retold by Julius Lester; and the two actors break into song together to Pete Seeger's hypnotic illustrated story-song *Abiyoyo.* 4/9 at 3. **The Drawing Center,** 35 Wooster St. (219-2166). West African Storyteller Mahamadou Salieu Suso tells **How Smart Are Animals?** and asks what humans might learn from the animal kingdom. 4/8 at 1. The Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (966-1313). $2 for children, $4 for adults.●



Curtain Calls—Live performances around town include ***Ferdinand Faithful,*** a puppet opera based on one of Grimm's fairy tales with all the trappings of a good story: a talking horse that sees t future, a princess who beheads her husband, a a good-hearted hero who can't seem to shake his evil twin. 4/6 to 4/9 at 8 and 4/9 at 3. Min Latham Playhouse, Barnard campus, 117th St. a Broadway (854-5638); $5. ***Zhang Boils the Ocean***—a nineties version of the Yeun Dynasty Chine Opera set in Coney Island, where Huang is bea en by a gang and, unconscious, journeys to ancient China where oceans boil and drago dance. 4/8 at 2. **Henry Street Settlemen** Abrons Art Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400 $3.50 for children, $5 for adults. ***Fritzie's Fun time Fantasy*** is a musical program featurin Fritzie's big hit "Countess From Kalamazoo" an a cast of puppets. An affordable lunch is serve before or after the show which goes on 1:30. 4/8. West End Gate, 2911 Broadway, 113th St. (662-8830); $7. In ***Young Moses,*** t prophet is depicted as a rebellious teenager in t family musical performed by the Poppy See Players at Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center, Abra ham Goodman House, 129 West 67th St. (36 8060); tickets are $8.

Big Apple Circus—**"Grandma Meets Mummen schanz"** brings to the outer boroughs this sprin plate-spinning, elephant comedy routines, and t sly humor of soft shapes careening through saw dust. The tent is pitched in Brooklyn's Prospe Park May 11 to 17; in the Bronx's Van Cortlan Park May 19 to 23; in Staten Island's Wolfe's Pon Park May 25 to 31; and in Brookville, New York, Long Island University June 2 to 11. For ticket call 307-4100. For information, call 268-005 Ticket prices range from $10 to $28.

"Liquid Vision"—Time is running out to see a $ million traveling show at **The Liberty Scienc Center** about lasers, holograms, and virtual reali ty. Play virtual volleyball, produce a music vide and finger-paint on a computer screen. Clos April 30. Museum hours are Tues. through Su 9:30 to 5:30 (beginning April 17, open dai through Labor Day). Liberty State Park, 25 Phillip St., Jersey City (201-200-1000). Admis sion is $6 for children, $9 for adults.

Eggs in One Basket—Decorate pysanky—Ukraini Easter eggs—with bee's wax, a stylus, and lum nous dye colors. 4/8, 4/9 from 2 to 4. Childre must be 12 and up. **The Ukrainian Museu** 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Fee is $10 for ki under 16, $15 for adults.●

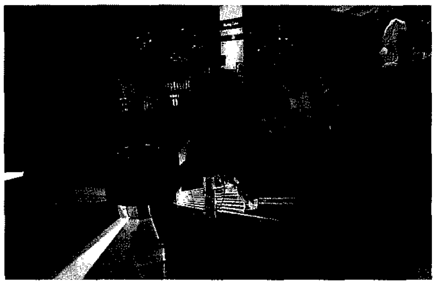
Warts and All—A park-ranger-led search for frogs an toads. Learn the differences between the tw species, then engage in leap-frogging and other amphibian-inspired fun. 4/9 at 1. Meet at Belvedere Castle, 81st St. mid–Central Park (1-800-201-7275). ●◍

Batter Up—A sight for sore eyes: 2,000 Little Leaguers march the eighth annual **Prospect Park Baseball Parade** with mitts in hand. Joining them to signal the spring re-opening of the park's ballfields, carousel, Lefferts Homestead Children's Museum, and pedal boats will be the Jackie Robinson Marching Band, the New York City Police Emerald Society Pipe Band, and a selection of vintage cars. 4/8. Parade leaves Union St. and Seventh Ave. in Park Slope at 10 and proceeds up Seventh Ave., turning left at 9th St. to the park. For information, call the Park's Events Line (718-965-8999).●◍

Data

Slumber Party On the Town

How very Eloise to bed down among the animals, the holograms, and 50 of your closest chums:



New York Hall of Science, Flushing, Queens (718-699-0005)	The entire museum stays open. Kids can explore, and see demonstrations that follow exhibit-related themes. Package includes breakfast. Bring your own dinner or order pizza ($11 a pie).	$21 per person. Join a scheduled group or form your own with a minimum group size of 200.
Central Park Wildlife Center, Central Park at 64th Street (439-6539)	"Snooze at the Zoo" programs are offered twice a year in the spring and fall. (Similar programs are offered at Prospect Park Wildlife Center and the Bronx Zoo.)	$90 for a parent and child ($50 for each additional child).
Liberty Science Center, Jersey City (201-451-0006, extension 292).	"Camp-Ins" are for groups in the second through eighth grades. Kids see 250 exhibits, demonstrations, a 3-D presentation, and, after breakfast, an OMNIMAX show.	$33 per person. Join a scheduled group or form your own. Group sizes can range from 30 to 550. (Minimum of one adult for every five children.)
Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation, Coney Island (718-265-2673)	Camp out around a coral reef in Discovery Cove, eat breakfast, and bring home a fish-printed T-shirt.	$50 per person. (One free adult for every ten children.) Bring groups with a minimum size of 15, a maximum of 30.

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Dreaming Of A Centerfold?—Dream on. What I am is smart, savvy and plenty good-looking for a woman writer with grown kids. Just right for a tender, home-loving, intimate, high-energy man, 55-65, with courage to answer this ad. 6649 ✉

East Hampton Man—Kind, sensitive, honest, literate, perceptive, quiet, family-oriented Ivy Leaguer in early 50s, seeks compatible woman in late 30s/early 40s. I'm 6' tall, in great shape, not bad looking. Lived in Soho, San Francisco and Boston. Ski, sail, love the ocean and the outdoors. I also love New York's movies, theater, music, etc...but prefer a healthier, less intense day-to-day life out here. My friends appreciate my honesty, intelligence, dry wit and diverse interests. If you're attractive, well-educated, intelligent, physical, gentle, nonsmoking, sweet, giving, Christian and liked being *married...send note/foto.* 6573 ✉

Gallant Gay Male—40s, handsome producer, Ivy literate, masculine, loyal, genuine, sense of humor, athletic, Central Park runner - seeks equal. No smoke/drugs. Note/photo/phone. 6523 ✉

Pretty, Intelligent Chinese Female—40s, professional, fit, caring, honest, seeks well-educated, dignified, affectionate man, 45-55. Photo/note. 6635 ✉

Jewish Beauty—Inside and out, 33, 5'7", size 6, son, 6. Seeks tall, wonderful *man for mutual spoiling.* Photo. 6574 ✉

Food, Wine, Workout—Warm, handsome, educated man, 6', 37, seeks compatible, thin Jewish woman, 27-35. 6613 ✉ ☎

Wanted—A good, kind, sensitive, sexy man whose time has come to meet his counterpart. I am a serious, spirited, very sensuous, grown-up female, 50 years young, very physically fit, independent professional woman. If you are 50-60 years young, unmarried, and never really *want to grow up, I want to meet you now.* Absolutely no response without photo, please; will respond with same. 6570 ✉

Spring Has Sprung—Christmas tree still up! Tall, unpretentious redhead with style, soul and joie de you-name-it - glamorous, amorous, girlish late 40s, in broadcast, advocacy and down-shift mode. Wants to raise goats, take naps and go places. Seeks one manly male - tender, tried and trim, good listener, lover of beauty, financially relaxed, health-watching, God-fearing and kissable, to help take down the tree - with perhaps something evergreen in mind. Note/photo, please. 6582 ✉

Jewish Ivy League Mr.—With BS/MS seeks his Mrs. I'm an attractive (most say cute), athletic, witty, playful, warm, honest, successful executive, young 40s. You're a bright, slim, truly pretty/cute, warm and loving, classy Jewish woman, nonsmoker, under 5'7", mid 30s-young 40, with sense of humor. Photo? 6584 ✉ ☎

Blond Beauty With Brains—30-something Wasp, 5'9", elegant, feminine, slender and athletic, Harvard graduate, very successful and financially secure professional woman - with a sense of humor, great style and a warm, easygoing nature. Seeking a white male, 35-47, who is secure, kind, supportive, playful, honest and sincere - to share romance, confidences and good life. Nonsmoker. Note/recent photo/phone. 6182 ✉

The Real Thing Sought!—By a creative, idealistic Ivy MD/PhD/inventor with great sense of humor, good-looking, multifaceted, tall, muscular, 38, lots of fun. Seeks affectionate, caring woman under 36, trim, 5'6" plus, vibrant, forever. Best Kodak moment necessary. 6630 ✉

Could You Love—A beautiful, slim, intelligent, independent, affectionate, truthful Wasp of 44 years (no kids) who loves her job as a commodities broker, cooking, wine, gardening, music, books, travel, nature? I'm looking for a wonderful man, 45-50, nonsmoking, to share love, laughter and new adventures. Please send photo and note. 6546 ✉

Commitment?—Professional male, 28, Christian, nonsmoker, 5'10", brown/hazel; western Suffolk. Enjoys conversation, family, friends, Fire Island, NYC, Seinfeld/ER, quiet dinners. Seeks professional single woman, nonsmoker without children, who enjoys life, is emotionally available, 24-30, outgoing, beautiful inside and out. Note/photo please. 6616 ✉

Are You Looking—For a single white male with a sense of perspective? Do you want someone who is successful without being job-obsessed, active without being gym-obsessed? Sensitive, affectionate and supportive but not smothering? Open-minded and flexible but not opinionless? Self-assured but not egotistical? Secure and stable but not boring? Sorry, can't help you. No, wait!!! Just kidding! I confess - it's me! Single white male, 40, 6'2", nonsmoker, attractive, fit, warm personality, *good sense of humor but can be serious* upon demand. Financial industry professional. Loves traveling, exploring other cultures, languages and cuisines; music, film, dancing, biking. If you're an attractive, fit, single white female, early-mid 30s, with similar qualities, who knows that she wants more out of life than just the nine-five routine, kindly respond with note/photo/phone. 6590 ✉

The Three C's:—Communication, commitment, compromise, sharing. Single white Jewish male, 41, 5'10", 170 lbs, looking to meet single white female, nonsmoker, slim, spontaneous. Children are not a priority. However, yours are very welcome. Letter preferred. 6603 ✉ ☎

Does The Republican Agenda—Make you want to scream? 35, slender, Jewish, very pretty Ivy grad, seeks nonsmoking, athletic, like-minded liberal guy. 6566 ✉ ☎

Old Man Wanted—For fun-oriented old lady, Jewish - enjoys music, travel. 6561 ✉

Attractive, Bright Male Professional—43, athletic, fit, trim, 5'10", brown hair, financially secure, Catholic, romantic, sincere - enjoys jazz, sports, humor, theater. Seeks attractive professional female for lasting relationship. 6586 ✉ ☎

This Old Fart—Of 65, enjoys life, can and does go first class, looking for young chippy - if not in age, at least in spirit. Phone and photo. 6601 ✉

Village Type In Corporate Suit—Male, Jewish, 40s, tall, athletic, attractive, bright, *successful, nonsmoker - seeks attractive,* artsy, vivacious woman, mid-late 30s, for NY cultural companion and romance. Photo preferred. 6515 ✉

You Are Female—About 35, brave, vivacious, creative and flawed. You feel deeply and can put your heart into life, into loving, into making soup. You can barely imagine an equal male partner who is attractive, authentic, vulnerable. I'm male, 48, self-employed and can be melancholy, hilarious, compassionate. I love dogs, fast cars, swimming, ginkgo trees, William Blake. I live on Long Island and regret how long this has taken. I miss kissing and meaningful talk. No charade here. I'm looking for a woman who is awake within the mystery of the present moment, who is trying to make this count. If you're here sometimes, tell me how and why. Amaze me! Send photo, too. 6641 ✉

Succumb To April Foolery—With smart, sensuous, sympathetic, 40-something funny girl. Fit and pretty magazine editor seeks smart, engaging man with curiosity and career, 40s-50s, for fun and beyond? Note/phone/photo. Relax! Words count more than warts. 6575 ✉

This Spiritual, Beautiful Widow—A very young 52 in attitude, appearance, is seeking an aware, insightful, nonsmoking man of depth, who questions the accepted, is complex yet simple, is stable with sound values. A veteran of "the good life," my focus has shifted. I now walk the road less traveled but am comfortable in both worlds. Join me for laughter/learning/loving at an ashram, the theater/symphony, exercising in Central Park, dancing or flying off to Copan/Machu Picchu/the Galapagos. Meaningful note/phone, please. 6450 ✉

I'm Tired—Recreational athlete, skier, biker, blader, scuba... Too busy to play games! Looking for someone to kick back and enjoy life with. Hardworking Jewish *male, 39, seeks a nonsmoking female "real* deal". No armchair athletes. 6642 ✉ ☎

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Best Friend And More Wanted—Fun-loving, pretty, petite, divorced Jewish female with 7-year-old son, lives on North Shore, works in Manhattan. Looking for Jewish male, 40-48, secure, loves children loves to laugh. Note/photo/phone. 6271 ✉

Seeking Divorced Or Widowed—Accomplished, loving Jewish man (40-55) who is ready for happiness (again) with this bright, attractive, funny professional woman. Worlds in common might include academia, research, movies, kids, travel, politics. 6620 ✉ ☎

I'm Two Steps Away—From another summer share... Help! Very good-looking, successful male, 34, holiday Jew, looking to connect. Unique, creative (personally and professionally) and very funny - to say the least. Honest, communicative, sensitive and genuine - to say the most. Interests: music (in a big way), sports, working out, movies and the arts. Desires: committed relationship with sexy, slim Jewish female, 28-36, with similar qualities and interests, who is as much an individual as I am. Note/photo please. 6595 ✉

Manhattan Is Unthinkable—So are Brooklyn, Queens and LI. Don't want to know someone that can't hear a fire engine but thinks a bird in the morning and a cricket at night make noise. I have my own home in northern Westchester, just turned 59 (for the second time), over 6', healthy and better-than-average looks. Sushi, boating, old friends, traveling and someone special to share it with are just some of my pleasures. You are: (914)/(203)/northern (201), Jewish - nonreligious, tall, ready for a relationship, a "10" in personality and comparatively attractive. Send a picture (it's worth more than a thousand words), a short history and your phone. I can't take credit for this, but "let's have our last first date." 6547 ✉

First Times;—Togetherness, aloneness; talking, silence; real everything, fake nothing; the sun, full moons, water, oil, erotic flowers; consistency, change; trusting, risking; touching, fulfilling, knowing; single, white professional female, 40 plus, slender, 5'5"; seeking a real man. 6514✉☎

One In 3.4 Million—Pretty woman, educated, cultured, warm, fun - seeks same in a great guy, 60-75. 6637 ✉ ☎

5'2", Eyes Of Blue—Sexy, slim, pretty blond, 28, seeks professional guy to share life's adventures. 6591 ✉ ☎

Are You The Special Man I Seek?—50-65, tall, handsome, energetic, physically fit, charismatic, self-confident, upbeat, spontaneous. Enjoys all the city has to offer, plus travel, adventure. I am 5'8", mature, beautifully elegant, slim, green-eyed brunette, successful business executive who enjoys all of the above and more. Note/photo, please. 6510 ✉

Deep, Warm, Witty—Attractive male, PhD, health professional of passion and integrity - seeks smart, very pretty, shapely and petite woman, 40-56. I am a very young 63 (look 50) and prefer Wasp style and looks. Note/photo, please. 6571 ✉

Spring Is Inspiring!—Very pretty, divorced professional female, 45, enjoys dancing (swing/Latin), music (oldies, R&B, Sinatra), dining, movies, biking, museums, walking, getting away, friends. Seeks friend/lover, 40s. Dads welcome. Brooklyn/Manhattan preferred. 6534 ✉ ☎

Rat-A-Tat-Tat: Entrepreneurial Hack—Slick chick - one-stop shop. Good cook - good wit, slim hips - full lips, tra-la-la-la, tehillim. Seeking male, my generation - late 30s-40s, financially, physically and emotionally fit. Energetic - fast wit - literate. Send: note/bio/photo/phone. 6585 ✉

Attractive Brunette—5'1", bright, spontaneous, fun-loving, seeks man, 48 plus, with compatible traits - ability to laugh at himself, me and the world a plus. Handwritten note preferred. Photo optional. 6607 ✉

Very Pretty, Financially Secure—(718) Christian lady, 34. I'm sharp, gold-hearted, feminine, with traditional values and low mileage. I'm saucy, have a bawdy sense of humor and inner strength. Seek attractive male match, 34-44, for, hopefully, keeps. Personal note/photo/phone, please. 6485 ✉

Lots Of Fun, Never Dull—Single white male, 35, 5'10", black hair, hazel eyes, successful Wall Street karate instuctor, artistic, good sense of humor. Loves theater, art and the outdoors. Seeks companion for fun and perhaps more. If you like gallery openings, theater, black-tie parties and walks in the country, please respond. 6527 ✉ ☎

Substance, Style And Beauty—Seeks quality man, 60s-70s. POB 617, NY, NY 10021.

Blond, Bright And Buxom—29, lawyer, seeks professional, secure, adventurous Wasp male, 30s, for romance. 6538 ✉

Writer With MD—Attractive single male, 36, dark hair, blue-green eyes. Passionate about ideas, psychologically oriented, good sense of humor, health conscious, honest, Jewish. Seeks attractive, thinking, compassionate woman, 24-33, for warm, fun, possibly long-term relationship. Note and photo, please. 6609 ✉

Laugh And Smile With Me!—Beautiful woman (honest): 5'4"/119, 31, auburn/brown. Happy, passionate, sincere, outdoorsy, successful, sound values. Seeks single, handsome, nonsmoking, reliable, healthy, strong/tender best friend and more - to share happiness, adventures, forever. Note/photo. NJ okay. Let's compare interests! 6626 ✉

Mr. Perfect—Way, way above average in everything. My creative achievements behind the scenes in the entertainment industry make me successful and famous. I'm looking for a beautiful, vivacious female with model looks and sharp wit, to share my adventure. I'm nonreligious Jewish, with movie-star qualities, and you're ten years my junior, late 20s, able to melt hearts with your eyes and smile. Equal consideration to struggling actresses as to accomplished lawyers. Photo. 6521 ✉

Handsome, Funny, Athletic—Jewish attorney, 37, seeks pretty, bright female for movies, rock 'n' roll, tennis, outdoors, fun, romance and future. Tall a plus. Photo please. 6311 ✉

Yearning For A Literate Man—With soul, wit, vision - about 48 or so - who likes smart, strong, sensual women, and gives great hugs. 6530 ✉ ☎

Attractive Greek-American—Attorney, 31, likes art, plays soccer and rock 'n' roll. Seeks candid, pretty woman, 25ish. Photo welcome. 6549 ✉

Woman Of Independent Means—Slim, pretty professional, passionately alive, seeks Jewish male, 49-60, successful, with charm and warmth, ready to love. 6621 ✉

Winsome, Sexy, Slender, Westport—35-year female - Pantene hair, Hepburn eyes - seeks successful, older white male who's prioritized love. 6496 ✉ ☎

Look: Free Juice Or Coffee—Fun, fit-for-life, 45, seeks lively player for prelude to a date. Smart, feminine, artistic or any two okay. Good posture and photo count. Prefers: low-fat, never deep-fried; Letterman; small films; high ceilings; Judge Ito. Handsome with job, tall with comfortable West Side living. Works out, writes, laughs, listens; tends to analyze. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you. Let's slip off to the Galapagos soon, with romance in our heads. 6503 ✉

29, Professional Male—Jewish - nonreligious, 6', athletic build. Have no prerequisites as to your career, interests, etc. Just be highly intelligent, interesting, with good sense of humor. Note/photo. 6627 ✉

Let's Do Jazz Or Ballet—Attractive, witty, bearded, fit Jewish stockbroker, 43, who loves the arts, seeks beautiful, very bright, personable, stable, very fit, athletic woman, 30-45, who loves jazz and ballet. Photo. 6602 ✉ ☎

Successful, Adventurous—Downtown woman, 35, seeks successful, adventurous man with a sense of humor, for dates...maybe more? Photo/letter. 6588 ✉

My Twin Is Getting Married—I need a date for the wedding. Very handsome, very intelligent, very fit professional male, 31, seeks happy, open-minded, loving, creative, intellectually curious female, 25-31. Please be pretty. 6640 ✉

Creative Professional—Female, blond, blue-eyed, attractive, 5'9", slim, athletic, 35, Canadian-European, nontraditional, with good virtues. Well-traveled, appreciate the arts, films, books, exploring new things. Looking for tall, attractive, intelligent, fit, spirited man who enjoys laughing, under 45, for friendship and unlimited possibilities. Note/photo/phone. 6555 ✉

Nice Russian—40s, petite, 125 lbs, seeks serious, optimistic man. 6493 ✉

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Sexy, Divorced White Leo Male—Educated, sensitive, spiritual, loves art and literature. Looking for an attractive, sexy, fun-loving, easy-to-be-with companion to share all the earthly delights. Photo a must! 6516 ✉

Elegantly Disarming Woman—Slim blond, 37, Jewish, seeks a man, 35-50, to share adventure and passion for intellectual life. 6568 ✉ ☎

Passionate, Spiritual Lover Of Life—Independent, looking for a tender, gentle, spiritually deep person who seeks a soul mate to share all life's mysteries and passions. Passions include literature and art. Hopefully you seek daily intimacy, tenderness, caring, and see sexuality as complex and frequent expression of spiritual communion. Seeking 33-42, preferably blond. Photo and any expression of your interests, desires, passions. 6519 ✉

Successful, Attractive Male—Seeks lady love. Millionaire entrepreneur seeks beautiful lady to spend time with and hopefully the rest of my life with. If you are between 28-45, attractive, like the bright lights, low lights or no lights, I am the gentleman for you. If you have children, that's fine too. There isn't anything that I wouldn't give or do for the woman I love. I can and am willing to make that special woman's dreams come true. Please be mine. A recent photo is a must. 6592 ✉ ☎

Lauren Bacall Seeks Her Bogie...—Slim, 40-something PR pro with a sultry voice and hearty laugh, seeks a financially secure, emotionally stable man in his 30s or 40s, whose interests include the Philharmonic, travel, skiing, working out, movies, eating pizza and just plain hanging out. Photo/note, please. 6490 ✉

Very Pretty, Slender, Classy Brunette—With silky hair and great legs, divorced Catholic female (no children), late 30s but looks early 30s, is kind, affectionate and has exquisite taste. Enjoy great conversation, jogging, skiing, opera, travel and walks along the beach at sunset. Looking for down-to-earth, good-hearted, honest person who is open to a committed relationship. 6579 ✉ ☎

Gay White Female—Very young 40s, attractive, enthusiastic, fit and intelligent. I love music, dancing, nature and kids. If you have a terrific sense of humor and a great sense of adventure, please respond. Also, please be fit and attractive. Spring is here and the time is right! 6552 ✉ ☎

Artist—Beauty, woman of the world, looking for intelligent, kind, witty, successful man, able to keep up with me - 30 plus. Note/photo/phone. 6532 ✉

Most Eligible—28-year-old, established, successful DDS, seeks petite, outgoing, Jewish professional female for fun and romance. Photo/note. 6594 ✉

Handsome, Kind—Single Jewish man, 34, veterinarian, seeks healthy, upbeat, thin, pretty woman forever. 6402 ✉ ☎

An Animal Lover—A pretty, literate lawyer in her early 40s seeks a sweet, kind, percipient male human for intraspecies companionship. 6329 ✉

Affectionate, Caring Man—Young 47, 5'8", slim, nonsmoker, manager, Jewish - looking for an intelligent, slender woman for relationship, movies, art, dining, theater, walks in the country and quiet evenings at home. Note/photo. 6581 ✉

Good Soul Seeks Soul Mate—Jewish art director, 46, 6'2", handsome and fit, seeks sensitive, tall, curvaceous beauty, 35ish, for future together. Photo. 6648 ✉ ☎

Are There Any—Jewish John Kennedy, Jr. types out there? Attractive, sophisticated, free-spirited 27-year-old woman - journalist from Texas - seeks tall, adventurous, cultured cowboy for mutual curiosity. Photo, please. 6517 ✉

"Love! Valour! Compassion!"—Lovely, lively, literate, lighthearted leading lady seeks co-star, 45-55, for long run - hit play. 6484 ✉ ☎

Friendship And Romance—This 39-year-old professional woman is warm, caring, socially conscious and very pretty. Enjoys music, dining, theater, sports, working out, the outdoors and life. Seeks smart, professional, attractive and emotionally available male, 32-48, for laughter, sharing and love. 6564 ✉ ☎

Warm, Caring Man—44, seeks mature lady for romantic dinners, stimulating conversation, Hamptons. No response without photo. 6558 ✉

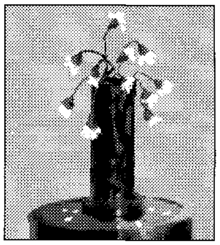
Young 52—5'6 1/2", attractive woman with medium build, seeks man, 50-65, for fun and companionship. Enjoys picnicking on the beach, long walks, travel, fine wine and dim sum. Smokers okay. Letter/phone/photo. 6495 ✉

Successful Businessman—5'8", 162 lbs, good-looking blond nonsmoker, Christian, loyal, considerate, honest and generous - leads a wonderful life but wishes to share it with a terrific partner. My interests include tennis, golf, skiing, sailing, opera, classical music, museums, art shows, traveling, gourmet food, Seinfeld and the beach. I am well-educated, multilingual and have a great sense of humor. If you are a very beautiful lady (Caucasian or Oriental), 35-40 years old, petite, slender, somewhat adventurous and share some of my interests, please send a note/photo. 6599 ✉

Nice Gal, 48—Seeks nice guy, to 52. My virtues await. Note/photo. 6565 ✉

A Single, Autonomous Businessman—Early 50s, would like to meet a self-aware, attractive lady who is financially secure and emotionally secure enough to enjoy her own aloneness. Photo essential and phone number, please. 6553 ✉

Country Gentleman—40s, gainfully employed, publicly presentable, fit, free, *seasoned with wit, wisdom and* humility, seeking LI lady with similar qualities. 6572 ✉



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Sing For Your Sweetheart—You: love to sing, harmonize to an appreciative audience and are prepared for a commitment. Me: a romantic, a cappella quarteter, looking for accompaniment - to share American popular standard songs and maybe even live one. 6540 ✉ ☎

Celestial Navigator—Seeks Heavenly Body to Guide Yacht. Navigator: 49, 5'8", 180, divorced, no children, handsome, athletic, Jewish (nonreligious), highly educated, intelligent, witty, financially independent, self-employed executive, patron of ballet and opera, avid skier, accomplished sailor, lives Manhattan life to fullest. Heavenly Body: mid 30s-mid 40s, Jewish, highly educated, intelligent and sophisticated yet athletic and outdoors-oriented, financially and emotionally secure, high integrity, attractive inside and out, funny and fun to be with. Object: committed relationship. No cigarettes, drugs, neuroses or couch potatoes, please. Note/recent photo required. 6349✉

Shapely, Very Pretty, Refined—Soft-spoken, divorced female Manhattanite with varied interests - seeks well-educated male professional, late 40s-early 50s. Prefer nonsmoker, Jewish but not religious, 5'8" plus. 6461 ✉

Truthful, Tall, Handsome—Well-educated, warm, adventurous, successful professional male seeks beautiful woman, 25-35, whose inner soul reflects warmth, *honesty and courage - enjoys the arts,* humanities, mountains and the sea. Recent photo/note/phone. 6644 ✉

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Wanted: Man With Integrity—By this very attractive, all-American-looking, honey-blond, blue-eyed female attorney, 34, 5'8", fit and curvaceous. I'm truly sweet, good-natured and upbeat, with varied interests including culture, dining, jazz, ocean, exploring NYC and more. Like me, you are a highly accomplished, honest, independent, intelligent Catholic or Christian professional (MD/JD/MBA), nonsmoker, very ready for friendship, romance and a future with the right person. Reply requires photo. 6559 ✉

Bright, Very Successful And Witty—I am 43, live on LI, 35 minutes from NYC. I'm considered to be tall, good-looking, extremely athletic, but more importantly, I have a heart of gold - plus a lot of fun to be with. Some of my interests are traveling, the beach, sports, romantic restaurants. I'm looking for a woman, 28-38, who is definitely gorgeous on the outside and has a great heart on the inside, who is willing and able to take that next step. Photo required. 6611 ✉ ☎

Hey, I Can't Reach You!—Manhattanite marketing executive, handsome, 37, 6'3", 195-lb white male, regular guy who likes regular stuff - seeks bright, attractive, nonsmoking female Manhattanite, 25-35. For the timid, I'll exchange photos. My objective is to avoid the bar scene and find a friend and lover who is sincere, sensitive and loyal. I can't imagine a better time to start our relationship than this spring. Let's meet and see. Photo/note please. 6458 ✉

Not Your Typical NY Woman!—Great-looking, slim, 44-year-old blond, Jewish, advertising consultant, (212), seeks male companion, 38-50, for sharing all that's out there! Prefer solvent, fit Jewish professional, 5'7" plus, with sense of humor, divorced or widowed, NYC or tri-state area. I enjoy the usual things - dining in/out, movies, affectionate pets! Am rediscovering my Jewish heritage. Would love to hear from you. Send note with recent photo and phone. 6377 ✉

Adjective-Laden—Successful, Ivy Jewish professional, hopelessly optimistic, irreverent man, 26, who's looking for an intelligent, attractive single woman under 30. Sports fan a plus; sense of humor a must. Note/phone. 6526 ✉ ☎

Hoping—That you, 30s-40s man, cool but down-to-earth, smart, funny, sweet, into the arts, will see this and do the unusual - write to this blue-eyed, slender woman (39). We have a lot in common. Note/photo/phone. 6589 ✉

Asian Male—Mid 30s, 5'6", handsome, intelligent and strong, seeks a white female for lasting committed relationship. Note/photo, please. 6401 ✉

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Prove I'm Wrong...—Would anyone whom I might be interested in answer this ad? I'm a female elitist with all the trappings. You know what they are. Let me help you with some vitals. You are the male counterpart of me. We are in our late 40s. We have had lots of success in our careers and now would like to spend more time playing - golf in particular (I'm a 15). Tennis and skiing are okay too. Our kids are grown and we're finished nurturing - but we thoroughly enjoy them. We love the city, but we must get out on the weekends. We're lonely, but don't want to admit it. And, oh yes, we're very attractive, fit, well-bred, bright, witty and sanguine. Send me a note/photo and prove I'm wrong. 6544 ✉

Gay White Male—Professional, 41, attractive, healthy, stable, broad interests - seeks counterpart. 6614 ✉

Singer—At heart, tired of solo parts. Professional, attractive, 58, 5'6", acculturated Latina, is seeking a warm, kindred, educated soul, unafraid of a worthwhile relationship with mutual interest in the arts, travel and adventure. Be happy and 53-64. Will exchange photo. 6535 ✉

Too Busy To Find You—Strikingly attractive, very financially independent, divorced female physician, 40 years, with Midwest values, seeking white male to enter a committed relationship as a lover and best friend. I'm looking for someone who is successful, attractive, compassionate and simpatico. An ability to laugh at oneself is a must. Please send photo. 6353 ✉

Gay White Male—50, 5'8", 145 lbs, brown/brown, professional, seeks the company of gay white male, 24-34, good-looking, slim, clean-shaven, grad student or professional, for wine, dine, theater, cinema, travel and more. Be my guest. Note/recent photo. 6636 ✉ ☎

Upbeat, Upscale, Unpretentious—Elegant Manhattan widow, 60ish, 5'7", attractive, active, healthy, straight, Jewish, witty - likes travel, tennis, Scrabble, crosswords, the arts. Seeks long-term relationship with one similarly endowed, to share the joys of NY and beyond. Bio/recent photo, please. 6528 ✉

Beautiful/Elegant European—50, seeks wonderful guy to love, 60 plus. 6499 ✉

Good-Looking, Sincere—Nice Jewish guy, very youthful 60, fit, financially secure, seeks attractive, slender, sexy Manhattan woman, to early 50s, who enjoys dining out, movies, music, bicycling and the beach. Note/photo. 6598 ✉ ☎

Special Woman Sought—If you desire romance -love notes on your mirror, flowers for any occasion, candlelit dinners, touching, Caribbean beaches... and you are attractive, active, fit, upbeat and under 40, you may be interested in me. I'm 47, handsome, in great shape, mentally and financially stable, and ready for a lasting, loving relationship leading to marriage. 6543 ✉

Female Attorney—Tall, slim, dark hair, fair skin, Irish background, 37, seeks intelligent, warm, witty man, to mid 40s, 5'10" plus. Note/photo or brief physical description, please. 6494 ✉

Beautiful, Loving Widow—Needs a loving man. A man who is healthy, active - a hugging, kissing man. Generous-spirited, educated, cultured, loves to laugh. A senior citizen who will always be young and who has that je ne sais quoi. 65-75. 6456 ✉

Radiant, Very Pretty, Slender—Single Jewish female. Great smile, eyes to match. Successful professional. Vivacious, funny, compassionate. Likes skiing, Aspen, tennis, theater, diving, reading. Easygoing, has integrity, confidence. Seeking intelligent, successful, single, divorced, Jewish male, 36-49. Must be comfortable with self, excited about life, and ready for relationship with intriguing, dynamic lady. Photo requested, not required. 6618 ✉ ☎

Impossible Dream?—Warm, witty NY intellectual, 48-62, 5'8" plus and trim, enters life of 5'5", slender, sensual, sophisticated psychoanalyst, 50. She, being optimistic, is delighted. Love blooms. 6639 ✉

Join Me For Jazz Fest '95—And forever after - 29-year-old, 5'4", NYC businessman, expert skier, all-around athlete and outdoorsman - seeks an educated, petite, nonsmoking beauty to build a life together. Please send photo and note - will reciprocate. 6505 ✉

Tall, Fun, Offbeat Man—47, seeks playful, down-to-earth girlfriend. 6631 ✉

CPA - GQ Looks—37, 5'8", 165, seeks smart, sexy lady, forever. Photo. 6647 ✉

Biking Partner Wanted For Life—Female physician, cyclist, 5'3", 110 lbs, long dark hair, soft heart, hard body, great mind, seeks one special man, 40-50, intelligent, educated, diverse interests. Preference to strong cyclist/triathlete. Bonus points: teach me fluent Spanish. 6539 ✉

Very Pretty Brunette—Intelligent, gold-hearted Jewish female seeks tall, handsome, romantic, sincere, single white male, 31-40, for friendship/serious relationship. 6489 ✉ ☎

Very Beautiful And Sexy Lady—I'm a dynamic female executive, 47, who loves golf, tennis, travelling and enjoys a great sense of humor and adventure - looking for a very athletic, highly successful and wonderfully romantic male who enjoys movies and pizza or a gondola ride in Venice...and has fun doing both. 6605 ✉

Let's Get Together—Accomplished, pretty, fun, athletic woman, mid 40s, loves hiking, tennis, the outdoors. Seeks partner - energetic Jewish man, funny and fit, who also has much to share. Photo. 6593 ✉

Tired Of Lonely Weekends?—Asian male, 31, 5'7", legal professional, seeks female, 23-30, who enjoys sports, theater, romantic movies, and has a sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 6531 ✉

49, Divorced Jewish Male—5'8", successful, well-educated, youthful, attractive, witty, sensitive, dressed in a jacket or jeans. Seeks a life and a wife - with an attractive, petite, casual, nonsmoking lady of class. Prefer a mom - who is honest, warm and happy, however as incomplete as I. Note/photo please. 6506 ✉

Loving, Young Jewish Doctor—46, seeks successful, gentle woman under 40, for life of joy, family and mutual adoration. Photo and note, please. 6650 ✉

Attractive PhD—Seeks man of character, kindness, wit and passion, 45-60 - large Tolstoian family ideal. 6556 ✉

Very Attractive, Slim—Creative professional, 34, desires attractive, passionate, caring, secure man, 29-41, in good physical shape, who has experienced both joy and loss, who is both romantic and realistic, and who seeks to connect intellectually and spiritually with an independent, well-traveled companion. Seeks eventual long-term commitment, one step at a time. Sense of humor appreciated. 6500 ✉

Mystery Buff—Professional, 40, 5'8", African-American woman - enjoys travel, art, theater and long walks, spiritual, good values. You're self-confident, witty, nonsmoking professional or successful entrepreneur male, 30-50. Race unimportant. Unafraid of friendship. Interested in committed relationship. Note and photo. 6557 ✉

My Golden Retriever And I—Seek a special life mate. I'm a very intelligent, creative professional female, 36, attractive, with many interests. You're a bright, secure, down-to-earth male, 36-42, with much to share. Letter/photo. 6550 ✉

Carpe Diem!—Pretty, romantic, sincere, personable Jewish professional, positive, good listener, into fitness. Let's laugh and hold hands together. You're a gentleman, 48-58ish. Note/photo. 6583 ✉ ☎

Psst, Over Here—Attractive, dynamic, slim, bright, witty professional woman seeks like man to share NYC, the outdoors, fun. 6622 ✉

Slim, Smart, Fun—Medical writer, loves Great Danes and the Knicks, seeks man of integrity, 30s-40s, who values art, nature, the culture of the city, classic movies, chocolate and flowers. 6524 ✉

Spirited Yet Polished—Pretty brunette professional - fit, slim, 45, enjoys arts, outdoors. Seeks Renaissance man, 45-50, to share splendors of vernal equinox and more. Photo a must. 6509 ✉

April In Paris...—A room with a view... Could this mean you, and a dream come true? Very pretty, sweet Christian (nonreligious) lady, 33, 5'10", fit, fun, seeks commitment-minded, handsome professional man, 32-42, 6', with heart of gold, to share in a lifetime of laughter, romance, friendship and more. Photo/note. 6541 ✉

Ready For The Unusual, Mein Herr?—German lady of substance, interesting, classy, warm, spirited, charismatic blond, 35, 5'7", living overseas, willing to relocate to the US, seeks a brilliant gentleman for love and marriage, ready to travel for a first meeting. 6512 ✉

New To Manhattan—Stunning, 5'7", long-legged brunette professional woman, 53, seeks young, 48-60, successful professional, fun man - to walk and bike in Central Park, share NYC culture, travel, our families, friends...and maybe the rest of our lives. Note/recent photo. 6597 ✉

Pretty Green-Eyed Blond—Feminine, warm, 41, slim, with Italian background, who loves to laugh and loves the finer things - loves city/country, animals, the arts, gardening, cooking, CD 101, golf, tennis and Europe. Seeks successful male. Note/photo. 6629 ✉

Ever Wonder?...—Me too! 5'5", size 8, red hair, blue eyes, very pretty. If you are 45-60, tall, nice, successful - please respond! 6576 ✉ ☎

Exceptional Opportunity—Stunningly attractive woman of quality, 32, seeks her counterpart. If you enjoy a sumptuous life style including the arts, equestrian sports, a chauffeur, philanthropic endeavors and well-manicured gardens, I look forward to our stimulating first meeting. Letter/photo. 6551 ✉

Smart, Artful—Petite woman, 34, seeks warm, spirited professional man, 30s-mid 40s, with creative and/or literate sensibilities, strong sense of self and soul, for honest partnership. 6491 ✉ ☎

Adventuresome, Intelligent—With small-town values and ideals, seeks to avoid specious, unctuous types. Tall, 38, blond and blue, very fit professional, seeks classy, ebullient, educated woman who enjoys staying fit and shares tactile passion for life. 6520 ✉ ☎

Would You Like To Ski—Over Mont Blanc from France into Italy with me? Single white female desired by an affluent Ivy PhD with post-doctorates from MIT and Harvard Medical School. Love travel, the arts, fine dining, classical music, poetry and fashion. I'm 40 (look 31), Chinese, attractive, kind, humorous, romantic and adventurous. Seek a warm, intelligent and exquisite lady under 34. Photo. 6497 ✉

I'm Not Perfect—And neither are you. Lonely and loving, 5'3", 110 lbs, exotic brunette, looking for male companionship. Physically fit, emotionally secure, 30s, no-nonsense men only. Ponytails a plus. Note/optional photo. 6608 ✉

Tall, Stunning, Curvaceous Lady—32, professional, parent, seeks accomplished male counterpart. Photo. 6600 ✉ ☎

Creative Director—NYC, interested in the arts, painting, ballet and theater. Due to stroke, use cane and wheelchair - otherwise able to enjoy relationship with woman of similar interests who has a good sense of humor. Prefer nonsmoker, 50-60. Recent photo/phone. 6345 ✉

Pretty Black Female—Late 30s, professional, athletic, desires interracial relationship with a fit, secure, nonsmoking gentleman, 35-45. Note/photo/phone. 6504 ✉

Why Haven't We Met Yet?—You: female, 20-30 years old, spontaneous, intelligent, likes to laugh. Me: male, 30ish, 6', 170 lbs, professional, caring - I cry at old romantic movies. Hoping to settle down and live happily ever after. Note/photo a must! 6596 ✉

Bemused—By the possibility of this working. Bright, beautiful brunette, 34, looking for tall, fit, handsome (please), charming, witty and accomplished man with some experience with commitment. Note/photo/phone. 6498 ✉

Italian Gay Male—6'3", 190, physically fit, model looks, seeks similar, 28-38, for love and relationship. Photo. 6646 ✉ ☎

Attractive, In-Shape Mother—With 9-year-old son. Love my job in education. Looking to meet man with children. Note/photo. 6604 ✉

Me: Smart, Sexy Businesswoman—50, golf/travel (job allows for a lot of it). You: attractive, tall, successful, 48-60, with a twinkle in your eye. Note/photo. 6569 ✉

Lovable Lawyer—Pretty, easygoing, good-natured, 32, 5'2", loves to travel and ski, seeks caring, adventurous, down-to-earth, professional Jewish male with a good sense of humor. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo. 6502 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Cultured, Athletic—Rugged, single white male, Greek Orthodox, 36, 5'10", financially secure - enjoys beach, skiing, horseback riding. Seeks slim, sweet, attractive female, 27-34, for world travel, romance. Prefer Christian or nontraditional Jewish woman. Note/photo. 6460 ✉

Beautiful Asian MD—33, slim, pretty, classy, intelligent, sensitive, caring...seeks a compatible man - healthy, fit, passionate, mature, established. Photo/note. 6529 ✉

Tiramisu For Two—Charming, fun banker (really!), 39, 5'7", fit and female, passionate about friends, family, arts, sports, NYC and beyond. Seeking successful, happy, loyal, educated man with big heart and sense of humor, to share all. Photo and note. 6619 ✉

Athletic, Attractive College Professor—Runner, skier, swimmer, tennis player - petite brunette Ivy Leaguer, 38, with great smile, big brown eyes, outgoing, warm, fun-loving silly side. Loves jazz, Broadway, Montauk, travel. Photo. 6328 ✉

Accomplished Writer And Teacher—Extremely attractive, intellectually curious, good sense of humor, seeks attractive, successful professional or artistic man, 40s-early 50s, with an intellectual life, warmth and wit. 6580 ✉ ☎

My Ideal Guy—Wears good shoes and is warm, accomplished, handsome and has a great sense of humor. He, like me, is family-oriented, fun to be with and sincere. I am an attractive, nonreligious Jewish female, 34, who is adorable, sexy and genuine. I am ready to share a wonderful life with a 34-45-year-old romantic professional. 6562 ✉ ☎

Fat-Free And Fabulous—Athletic, hazel-eyed brunette beauty who is sharp, Jewish and very lovable, seeks a successful guy, 38-45, who is handsome, high-spirited and down-to-earth, for a loving relationship. Note/photo/phone. 6633 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Athletic—5'10", 30, seeks pretty, sexy, well-educated professional female counterpart, 24-32, for serious relationship. Photo/phone. 6645 ✉

Brainy, Sincere, Elegant—Attractive, Jewish, successful professional (5'7", 37), with diverse interests, class, style and passion for fitness - avid skier, loves tennis, biking, hiking, Lincoln Center. Seeks very intelligent, sincere, sensitive, optimistic, kind, successful gentleman for caring and meaningful relationship. 6492 ✉

Separate Apartments?—Look how well it worked for Woody and Mia! Seriously, this white male, 47, who has his own apartment and values his privacy much of the time, seeks an attractive female counterpart for friendship and whatever, but not marriage or living together. 6542 ✉☎

Tenured, Affluent, Handsome—NJ and NYC professor from distinguished Jewish family - loves medical, legal, psychological research, writing, flying planes, running. Seeks lady, 32-40, in medicine, law, psychology or other career, wanting marriage, future children, much joy and excitement. 6638 ✉ ☎

Made In Sweden—Living in NYC. Blond, pretty professional, 30s, seeks sane, attractive man for keeps. Enjoys NYC life, the outdoors and much more. 6563 ✉

It Could Be Great—To have an intelligent, sexy, funny and caring partner, to love and grow with. 30s, professional Jewish male, great shape, seeks exceptional woman, who has the same qualities. Must work out, be good natured and goals oriented. You will be thrilled. Please send picture and details - and I'll send mine. This could be great. 6545 ✉

Exotic-Looking RN—Beautiful, sensuous brunette, with gorgeous eyes, tall, slim, great shape, Jewish, 38, continues to seek true love and marriage to a very handsome, successful, special, loving man, 6' plus, late 30s-40s. Photo. 6548 ✉ ☎

Exotic Downtown Brunette—5'5", 29, slender, hard-bodied, poetic recording artist, brainy, world-traveled, financially secure, with a passion for laughter, music and the lotus position. You're successful and charismatic, 29-43, slim/fit with offbeat humor, who enjoys nature and nightlife, over 5'8", smoke-free and brilliant. Photo/note. 6501 ✉

Love, Friendship, Intimacy—Sought by slim, successful, early-60s Manhattan man. I'm well-traveled, literate, nice-looking and easy to be with. If you are a slim, affectionate, 40-55-year-old woman with a high IQ and warm, friendly demeanor, who loves all those nice things that can be shared by two people who care about each other, write soon and tell me about yourself. 6513 ✉

Absolutely In Love With New York—And will move there permanently. 38 - considered beautiful, great figure, 5'5", slim and very fit, cultured English accent, independent means, no encumbrances, refreshingly unspoilt. Highly successful international professional career behind me. Nonsmoker. Seeks a soul mate: successful man who would like to show off with me, with a love of life and travel; one who would love to be loved and pampered in return, 45 plus. 6577 ✉

Home Alone Too—The work is great, but it's hell on my social life. Writer, 39, 5'11", thin, good-looking (so I've heard), searching for a pretty, slim, down-to-earth woman. I like rock 'n' roll, movies, hiking, old bookstores, dogs that retrieve and an occasional game of catch in Central Park. And you? 6634 ✉

Established Manhattan Physician—Single Jewish male, 37, enjoys scuba, theater, movies, assorted musical styles and bright conversation. I am seeking a Jewish woman, 32-42, who is intelligent, attractive, professional, and interested in a serious relationship. Nonsmoking only. Note/photo. 6628 ✉

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Clinton Goes
From White House
:Dole

Bats Will Fly
By Night to Devour
Pineapple

Above, twin peeks. Competitors are invited to invent a pair of contiguous headlines that, taken at the flood, or read straight across, produce a different story.

Results of Competition 816, in which you were asked for the opening lines of a badly written best-seller.

Report: Your themes of choice: Bars. Sex. Spies. Ambition. Death. Greed. Love. Lust. Waking up with strangers. Dead strangers, even. After the bar. Life and non-life on the Infobahn. Voluptuous, svelte men meeting sinewy, smoky-voiced babes. In bars. Food. Exotic food. Food bars. Sports moguls. Sports bars. Murder. Did we say that? Murder? Well, murder. All these struck us as first-rate. Wunderbar. Perhaps the trick here lies in writing the way Olivier sang as the Entertainer. Best you can. Odds are, it will sound just good enough to be very bad indeed. Works for me. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

She walked into the bar like a queen about to address her subjects. I was the subject in this case, and the procedure was as clear as the patent on her pumps. I sat there while she pondered how long it would take me to pull out her chair. She'd have a long wait.
William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

Yolanda is here. Finally. Her skin is pallid as a St. Paul boulevard on a winter morning, her dark, dancing eyes like two mice in the happy cheese of her face.
Stan Silliman, Norman, Okla.

He had the blank stare of a boxer listening to the referee's instructions. And like a boxer, he didn't shake my hand but gently pushed me on the shoulder and then shuffled away. Away to his own corner of the world where I would follow him for the next 25 years.
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Born between Father Baker's Basilica and the South Pacific Conservatory, James was drawn inexorably to the compromised Romanesque. Simple forms symmetrically disposed only began to arouse him; they had to be corrupted by pointless ornament or violated by some errant arcade in order to satisfy fully. Which explains, one supposes, Antoine.
Jim Czajka, N.Y.C.

A lie is a good as the truth if you can get someone to believe it. So I falsified my credentials, embellished my résumé, and set off.
M. Holzer, South Bellmore, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

When he saw the Asunción postmark, Hens-Dietrich knew at once the time had come at last. And this time there would be no softness, no mistakes, no failure.
Eric Hyman, Fayetteville, N.C.

They say that on winter nights when the wind starts whistling and the coyotes begin their eerie howling, even the brave man begins to shiver. They talk of the mesquite and cactus swaying, the sand blowing mean and hard and the lonely mesa outlined against a darkling prairie. They have never done stakeout.
Dan Shustack, Hackensack, N.J.

As she entered the tiny void of Soundstage 6, the memories came flooding back. Triumphs like *Destiny's Darling, Cimarron Sunset,* and *Trafalgar 5-6000.* Disasters like *Wind Over Waikiki.* Had it really been 30 years since the accident? A stagehand interruped her reverie. "Excuse me, Miss Duvalle, but you're wanted on the set." He paused for emphasis. "And I think I speak for everyone when I say welcome back." Nora Duvalle had come home.
Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

As the drug wore off and the fog cleared, I recognized the guy sitting on the other side of the cheap deal table. I've seen his sort all too often in the basement cells of Lubyanka, in the interrogation hut at Langley, on the third floor of the Circus. They're all the same: They wear bad-fitting suits, they never blink, and they smell of death.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Where am I? Flaky ceiling. Lonely bulb. Looks familiar. My office. Couch springs squawking. Gray day outside. Or is it inside. Eyeballs throbbing. Snakes in my gut. Pain in my side from lying on my .45. Need a drink. A smoke. How bad can it get. Then I see her.
N. V. Santasiero, N.Y.C.

Desirée sat in Judge Paul Tyler's courtroom wearing Armani and a smirk. "So he denied me bail," she thought. "It wasn't so long ago that I was denied nothing." She caught a familiar whiff of Dolce and Gabbana and remembered the hazy evening on Royal Street in the Quarter. "The evidence will show . . . ," droned the prosecutor.
Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

It was not her nakedness that startled, but the translucence of her skin, conjuring moonlight on the desert of my childhood dreams. In a voice that rivaled the purring of a thousand ocelots, she said, "Who the hell are you?" I was lost.
Lawrence Eisenberg, N.Y.C.

The doorbell startled Patrick even though he himself had pushed it. He heard heavy footsteps and so braced himself by stepping back. "Yes," said the woman slowly, "can I help you?" He had expected a man. Sheesh, he thought, I'm really like not, not, not ready for this.
Don Silberstein, Wellington, Fla.

Seemed safe enough. "I'll marry you," he had promised, "when the Rangers win the Stanley Cup."
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Rice and gravy. Moon pies. Long shiny-red hair ribbons. A tall tumbler filled with lots of ice and Co'Cola. Mama's sweet apple dumplin's. Collecting frogstools out in the woods with Grampa Cooper. Big church socials with ho'made strawberry ice cream. Special birthday dresses. Fireflies.
Lisa Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

You just can't get a decent piece of halvah in this town anymore. Oh sure, you can buy the kind that comes wrapped in cellophane, but it ain't the same. So, when Sid tells me about this little grocery store in Chinatown, of all places, I take off right away, never dreaming I'm headed for something that's gonna leave a real bad taste in my mouth, and I ain't talking halvah neither.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

As his body somersaulted down, he caught one last look at the twinkling jewel that was Manhattan. Where had it begun?
Lance J. Weiss, N.Y.C.

Can you believe it? Not at Zabar's, not at Barnes & Noble. We met in the local laundromat. He looked at me with those Newman-blue eyes and said "Have you got change for a dollar?" and my life went into spin cycle.
Jacqueline Fogel, Queens

When I first saw her running toward me at 100 yards, I could tell she was naturally athletic and almost six feet tall. At 60 yards, I could see that her two-foot braid of hair was blonde. At 35 yards, I could discern the most expensive running gear available. At 20 yards, I could tell her eyes were blue. At 10 yards, I realized she was my ex-wife.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

On the first day of March, when the contessa staggered past the doorman to escape the bitter winds of Park Avenue, she lurched into the Otis elevator, pressed fifteen with her Tiffany-ringed finger, remembered that she had put the key under the welcome mat, and deftly retrieved it.
Michael Porte, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Arianne's new chef relies heavily on . . . integration," remarked the Baron to Francesca

s he looked down in consternation at his
late. "More like polyglot," Francesca com-
ented lightly. "Oh, he's more conceptual re-
lly than edible," interjected Arianne. "More
andhi than Escoffier."

Gabrille Daughtry, Laguna Beach, Calif.

E-mail me or forget it!" she shouted, flicking
er cigarette ashes on my new rug. Her beady
ttle eyes penetrated my brain like lasers. "I
on't care what you do, but no more excuses
bout how busy you are."

Richard E. Rauh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

light drizzle fell on the just and unjust
like. In the latter category let us place Mrs.
lariquilla Hudson, whose damask bee-
tung lips loosed a faint but indisputably
oul oath as drops of rain dappled her
mart black-suede mourning outfit. Her
ost recent husband lay in the casket near
er feet. Dead. Definitively, deliciously
lead.

Kim Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

Mmmm . . ." sniffed Blake as he absorbed
he aroma of the '88 port. He sipped. "It
as a winsome, ethereal, yet playful quality
vith a slightly musty bouquet and good
lean finish, if not a tad fruity on the
pper palate." This was going to be a long
ight.

Mitchell A. Kopnick, Chicago, Ill.

t was one of those dark, dreary early winter
fternoons. I had a hard time getting out of
ed. I couldn't think, couldn't focus; breath-
ng was a chore. My hypothalamus craved
ight but would have to settle for a Dove Bar
nd a Pepsi. As the fog in my brain began to
ift, I became aware of something strange in
ny bedroom.

Winnie Heffley, Schenectady, N.Y.

The blue-green water glistened as she floated
n the waves. She gazed languidly at the fad-
ng palm trees and the natives on the dock
nd heard the distant drums. A sudden
plop" near her head brought panic. She
truggled to flip over, and saw the huge co-
onut. Was this the first warning? "Beware
he milk container." She quickly began her
ustralian crawl to shore; the voodoo drums
ow seemed closer.

Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

iffany glided out of the trailer and sat smok-
ng on the lawn like a piece of cheap lawn
urniture. Inside, she could hear Lyle snoring
ike an asthmatic chain saw. She felt the flam-
ng bruise on her cheek. Slowly, she turned
nd walked back to the open door, flicked
er smoldering butt upon the ragged sofa,
nd entered the past.

T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

le sat by the window. The rain beat down on
he awning of the Paris cafe. The checkered
ablecloth stared up at him. He could not
hink of anything to write.

Allen Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.

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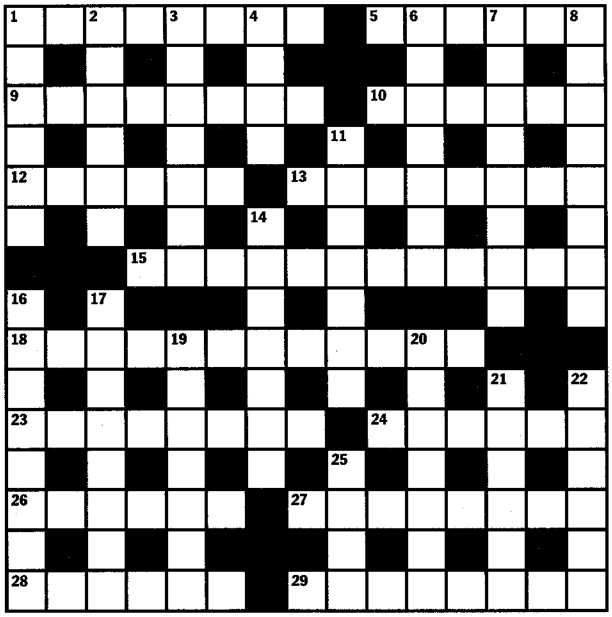
ACROSS

1 Just a tap may halt the bird. (8)
5 This provides cover for runners. (6)
9 Corrupt laity accept a credit with eager willingness. (8)
10 So thin as to warrant an insult? (6)
12 A drink is needed, for example? Gong to be beaten. (6)
13 Medical description of one region—there's a series of changes rung around Ireland. (8)
15 Removing all traces? (12)
18 Clean room and get prepared for the mass. (12)
23 Still say you have to keep things going? (8)
24 King George leading boy to the cave. (6)
26 Intensive discussion—time a link is broken. (4-2)
27 Chap quite at home, we hear, with creatures in the main. (8)
28 Laughing, remove tip of spear. (6)
29 Military leader with questionable stamina, on the boat. (8)



DOWN

1 Remained sober, by the sound o
it. (6)
2 Duck on the farm going for fruit. (6)
3 Drawing a vehicle that's been unloaded. (7)
4 Shrewd to ignore direction. (4)
6 Cakes supplied by city dens. (7)
7 Drawing ten magic circles. (8)
8 Get a lute out and have some lessons. (8)
11 Small fish mobbing seabird by plant collection. (7)
14 I'm a drab sort of local employee. (7)
16 ICI smart to deploy this weapon. (8)
17 Fields may be while awaiting guidance. (8)
19 Perhaps valiant national. (7)
20 Ground seen to soak up water. (7)
21 Path enabling us to find immortal—look inside! (6)
22 The firm set out to pamper us. (6)
25 Priest giving note to mother. (4)

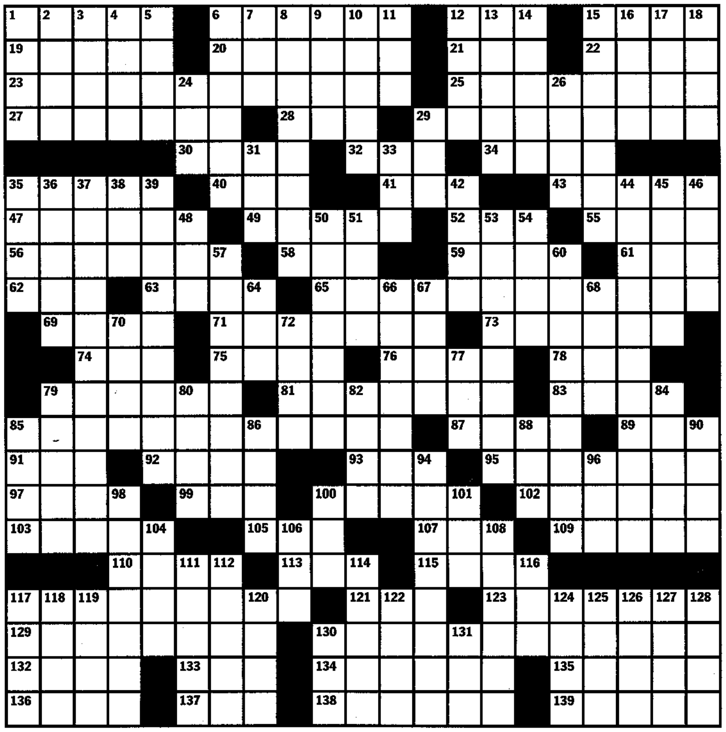
'French Change-a-Letter': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Strong hosiery thread
6 Admit to priesthood
12 Snoop Doggy Dogg's genre
15 Lynch
19 Computer communication
20 Acupuncture must
21 Part of I.O.U.
22 Ludwig or Jannings
23 *Nothing pleases you*
25 Able to be touched
27 Roof sight
28 Lyrical Gershwin
29 *Thanks for nothing*
30 Actor Baldwin
32 Twosome
34 Editor's cross-out
35 —— as a fiddle
40 Top note of Guido's scale
41 "Squad" of TV
43 Jellied side dish
47 Shorthand pros
49 Philatelist's item
52 West of Ga.
55 Delhi dress
56 Sports intermission
58 WW II locale
59 Sportscaster Albert
61 Marijuana
62 Between shoulder and hand
63 Drinks from caddies
65 *French fast food*
69 Caspian, Baltic, etc.
71 Swiftest wild cat
73 Feels jealous of
74 Epidemic of 1918
75 Doorman's call
76 Expensive
78 Reckon wrongly
79 Start phoning again
81 Modern-dance pioneer Duncan
83 Moon modules, familiarly
85 *Government by a Stooge*
87 To be: Fr.
89 Tarzan's playmate
91 A feast —— famine
92 Gaelic language
93 Antipole of SSW
95 Two-continent land mass
97 After-bath sprinkle
99 Superlative suffix
100 One of the James boys
102 Take the trouble
103 Slammin' Sam of golf
105 Restorative resort
107 Robert Morse's Capote role
109 Ownership documents
110 Not of the clergy
113 Biblical boat
115 Nickname for Henry
117 *Tuesday was cloudy*
121 Grand —— Opry
123 Putting in jeopardy
129 Plantation manager
130 *Slumlord*
132 Well-—— (rich)
133 Kiltie's cap
134 Songs from yesteryear
135 Degrade
136 —— equal basis
137 Alcott girl
138 Team pet
139 Thickheaded

DOWN

1 Horne of song
2 "—— the Mood for Love"
3 Pepper's go-with
4 In person
5 North Carolina college
6 Bargain-priced
7 GOP voter
8 Fragile
9 Sixth Hebrew month
10 Trojan War epic
11 Seine
12 Mechanical learning
13 Give as a prize
14 Pennies from Devon
15 Woman of inherited wealth
16 Prefix for dextrous
17 What the Aswan dams
18 Kind of plaid
24 Merkel of the movies
26 "Monster" lizard
29 Cow's call
31 Overhead rwys.
33 Ball-pk. official
35 "Thin Man" pooch
36 Begins to wake
37 *It's a girl!*
38 Ending for alp or nectar
39 *Rehearsal hall for horns*
42 Female knight
44 *Dad had a bad accident*
45 Gets the wrinkles out
46 Quote as reference
48 Engage in litigation
50 Godless belief
51 Castle surround
53 Tear jaggedly
54 —— for one's money
57 Lacking diplomacy
60 *Gun lobby's motto*
64 —— Na Na
66 Makes sorrowful
67 Van Gogh's brother
68 Father a foal
70 "M*A*S*H" star
72 Leave the stage
77 Plural of is
79 Screened a second tir
80 Realtor's measure
82 First-rate
84 Worked for the KGB
85 Scads
86 Tennis units
88 Massage
90 Dumbo's wings
94 Appreciative of art
96 Had chow
98 Vat for a witch's brev
100 Vaseline container
101 Epoch
104 Banquet platform
106 See the cashier
108 Disquietude
111 "—— Kick Out of You"
112 It's good when whipped
114 Australian "bear"
116 Glove leather
117 Lorre's detective role
118 Stratford's river
119 The scarlet letter
120 West Point team
122 Eye-shadow sites
124 Gourmet roe source
125 Earthquake city in th
January news
126 "Terrible" tsar
127 Famed Fed
128 Chorister's club
130 Parental person
131 Early auto



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 10

A Penny bought the whole airline.

Vernon Penny
owner
UNITED AIRLINES
Come fly our friendly skies.

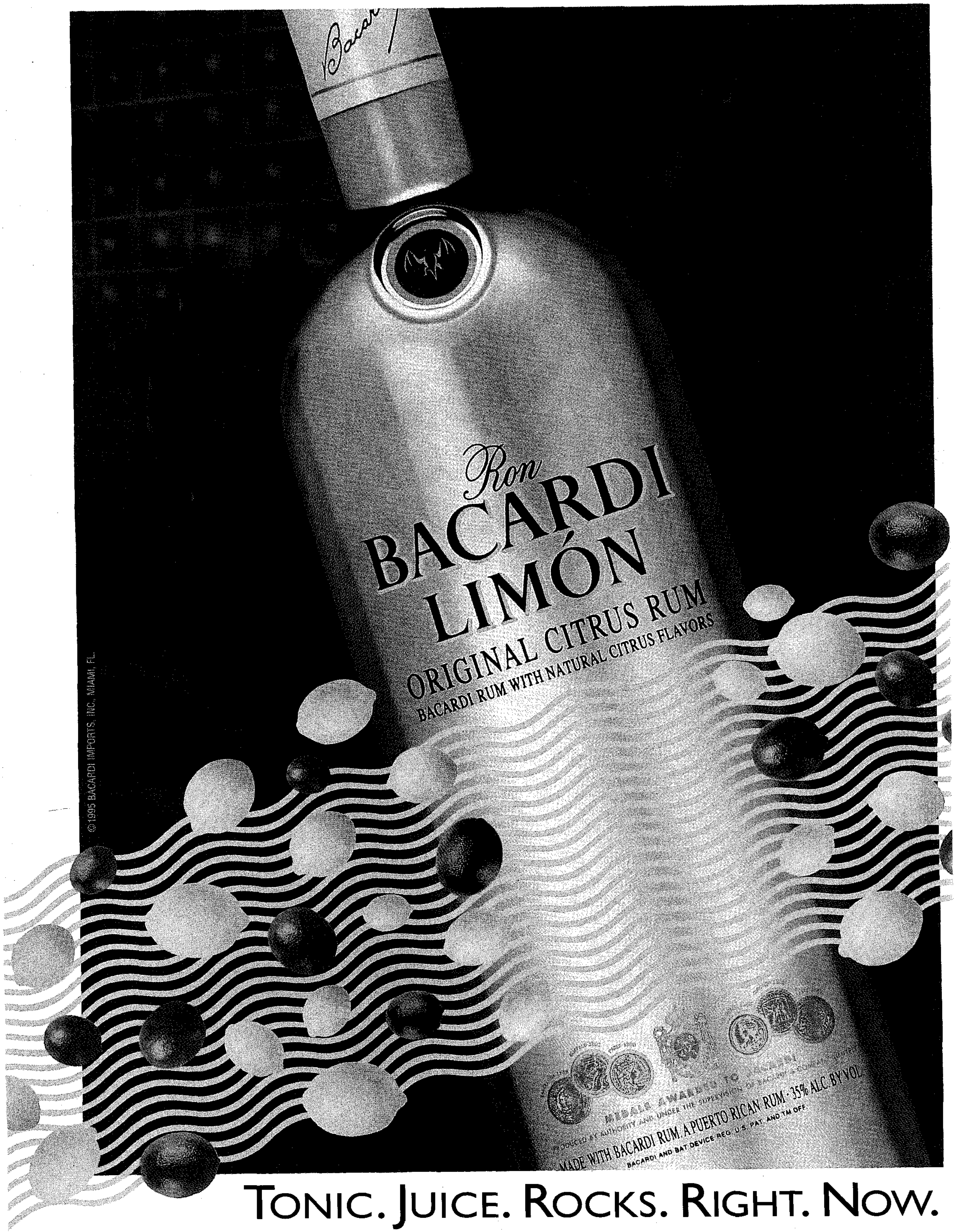
Imagine that.
All those giant 747s. All our brand new 777s. All of our everything. Bought by a Penny. A very hard-working Penny to be sure. Vernon Penny, customer service representative. One of the 55,000 employee-owners of United. The very people who built the airline and now own it.

Which translates into top management being within reach. It's obvious we don't just work here.

The largest employee buyout ever!
Never underestimate the power of a Penny.

UNITED AIRLINES

CITRUS ON A NEW WAVELENGTH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Ron
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